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DIARY

IN

TURKISH AND GREEK

WATERS.

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BY

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
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PREFACE.

It will be perceived that I have resolved the doubt, expressed in the opening sentences of this Diary, in favour of publication. I have most assuredly not been led to this decision by any presumption that the hurried entries which it contains, written almost without exception on the days to which they refer, can be supposed to include sufficient matter worthy of being directly addressed either to the scholar, the antiquary, the artist, the politician, or the divine; but I have thought it possible, considering the places which I have visited, and the periods of my visit, that they might awaken or recall associations, among each of these classes, which they will have derived from less shallow sources.

It will, I think, be apparent that, even amidst such scenes, and at so stirring an era, nothing whatever

will be found here bordering upon party politics; I feel indeed that the circumstance of these pages having been written without any special view, and being directed to no particular end, is the only possible one that can attach the smallest value to any inferences which they may suggest.

It will be seen that I was frequently thrown in the way of persons entrusted with important functions, and highly responsible duties. I trust sincerely that I shall not be found to have abused any opportunities of confidence which I thus enjoyed.

When I published a Lecture on my travels in the United States of America, I prefixed the following observation, which seems to hold as good in its spirit for the East as the West, and is therefore here repeated.

"I came in contact with several of the public men, the historical men they will be, of the American republic. I shall think myself at liberty occasionally to depart in their instance from the rule of strict abstinence which I have otherwise prescribed to myself, and to treat them as public property, so long as I say nothing to their disadvantage. On the

other hand, the public men of the United States are not created faultless beings, any more than the public men of other countries; it must not, therefore, be considered, when I mention with pleasure anything which redounds to their credit, that I am intending to present you with their full and complete portraits."

These pages issue from the press during the very crash of conflict, and the first shouts of victory. All speculations concerning arrangements for the future, the limits of empires, and the destinies of races, must remain suspended on the events, which, beneath the Supreme arbitrament, lie far beyond the reach of our discernment. May they be so directed as to ensure the progress of civilisation and commerce, the permanence of peace, and the extension of Christianity in its widest senses, and most pervading influences!

Oct. 1854.

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DIARY

IN

TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.

HAVING written an account of my visit to the Western World, I propose to myself the like task during my projected travels in the East. It shall again assume the form of a Diary, because my experience of the writings of others convinces me that it is by far more entertaining than any other; it secures the freshness of first impressions for whatever may be recorded; and although it undoubtedly has the drawback of a tendency to include many details deficient in the importance and dignity due to more professed authorship, it has the countervailing merit of producing a more intimate sense of companionship between the author and reader, than can otherwise be obtained. I will also, in like manner, form no prepense determination beforehand, respecting the future destiny of the pages that are to

follow, whether they shall only be shown to friends, published to the world, communicated to their full extent, abridged, condensed into one or more Lectures, or kept entirely to myself. They shall reflect the feeling of the moment faithfully and freely; all besides shall be reserved for after-consideration.

I have but one point to premise, which I will do most succinctly, though it may appear to demand infinite explanation and reference: I only advert to it at all for the present, that I may be enabled, if I so think fit, to confront it with the results of subsequent impressions. I go towards the venerable and mysterious East, with a fixed conviction upon my mind, that it is about, very shortly, to become the theatre of completed Scripture Prophecy, and of a commencing new dispensation of events. The circumstances now in immediate operation upon that swelling scene, have an undoubted tendency to confirm this anticipation, but it was formed long before they had assumed any such active development. I may at the same time assure any reader that I may hereafter have, that nothing is farther from my intention than to perk this topic in his face during my future progress. I believe the whole material of Prophecy to be so little within the search of "private

interpretation," that the only safe and satisfactory mode of dealing with it is, to leave its illustrations to events, without any attempt to twist events into conformity with preconceived ideas; and it will involve no departure from my present purpose, if the subject should never be again mentioned in these pages.

I left London by the mail train, on the evening of the 3rd of June, 1853; crossed from Dover to Calais rapidly, but not quite smoothly or undisturbedly; left Calais at half-past two; stopped for rather a chilly hour, from five to six, at Lille, but took a glimpse of its handsome and quaint large square; went on by the Belgian lines, admired the forest slopes and clear streams of the Ardennes between Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, and arrived at Cologne at half-past six. I stopped at the Cathedral; it is most imposing—full of grandeur, beauty, and completeness of idea; and the endeavour now in progress to finish it is a stupendous work even in contemplation. I saw all the gilding and jewellery of relics and shrines, about which I do not care. I went on to the Hotel Bellevue, a charming house and large establishment, though, perhaps, with some want of our English nicety of finish. I am in an apartment evidently accustomed to receive travelling royalty.

June 5th. — Went to the cathedral at ten, and attended High Mass, which was celebrated with every adjunct

"To swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice."

The music to-day was Mozart's Fourth Mass, and sounded very beautiful to my unskilled ears. I hope that I estimate this gorgeous ritual as I *ought*; I recognise the undoubted hold which the combination of picturesque spectacle, glorious architecture, and delicious harmony must have on the imagination of many; I still more appreciate the ever open door, the mixture of classes, and the fervent prayers offered up from obscure recesses and before solitary shrines; but the incessant genuflections, the parrot chaunting of the legions of priests, and, above all, the foreign tongue, persuade me there must often be much that is hollow in the service, as well as false in the doctrine. I heard, afterwards, that I might have found a small assemblage of worshippers in our own service; but for my single Sunday in Cologne, I cannot repent of having resorted to its cathedral. I dined at my first German table d'hôte at half-past one; and extremely well. It is, perhaps, not a more copious or better meal than in the best American hotels, but infinitely

more deliberate. A military band plays pleasantly in the alley before the hotel, on Sunday afternoons: but we want heat for such enjoyments as yet.

June 6th.—Started at six, to ascend the Rhine. I will not invade the province of poets, tourists, and handbooks, by any detail of its well-known scenery. I had felt some curiosity to compare it with the Hudson. Even apart from all association with history, legend, and song, every building on the Rhine, from castle to granary, is essentially picturesque; while every building in the United States, whatever its other more important characteristics may be, is essentially the reverse. Then the vineyards on the Rhine, though not strictly a beautiful feature, give an air, or at least an idea, of genial animation to the steep slopes and narrow clefts in which they are imbedded: so much on the side of the Rhine. I am inclined to think that the natural sites and outlines of the Hudson are finer, but the great point of superiority is the look of movement on the river itself; every one of its varied reaches is sure of being at all times spangled with white sails; whereas I felt quite astonished at the small appearance of traffic on the Rhine. I had always looked upon it as the great highway of all the German nations, for the tolls of which free cities and powerful

leagues had competed, and states and empires protocolled and fought; but one of the large timber-rafts, and a few steamers of very narrow girth, were all that I saw to-day, to compete with all the life and business that swarm on the Hudson, the Thames, or the Clyde. This is no doubt very much owing to the swiftness of the current, but still it detracts sensibly from the animation of the landscape. I ought in fairness to add, that it was a very undecorative day. I landed at Biberich, and walked in the gardens of the Grand Duke of Nassau, which are rather pretty, with great bloom of flowers, but on a dead level, and with much dirty-coloured water: in a pavilion I saw a very pretty statue of the first wife, a daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. I slept at Frankfort at the Hotel de Russie.

June 7th.—Started at eight, so I had but little time to look at this stately city. The continental towns usually appear to me as far ahead in exterior aspect of our provincial towns in England, as the general surface of the country, and the whole detail of agricultural economy, appear to me below our English level. The rapid transit of a railway increases the risk of superficial conclusions, but rural life seemed to me almost to stagnate as much comparatively as the river traffic of yesterday. Does not

the universal and eternal smoking assist this tendency? We know enough of Germans to see that it does not interfere with intellectual energy; but where husbandmen as well as princes go about with pipes in their mouths, it cannot surely be favourable to continuous physical effort.* Perhaps the current of my thoughts was assisted to this direction by the company of two Americans, true sons of the United States, who evidently thought every thing in Europe was verging to a state of hopeless decrepitude, and pronounced the Rhine to be a small creek. One thing, however, may be said on the other side: the portly build, and bluff rosy faces of the old Teutonic stock, carry it hollow, both in weight and hue, over the spare forms and sallow cheeks of their Transatlantic progeny; and though my friends referred, with some degree of complacency, to the contrast which the domestic duties of their women present to the female field labour of Germany, yet never mind, German women! you are all free women. Men and women seem to be drinking all day under piazzas and trees, but you never see a drunken person. We had a reigning duke part of the way, and the military fuss

* I do not think I should have been equally struck with the prevalence of German smoking in my way back from Turkey.

he produced recalled Thackeray's inimitable account of the Court of Pumpel-Nickel. Marburg has a very striking outline, and the banks of the Lahn and Fulda are not without attraction. Got at ten to Weimar, for the literary glories of which I have more respect than for its inns.

June 8th.—Off at half-past eight. After passing the pleasant valley of the Saale, we stopped for near two hours at Halle; I walked to the principal church, a rather picturesque building, with a very pleasing and impressive altar-piece of the modern German school: the Sermon on the Mount by Hubner. The transfer from one railway to another is made amidst much hurry at Leipsic; we then had a little stoppage, from the effects of what the Germans called a cloud-burst, which is rather a significant term for our water-spout, and got to Dresden at seven. The approach is through pretty and cheerful country, and it appeared to me a very comely town; and, with the epithet, is fairly enough called the "German Florence." In my evening stroll, I found the terrace on the old site of Count Bruhl's gardens; the view from it of the broad Elbe and handsome bridge is very pleasing, and people were carousing mildly under the trees to the sound of music.

June 9th.—I spent four hours in the gallery,—

little enough, indeed, for its magnificent collection, but still a good deal for one haul. The arrangement appears to me very complete, but a vast number of pictures are in a very bad light, and one grudges several of the best being under glass; still more, when a large scaffold for copyists is before them. Of course I must speak first of the Madonna di San Sisto: it went beyond my expectation, and I expected to see the finest picture in the world. In the Infant Saviour, and his deep, still, but yet not unchildish gaze, there is to me the actual look of Deity. The Night of Correggio I naturally admired excessively. The collection is very rich in his works; and thinking him almost unapproachable in delicacy of grace and tenderness, I yet could not look at the whole of them without feeling that even the tenderness of his Virgins now and then borders upon affectation, and the grace of his cherubs approaches to quaintness. The small Magdalen is lovely. I thought Titian's Christo della Moneta superexcellent. There is a most copious glow of Rubens and Rembrandt upon these walls: Ruysdael and Van der Werff in great perfection: a most beautiful Palma Vecchio, and two very striking pictures by artists of little comparative general notoriety, — a large one of most high and simple dignity by

Bagnacavallo, and a small one of great loveliness by Gemignano.

My great enjoyment of this gallery was further heightened by meeting Count Nicholas Pahlen, with whom I have long had many pleasant associations of Italian galleries.

I dined pleasantly with our minister, Mr. Forbes: till one is quite steeped in continental life, one feels rather to resent having done with all the hospitality by seven o'clock. The talk of some of the guests rolled sonorously upon grand dukes and duchesses. I have some doubt whether this habit can be entirely referred to the spirit of courtiership in the human breast, and whether it is not, at least in part, derived from a far more universal tendency, that of taking an interest in the minute details of all interior family life. Subjects talk of the domestic concerns and habits of their rulers, just as country neighbours do of the proceedings at the castle or the great manor-house, not only because they are great people, but because such details are more easily discoverable. It is precisely the same source of interest which attaches such charm to the unequalled dissection of character and development of minutiæ in Miss Austin's novels: when we can really learn all about them, we are as much engrossed with the households of the

Bennetts and Woodhouses as if they were Hapsburgs or Romanoffs.

June 9th. — Off at seven. I find every thing go easily with my excellent courier, a German by birth; but it requires to be ready near two hours before starting to ensure the luggage being stowed in time. The first part of the railway was through Saxon Switzerland, with which I was much pleased. I rather believe that the Elbe is more cheerful than the Rhine. There is a particularly picturesque spot where the train is stopped on the Austrian or Bohemian frontier at Tetschen, opposite the large country-house of Count Thun. I find no difficulty from the Austrian officials, but one perceives that the general scrutiny of passports is severe. The scenery along the Elbe continues to be pretty, but the transition from Saxony to Bohemia, with regard to the aspect of the people, of their dwellings, and of their agriculture, rather resembles the change from English to Irish landscape; not that Saxony is so well dressed as England, or Bohemia so ill dressed as Ireland. How are we to distribute the causes of this difference, — what to Government? what to Creed? I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbigoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the

high knolls and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane. I reached Prague in time to take a long drive about the town; and what a town it is! That I may condense as much as possible my description of the more beaten parts of my track, it is enough to say that it has palaces like Rome, cupolas like Moscow, sites like Edinburgh. Then it is so very full of history, down to the latest moment; and one gets a little confused between the marks of cannon-balls in the Thirty Years' War, in the Seven Years' War, and in 1848. The particular idiosyncrasy of the Bohemian history seems to have been a passion for throwing people from windows and bridges; among other memorials of past violence, they point out the window where poor Princess Windischgrätz was shot in 1848; I believe the aim was intended for her husband. I saw the old synagogue of the Jews, the exterior of Wallenstein's palace, and many others; the unfinished cathedral, of which the choir absolutely blazes with gold, silver, and jewels; and the magnificent view over the town from a balcony of the Hraschin, a vast palace of the Bohemian kings. In the evening I went to the opera,—a large theatre, with a good orchestra. They gave Martha, by Flotow.

June 10*th.* — Started at half-past five. Moravia seemed to me a richer and more comfortable-looking country than Bohemia. After a short halt at its capital, Brunn, under the ill-reputed fortress of Spiegel, we arrived at Vienna about eight. I thought the approach over the Danube, and my first sight of that historic stream, quite exciting. I went to the good hotel of the Archduke Charles. Heard from Julian Fane that the Emperor of Russia gives the Porte eight days to accept Menchikoff's last note; if not, he enters the northern principalities. Austria will advise Turkey not to treat this as a measure of war: it is a tolerably strong one nevertheless.

June 12*th.* — Went to the house of our minister for morning service. Saw the Westmorlands, who show the kindest promptitude of hospitality. Saw Lady William Russell, who is staying at my hotel. Went to St. Stephen's during vespers; it is a very beautiful church: the exterior tower, or rather spire, extremely fine, and within there is a degree of imposing gloom, relieved by occasional streaks of gorgeousness which I have hardly seen equalled: I think, however, that Roberts's admirable picture rather exaggerates the effect of the low arch on entering. Few people there. Dined with the Westmorlands; met Sir John Potter, whom I had last seen knighted by

the Queen at Manchester. He encourages me about Turkey and Egypt. Lady Westmorland took me to the gardens at Schönbrunn, which quite fulfil the idea of an imperial *pleasaunce*, with their green alleys, white statues, and fountains. There was as much of the fashion as is still left in Vienna walking about, and a fair display of beauty. The road side is pleasant, filled with people sitting and quaffing. Later in the evening the Westmorlands again took me to a reception at Count Buol's, the secretary for foreign affairs: I was received very civilly. I was introduced to the Russian minister, M. Mayendorff, who seems a very accomplished person. M. de Bourqueney, the French minister, whom I saw at Schönbrunn, rather expects war. Prince Metternich told him that his instinct predicted peace, though his reason pointed to war: also, that he feared the question might have to be resolved, not at Petersburg, but at Moscow (that is, by the high Russo-Greek Church party).

June 13th.—Went to the picture gallery at the Belvedere Palace, the last residence of Prince Eugene. It is a very fine collection, though of course not equal to that of Dresden; it has three Raphaels, one of them very beautiful, some Correggios, and is very rich in Titians and the Venetian

masters; and great spaces are gloriously covered by Rubens. It was not a day of public admission, and no one else was there but M. Mayendorff, who has great zest and knowledge about pictures. I thought he looked a little hesitating, when I mentioned to him my Danubian project; asked whether I should find the road by Trieste much longer; but he ended with promising to give me a letter to show to any one in case of difficulty. I dined with the Westmorlands; M. de Bourqueney was there, still very ominous of war. I drank tea afterwards, upstairs, with Lady William Russell: her conversation is most agreeable, and she gave a very graphic account of the whole revolution here, which she witnessed from the same apartment. I hear from other quarters a sad account of the Austrian finances, and especially of the capriciousness with which they are levied. They tell me that the inhabitants of Vienna, except the highest classes, are very licentious. The court, including the present Emperor, I believe to be irreproachable in morals. They give me a very bad account of the old class of priests, in point both of immorality and ignorance. The demarcations of society are more rigidly observed than in any other country: no artist is ever admitted to the high society. Prince Schwartzenburg invited this year a few of the great

bankers' wives to a ball, at which the Emperor was present, and it created the wildest dismay. Some one expressed regret at this system to a great lady here; she rejoined, "Mais vous voyez, les salons de Vienne seraient trop petits." It is not their palaces that stand in need of the requisite enlargement.

June 13th.—Secured my place in the Danube steam-boat to Constantinople. Went with Lady Westmorland to Count Edmund Zichy's; he showed us a marvellous collection, principally of old swords, of every age and clime, and of his own splendidly jewelled Hungarian dresses. We went on with him to the Imperial treasury, where we saw very fine crown jewels, and various interesting relics both of German and Austrian Empires, beginning with the crown of Charlemagne. Then to the Imperial carriages, dating not quite so far back, but there was one which belonged to Charles V.: also to the Manége, which is of very august dimensions; here lately had been held a splendid carousel, or tournament, of which they spoke with great admiration: then to the library, which I imagine must be the finest room north of the Alps; it has priceless manuscripts. I then went over Prince Lichtenstein's Palace, which I had heard compared to Stafford

House: it has nothing like its staircase, and nothing like its pictures (the Prince's are elsewhere): the ball-room is more brilliant than any room at Stafford House, and there is more lightness, and perhaps not less richness, in the gilding and decoration. I dined at my hotel, which is renowned for its cookery. I drove afterwards with Lady William in the Prater; it is very pretty with its green alleys, and park-like glades, and fair visitors; but I think it must generally be very damp. I admire Vienna on the whole extremely: in the town itself, the narrow streets, tall houses, and frequent palaces, remind me occasionally of Genoa; while the cheerful faubourg, the broad glacis, with its alleys of chestnut and acacia in fullest blossom, and the fine outlines of hill beyond, make it a very attractive city. I suppose that in the beauty of its environs it surpasses any other capital, — again I say, north of the Alps. We then had ices in the Graben. I went on with Lady William for one act of a German play, in the Burg Theatre, of which I was hardly worthy from my ignorance of German, one of the many mistakes of my life. I went with Odo Russell to the Volksgarten, where citizens and soldiers were sitting under trees, listening to the alternate bands of Strauss and a Bohemian regiment: this seems the

most attractive point of Vienna life, enjoyment of open air and music. I went still on for one act of the opera Stradella, and finished a full day with listening to some animated details of Austrian history and character. It was rather a bold feat of Schwartzenburg to propose to one reigning emperor, and to his next heir and brother, that both should resign empire. The Emperor Ferdinand was almost a positive idiot; the Archduke had only a very negative understanding, and was delighted to escape trouble: there were the two wives; they were the two agents employed, they both went to church together, prayed for grace and strength to effect their purpose, and then persuaded their husbands, I believe, without any difficulty. The present young Emperor showed great modesty and diffidence; he is an excellent son, and very much attached to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia. What I collect about his character is this: I believe he is spotless in morals, very conscientious in the performance of duty, determined to do all himself, very simple, and without any turn for display; this is all on the promising side: — on the other, he as yet seems almost exclusively devoted to his army; it is natural indeed for him to feel that he and the monarchy owe every thing to them. Those who surround him are thought to be narrow and

harsh, and there have been some symptoms of hardness in his own character. On the whole, hitherto the good appears to me to predominate.

June 15th.—Went with R. Dundas and Odo Russell to a great parade of the garrison of Vienna for the King of Bavaria. About 18,000 men on the ground: the sight was very gay and sparkling, with the long lines of white uniform, and the brilliant colours among the large staff. It was uncommonly pretty to see the Emperor, who is a very accomplished horseman, ride at the head of his troops, give the salute to the King, and then gallop round to join him. The procedure was just the same, bating numbers, as at the parade before the Horse Guards on the Queen's birth-day. At two, the following party, Lord and Lady Westmorland, Lady Rose Fane and the accomplished Julian, Lady William and Odo Russell, and some others, went by rail to Baden: we walked about the town and looked at one of the public baths, where the arrangement struck most of us as not a little extraordinary; men and women go into it at the same time, and the custom is for the ladies to remain seated in the water, and the men to go about talking to them. We also saw a swimming bath; but here the sexes are separated: the smell of sulphur is extremely strong. They never drink the water here,

only bathe. We had a very good impromptu dinner at a restaurateur's, and agreed that we are comparatively backward in such matters in England, except indeed at Greenwich or Blackwall. Afterwards we drove up the valley to the coffee-house of Carniola, and drank coffee under the trees. I was extremely pleased with the scenery, — wood-clad hills as at Taymouth, with a profusion of acacias and limes, in the fullest bloom and odour. The residence here is not so much in fashion as formerly, but people go more to Ischl. After a very enjoyable day, we railed back to Vienna beneath the flickering of summer lightnings.

June 16th.—Took a Russian bath for the first time in my life; the main part of the process consists in sudden and frequent alternations from very great heat to great cold. Called on Princess Sarah Esterhazy. All talk of her character as angelic.* Went to see the monument by Canova to the Archduchess Christina at the church of the Augustines; it is very beautiful, perhaps his best work; also looked through a hole at a number of jars, in which the hearts of the imperial family are preserved. Walked round the

* I am glad to have written thus, before I knew how soon the praise could only serve as an epitaph for her early and lamented grave.

glacis. Dined with Prince Paul Esterhazy; there were Marshal Nugent, General Walmoden, both fine old soldiers; the Hanoverian Minister; Baron Ward, minister and ex-groom of the Duke of Lucca (his English savoured of this last capacity, but he must be a man of some ability and energy); and some of the English Legation. Took leave of the Westmorlands at the Opera; of Lady William at tea. I should have liked to make rather a longer halt amidst the easy and cheerful life of Vienna; but, in the present relations of Russia and Turkey, it is more prudent not to defer a voyage down the Danube.

June 17*th.* — At nine I embarked, at the end of the Prater, on the Szechénye steamboat, belonging to the Danube Steam Company. It is at present one of three of a superior class of vessels which have begun to run this year, and is in every respect of first-rate character. The accommodations are excellent: I have a most comfortable and airy cabin. The large room for company is upon the level of the deck, and there is a deck to walk upon above its poop after the manner of the American steamers. The fare seems uncommonly good, and it is not stinted, as will appear from the following arrangement: — breakfast, that is, coffee, tea, or chocolate, is to be had

from six till eight; at eleven a fresh breakfast, in fact, a dinner; at half-past four, dinner; and tea at eight. There are about eighteen cabin passengers: my only previous acquaintance was Sir Charles O'Donnell, whom I met at Lord Westmorland's; he has seen much service in various parts of the world: —in 1828 with the Russians against the Turks; he has now more of a mind to serve with the Turks against the Russians; he is on his road to Persia; I believe he has some Persian descent. There is Countess Sturza, going to see her estates in Moldavia; and others from many regions—a Russian invalid grandee—singers for an Italian Opera at Odessa. Our captain (Lucovitz) appears to me quite a distinguished person in looks, manners, and mind: he is a Dalmatian by birth. This navigation company seems to be really one of the most potent levers of improvement that could be applied to all the fair and backward territories watered by the Lower Danube; it was largely indebted for its promotion and progress to the energy and public spirit of the unfortunate Count Szechényc, who has been out of his mind since the Hungarian Revolution. When the large operations of this Danube Company, and those of the Austrian Lloyd Company in the Euxine, Egean, Mediterranean, and Adriatic, are taken into consi-

deration, it must be felt that Austria has entered upon a line of enterprise at once most expedient and creditable to her. One is tempted slightly to vary the old couplet:

> Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, *fuma*,
> Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna *vapor*.

To-day, after emerging from the long low lines of islands and brushwood which track the river below Vienna, we passed under that dismantled palace of Presburg, where the famous "Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" and the flashing of the Hungarian swords, answered the appeal of the Queenly Beauty — then close along, rather than under, the casemated walls of the uncaptured Comorn — then as hills and vineyards began to swell above the banks, below Gran, the seat of the Primate of Hungary, who has been somewhat mulcted of late from his previous revenue of near 50,000*l.* a year: there is a stately modern church of Italian architecture; then, as the evening closed in, after a day of rather fitful weather, we drew up to shore alongside the quays of Pesth. Sir C. O'Donnell and I took a calèche, and drove across the extremely handsome suspension bridge (built by Mr. Clark, of Hammersmith Bridge antecedents,) up to the fortress terrace

of Buda, which, four years ago, poured its hot fierce volleys of shell and grape on the town of Pesth, stretching out wide on the opposite bank below, but which now with its white lines of wide streets and squares, and the broad brimming river, and the wooded islands, and the far hills, and the steep rocks of the Blochsberg rising immediately over us, lay in the soft stillness of twilight beneath a fast filling moon. The situation is most imposing: neither of the towns has the picturesqueness or splendour of Prague, of which, however, one is much reminded, as well as of Edinburgh, especially in the contrast between the elder and more irregular Buda, and the straight lines and broader spaces of the younger Pesth. We stayed for near two hours to take in coals; our gallant captain would have wished for a few hours more, as he had a wife here to whom he had been married only four months. At ten o'clock we puffed away again under the bright moonlight.

June 18th. — On getting up soon after six I found we were off Mohacs, distinguished alike in former history as the point of advance and retreat for the Ottoman arms. During the previous night I understood that the surrounding country was flat, and so it continued; little met the eye, except occasionally large herds of horses, sometimes apparently grazing

on tufts of grass in the midst of the water: the very high level of the river, after the late copious rains, must have mainly contributed to this appearance. It is impossible not to feel frequently, when looking over the vast wastes of plain, that emigration might find ample room and verge enough among these barely cultivated breadths of Europe. In the afternoon, hills began again to rise, and the giant river to expand; we passed by the ramparts of Peterwardein, and the vineyards of Carlowitz; we stopped for a short time at the frontier town of Semlin, and hailed our first minarets on the sloping hill of Belgrade. With Servia on our right, the appearance of cultivation grew still scantier; and the river, now augmented by its chief tributaries, the Drave, Theiss, and Save, and spread out wide on each side by recent inundations, looked like an inland sea. The evening clouded over; and before we entered the mountainous region of the Danube, and the rapids on its stream, we lay to for five hours and a half.

June 19th.—I was on deck at half-past three, soon after our starting. Shortly below Moldova, the river enters a defile of steep, rocky, wooded hills, flanked by a castle on one side and a tower opposite, after the Rhenish manner; but I think that it soon surpasses its German brother-flood. They say that

the cliffs are as high as 2000 feet; and here the monarch of European streams, with its Drave, and Save, and Theiss, that we had seen the evening before spread out like an enormous lake, is so hemmed in as in one place to be only 145 yards across. We encountered very heavy driving rain in the heart of the gorge, but I stood out most of it on deck: there are vestiges in the perpendicular rock of sockets for the beams which supported a causeway made by Trajan during his Dacian campaigns; and a slate of rock is pointed out, on which an inscription to commemorate them can still be decyphered. We drew up at Orsova, the frontier town on the left bank of the river between Austria and Wallachia, where our baggage was submitted to an examination upon the part of both states, but I must say in our case it was entirely nominal on either side. The town is prettily nestled in hills which have here begun to subside. Just below it we passed a Turkish fortress and island, which command the river, but do not seem capable of very stout defence; we then arrived at the most critical rapid, which bears the imposing name of the Iron Gates. This portion of the Danube had till lately been thought impassable by steamboats; but a bold captain in the company's service made the trial one day, and the others have followed. They

are obliged, however, when the water is low, to transport their cargoes either in small boats or by the shore. We made another halt at Sozoreny, the Roman Severinum, where the passports are submitted to a Wallachian officer, — a useless operation, our captain thinks, as the officer understands no language but Wallachian. Here I fell in with a countryman who has been seventeen years in the company's service as engineer or agent. Besides apparently having the energy and straightforwardness which, I trust, we may consider not uncommon attributes of his countrymen, he seemed to have a great aptitude for acquiring languages, which I do not think so common an one, and spoke fluently, and he said well, in French, German, Italian, and Wallachian. He says he has not found the natives dishonest, but most incurably lazy: it is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate hunger, and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility. Many were standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture, it seemed to me, of all the Danubian races) — models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they

have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies—which could hold out a motive to exertion and secure a return to industry—with whatever ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to be general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter. When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon an Englishman with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are, at all events, among them copious indications of energy and character in whatever direction they may be developed, while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.

Just below the small village are the piers, on both banks, of the bridge built by Trajan over a breadth of 3900 English feet; the architect was Apollodorus of Damascus; the figures of the Dacians on Trajan's pillar are said to resemble the modern Wallachians in

features, person, and costume. What a people the Romans were! May not even England have something to learn in the way of material improvements for India from what Rome did for Dacia?

We passed Widdin, which, with other subsequent Turkish towns, make a decent show from the river, with trees and minarets; but I hear they are sad squalid places within.* The shore of Bulgaria, which we had now reached, on the right side of the river, is more varied and elevated than the opposite Wallachia. The breadth of the overflow of water made our captain think it more prudent to cast anchor during the dark hours. When we had stopped, part of the Italian company, consisting of the family of Signor Ferlotti, with the assistance of our all-accomplished captain, sang beautiful Italian music from the current operas, and their strong and mellow voices rose delightfully from the still Danube.

June 20th.—Between our two breakfasts, we halted at Giurgevo, which serves as a port to Bucharest. We saw it in splashing rain, which aggravated

* If I could have anticipated the events of the coming year, I should have looked with interest at Kalafat, on the opposite side of the river; with deeper respect at Silistria, lower down on the right bank. Its recent heroic defence may go far to qualify some of the less favourable opinions subsequently expressed.

its indigenous look of discomfort and decrepitude. It had a garrison of 200 Wallachian soldiers: they had no news of the movements of Russia. With a little practice, I believe that one might soon make out the Wallachian language by the help of Latin. Here and in Moldavia they still call themselves Romans. Soon after we set out again we had a thunderstorm, through which Silistria loomed darkly: it is singular to have arrived in this latitude towards the end of June without having once wished to change my warmest winter clothing. This evening the river seemed to begin to shake off its shores. In one place we saw vines on the Bulgarian bank, but generally there appeared an extreme deficiency of cultivation. The more I see of these countries, seen, however, it must be remembered, only during the transit of a very rapid steamer going at a rate of sixteen miles with the current, I feel more strongly that any change which should disturb the stagnant mass would seem to give a chance of eliciting something better than the present state of fetid, mouldy putrefaction. After dark we touched at Ibraila, and then came on to Galatz, the term of our navigation in our present vessel. It is the main port of Moldavia.

June 21st. — On getting up, I was rather concerned to learn that the steamboat which was to take us up

here for Constantinople had not yet arrived; it is, however, expected in the course of the day. The English Consul, Mr. Cunningham, came on board to see us; he has lived here for eighteen years, which, I think, must be a sorry destiny. They expect to hear shortly of the Russian entrance: he says the poor Principalities have always to bear the expenses, though Russia professes to pay them. Another agreeable concomitant of the occupation is, that the Russian armies never fail to introduce the plague, or, at least, some bad fever which passes under that name. The quarantine seems to be the real plague of these districts: every one who crosses over from the opposite bank is subject to it; and it even prevents their getting any supply of fish, as the boatmen are not allowed to pass to and fro. We asked what was the object of the line of pickets which had continued at regular intervals all down the Danube, and were now, for the most part, stationed in the midst of the water: we were told that their main object in the Principalities was to prevent the peasants from running away from their masters: as their place of refuge would be either Turkey or Russia, it did not give me an elevated idea of their present condition. The system of serfage is very complete; and as they are obliged to secure the

harvest of the Lord or Boyard before their own, in unfavourable seasons they sustain the worst extremities of hunger. The Austrian Lloyd's steamer, Persia, arrived in the middle of the day, and we learned that we were to set out at eight to-morrow morning. I took a walk in the town with Sir Charles: it was the first time I had felt the real heat of the South. We did not go to see the tomb of Mazeppa. I never saw a town of equal pretensions to population (about 25,000) so indescribably rude and topsy-turvy—such ravines of streets—such shreds of vehicles—such naked, tattered, picturesque varieties of costume. Yet, in contrast to all these aspects of barbarism, a very tolerable military band was playing opposite our vessel while we were taking our coffee on deck; and after sunset we went to an opera in an extemporaneous wooden theatre, where the Somnambula was very decently performed by an Italian company. I am aware that some may probably read these pages who inseparably connect the idea of evil with that of any theatre. It seems to me a great pity to establish any such Shibboleth. Theatres in large and luxurious capitals naturally derive some taint from the surrounding atmosphere; and though it is quite possible to conceive scenic representations put upon a footing wholly unexception-

able, and though, even with their present drawbacks, they are not seldom frequented by many as upright in conduct and as pure in heart as perhaps any of their censors, yet undoubtedly there is much in the prevailing arrangements of modern theatres, both on and off the stage, from which we cannot feel surprised that a sensitive conscience should shrink. In smaller societies, especially where the opera is given without the ballet, many of the prominent matters of scandal are sensibly diminished, if not wholly banished; and, to say nothing of music being almost a necessity of life to the German and Italian races, I could not but feel that in a community such as Galatz, where all around, whether in nature or society, is rough, drear, and squalid,—where most of the inhabitants are still dressed in sheep-skins, and look as if they still were pretty much what Ovid had left them,

"Nec venit ad duros Musa vocata Getas,"*

the sternest moralist could hardly bring himself to complain, that an access had been made to their dull ears and vacant senses for a refined and humanising art. When we came out of the homely theatre, what

* "No Muse here soothes the rugged Thracian's ear."

a full moon was sailing through the light-blue heaven! I felt it had been worth while to have come so far to see that moon.

June 22nd. — At eight I left the Szechénye steamboat, and its manly and accomplished captain. He is one of those from whom one cannot part without a wish of encountering again in some scene of shifting life. We transferred ourselves to the Persia, which we found a good sea-boat, with copious but less-tempting fare, and the captain another Dalmatian, of whom it need only be said that he seemed to understand his business well. We set off with only six passengers in the upper cabin, though on different parts of the deck were a Turkish and a Jewish quarter, and a small Turkish booth, at which coffee is made. At stated hours we see the Turks and Jews saying their prayers, and bowing to the ground, with their faces turned respectively to Jerusalem or Mecca. We passed the mouth of the Pruth, the boundary (for the present) of Russian rule; then, the spot at which the Russians crossed the Danube during the last war; then, a distant view of Ismail. The moment of quitting the Danube by the Sulina, or central mouth of the river, was very interesting. This channel was secured to Russia by the Treaty of Adrianople, on the condition that it should be open

to the commerce of all nations, and that the Russians should keep it in navigable order. They have brought a dredging-machine there, but it has scarcely ever been detected at work; and the result might be inferred from the spectacle which at present met our eyes, of hundreds of vessels in the river within the mouth, and scores of them in the sea without, unable to pass the Bar. Our ship only drew seven feet and a half of water, and had purposely brought no merchandise. We winded triumphantly through a long double tier of vessels, but even we grazed the ground sensibly on passing the Bar: "Con tutta la forza," cried the captain to the man at the engine, and we were safe on the still surface of the Euxine.

June 23rd.—About ten we stopped off Varna to take in coals, which Turkish dilatoriness made a long operation. The passengers went on shore. We found large cargoes of ammunition in process of being landed at the pier. After we had walked about the town, which looked thoroughly Oriental and fragile, and had halted for a little at a fountain, I was surprised at being joined there by Mr. Stanley, son of Lord Stanley of Alderley, now attached to the embassy at Constantinople, and at present stationed here to fill the place of the resident consul, who has been despatched into the interior. He introduced us

to a very good-humoured looking Pasha, and took us to see some of the fortifications, now being renewed after their destruction at the capture of the town by the Russians, in 1829. He is the most zealous conceivable partisan of Turkey, and is convinced that she would beat Russia in fair fight. I cannot share this anticipation; every thing seems done in such a slip-shod manner. I think he said that they reckoned upon having 120,000 troops in Bulgaria, and the garrison of Constantinople is 80,000. When we returned to the vessel, we found ourselves reinforced by the inmates of some Turkish hareems, five ladies, I believe, belonging to two husbands, with an old nurse, and a quantity of children from all the parentage. They had a separate compartment on deck, but by no means confined themselves to it, as they came out freely among us, and went even into our cabins: they were rather pretty, with gentle gait, but sallow roseless cheeks; their dress is that of nuns in loose dressing-gowns, with their veils fastened above the mouth; these were of rather transparent texture. What pleases me least is the effect of the henna, a light red dye with which the nails are stained.

June 24th.—After a smooth course, at about ten, we came to the guardian rocks of the Symplegades,

the light-houses, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, and then, between the guns of the alternating fortresses, the lines of the Turkish men-of-war, the villas of embassies, the palaces of Sultans, the terraced treillages, and the cypress groves, we ran rapidly down these famous straits of Europe and Asia. Perhaps, on the whole, there was less of shade and softness in the scenery of the banks than I had anticipated, and the immediate entrance from the Black Sea is decidedly disappointing. The Great City crowns the vista: the position is most beautiful and most imperial, capping the successive heights with domes and minarets, and lining with town and tower the splashing blue waters of each bay and inlet. Shortly after we had dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, there was a thundering salute and manning of yards among all the ships in the harbour, which betokened that the Sultan was proceeding in his state barge to one of the mosques, which happens on Fridays. On landing and walking up to Messiri's Hotel in Pera, I was struck far beyond my expectation with the ruggedness, the narrowness, the steepness, and the squalidness of the streets; an impression which the extension of my walk through Galata (the old Genoese quarter) and Constantinople Proper (Stamboul) materially aggravated. I could

not see the close dwellings and bazaars, the mangy dogs, and the no less so swarms of humankind, without wondering, not that the plague has ever got there, but that it has ever got out again. We saw a sort of promenade, or Corso, of Turkish ladies, in small painted carriages, upon a bit of ground about the size of Stable Yard, in London, covered with dust and guarded by a file of soldiers to keep mankind off; a duty, however, not rigorously exercised. We went into the outer court of a neighbouring mosque, in which a bazaar is held during the sacred month of Ramazan, which is now going on. I thought the caution of our guide on entering the sacred precincts rather characteristic of the influences of Moslem sanctity,—"Prenez garde, il y a beaucoup de voleurs." We saw numbers of the sacred pigeons, which peculiarly belong to this mosque. The hotel is a pleasant one; the fare, on the whole, good. I dined at the table d'hôte; dinner at seven. I found a large party (about thirty) of shifting tourists—American, Belgian, but chiefly English. I walked in a sort of public alley afterwards, where people were drinking coffee, and an indifferent band playing. The whole was a shabby affair, very different from Dresden and Vienna. Some of the gentlemen at the hotel went to see a sort of Turkish Punch called Karagoos; but

they had given me such an account of the abominable indecency of the exhibition, that I really felt it a point of conscience not to go. They found that it quite answered to its character. I was not prepared for the shocking details I hear of the state of morals; I do not wish to dwell on such topics; they are such as, if fully known, would, I imagine, tend much to arrest the somewhat profuse flow of English sympathy for the Ottoman race.

June 25th.—Breakfast goes on from six to twelve. I took a Turkish bath at Galata, and liked the process, though in some respects it appears a strange one. There is an excellent account of them in Mr. Thackeray's most accurate and entertaining "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." One lies upon a couch of burning marble (literally). If they are generally resorted to, which I believe to be the case, they must render essential sanitary service; for, as far as the bath goes, all Christendom is clearly surpassed in cleanliness; since, whereas we may justly flatter ourselves that we clean our skin, here they part with it. The time of recovery after the hot chambers and severe rubbings, when lemonade and coffee and pipes are brought in as one lies supine, is very agreeable. At four I put myself on board a steamer for Therapia. It was a Thames tug, and carried

one for twopence. The company have now, however, a Turkish competition to sustain, and it is thought they will have to give way. I find the Bosphorus gains immensely by acquaintance with its silver reaches, and mosque or tower-capped promontories. I disembarked near Le Palais d'Angleterre, as the villas of the embassies, as well as their town houses, are somewhat ambitiously termed. The houses themselves are only of wood, but they have pretty gardens and terraces, and enchanting views. I walked for some time with Lord Stratford about his little domain, for which he seems to entertain much real affection. The place was a present from the Sultan to the British Government, on account of services rendered by Lord Stratford during a Persian negotiation. The precincts of the Palace of France, which *march* with the English, and are larger, date from the epoch of General Sebastiani and Admiral Duckworth. They had been the property of the Ipsilanti family. We dined at eight, which is a reproduction of London hours on the Bosphorus; but I always think it the true hour of civilisation, when both the business and the light of the day are at an end. We had only the Mission, Mr. Robert Hay, and Captain Drummond, of the Retribution war-steamer, which is moored opposite. His Ex-

cellency sat up talking with me till one; of course I do not introduce here the matter of such a conversation at a time of a great political crisis. I thought all that fell from him showed the intelligence and high-mindedness one should wish to find in a high British functionary; glad he seemed too, as so many of them are, to unbend from the engrossing gravities of the moment, among the lighter and more attractive recollections of literature. The position Lord Stratford at this moment holds must be one of almost painful responsibilities; for, as far as I can gather from others, the rulers of the country appear to pay him a nearly implicit deference, and it has rarely happened to any one to be so much, to all human appearance, the arbiter of peace and war, and of much of the approaching destiny of the human race.

June 26th.—I went with Mr. Hay on board the Retribution for church service. It was remarkably well conducted in all respects; the crew not only very attentive, but giving the responses, singing the psalms, and even chaunting the hymns. I thought it striking, and affecting too, there on the blue waters of the far Bosphorus, catching now a bit of Asia, now a bit of Europe, through the open port-holes, with one's knees pressing against the burnished side of a powerful cannon, amidst the still and composed files

of sailors and marines, to hear the melodies of our simple parish service, and the meek words of the Gospel of peace. We went over the ship afterwards, a very fine one of twenty-eight guns. I returned to the capital in a very luxurious caique, rowed by three boatmen, which makes the prettiest imaginable water equipage. I stopped to leave some orders with the captain of the Caradoc, Lieutenant Derriman, whom it is impossible not thoroughly to like even at first sight, and I was then very nearly tempted to run down with him to the fleet at Besika Bay. Dined at the hotel. The departures and additions give variety and animation to the company. I think our young countrymen show well, and are, for the most part, manly, intelligent, and well-bred. I believe it to be tolerably obvious at present that there is no immediate prospect of war: the Turks will not consider the occupation of the Principalities a necessary, although a justifiable *casus belli*, and the other four Powers will attempt a mediation. It is thought that the Turks would really be well pleased to have war.

June 27th.—At half-past five I sallied out with my laquais de place, Dimitri, crossed the water to Scutari, took horses, and rode up the high hill of Bulgurlu beyond it. The view is one of the best

possible of this transcendent site: there were the blue windings of the Bosphorus, the white towers of the corresponding castles of Rumelia and Anatolia in Europe and Asia, the whole gleaming stretch and swell of the Great City, the point of the old Chalcedon, and the soft smooth expanse of Marmora, dotted with islands, and lined with the ridges of receding Asia: the snowy top of the Mysian Olympus was barely visible. Later in the day I went to the top of the Tower of Galata, of Genoese construction, which must be almost the best view of the immediate panorama. I learn that the population of the town, including the villages on the Bosphorus, is about 750,000, and may be divided into about 240,000 Turks, 300,000 Greeks, 200,000 Armenians, 10,000 Jews and Franks. I had brought letters to Dr. Sandwith, who is a physician here, for the present a correspondent to the "Times," above all, a Yorkshireman. He very sensibly told me, that if even I did dine at any great repast given by some Turkish Pasha or minister, I should probably only find a reproduction of European customs, knives and forks, &c.; so he undertook to show me a genuine Turkish house and dinner. We went to-day; our host was the chief physician of the Sultan. We arrived at his house in Scutari about half an hour before sunset;

and as we could not dine during the Ramazan till after it, neither food nor pipes being allowed between the rising and setting sun, we sat in the garden with our host, who, not in good keeping with his art, plied us with unripe fruits. A young Circassian girl, of about twelve, and so not of an age to prevent her appearing before Franks, was sent from the Seraglio, that the state of her health might be examined. At last the cannon fired:—

> "Hark! peal'd the thunder of the evening gun;
> It told 'twas sunset, and *we bless'd* that sun."
>
> *Corsair.*

There was quite a rush to the meal. The party amounted to nine: there was a Priest or Imaun in a violet robe; but the person who was the best dressed, and seemed to be made most of, was a perfectly black gentleman from the Seraglio. Our host talked some French; the rest nothing but Turkish, in which Dr. Sandwith is very fluent. All sat down on low cushions upon their legs: this I could not quite effect, but managed to stow mine under the small low round table. Upon this was placed a brass or copper salver, and upon this again the dishes of food in very quick and most copious succession: we all helped ourselves with our right hands, except that just for the soup we had wooden spoons: this is

not quite so offensive as it sounds, since they hardly take more than one or two mouthfuls in each dish from the part immediately opposite them, so the hands do not mingle in the platter: it seems to me, however, that the first advance in Turkish civilisation to which we may look forward will be the use of spoons, and then, through succeeding epochs, to knives and folks,—

The diapason ending full in *plates*.

I must say that I thought the fare itself very good, consisting in large proportion of vegetables, pastry, and condiments, but exhibiting a degree of resource and variety not unworthy of study by the unadventurous cookery of Britain. We drank sherbets and water. Some of the company had become so ravenous for their pipes after the long abstinence of the day, that they could not sit out the meal. We transferred ourselves to another room, where we all tucked up our legs on the divan, which, however, soon gave me the cramp; but I was kindly encouraged to stretch out my feet. This portion of the evening was very long, as coffee and pipes were incessantly brought in: occasional relief was effected by the black gentleman condescending to sing, with rather a cracked voice, to a tambourine. I was given to understand that he

was one of the Sultan's favourite musicians. Our host talked with regard of the Sultan, and seemed much pleased by his having assured him that he might treat him quite fearlessly, and not be afraid of the responsibility. Dr. Sandwith appeared to think this was not wholly a superfluous recommendation, as lately our friend had called him into a consultation upon the rather grave case of some Pasha, and upon Dr. S. advising some calomel or other efficient treatment, his Turkish colleague expostulated, "Oh, but this is a very great man." All were extremely courteous to me, and wished to impress upon me the great military ardour that now exists against the Russians, not at all relishing the opinion I expressed that there would be no actual war at present; upon which our host pertinently inquired, "Will the Russians, then, pay our expenses?" Upon our return home, it was a very pleasant transition from the divan and pipes to the caique on the perfectly smooth Bosphorus, under the still sky, with all the minarets of the wide city around illuminated for the Ramazan, and a military band playing under one of the Sultan's kiosks or pavilions.

June 28th.—At eight I set off with Sir Charles O'Donnell, Mr. Walsh, and Captain Evans (the two last young Englishmen whom I have met here, very

good specimens of the race) on board a Turkish steamer, which took us in five hours and a half to Moodania, on the Sea of Marmora; here, after a sharp contention for us, we, with the addition of a French architect, who joined our party, were all mounted on horseback. I had a very pleasant pony, and felt the comfort of having brought my English saddle. The ride to Broussa, our destination, of five hours and a half, was one of the most beautiful I have ever known. It starts upon a most fertile neck of land, with charming views over the Sea of Marmora and its encircling hills; then, on passing over a low ascent, Broussa opens upon you in the most striking manner, and every step of the approach grows more attractive: it rises from a plain covered with groves of plane and cypress, and terraces of vines, fig-trees, and mulberries, and by almost every tree, and from every tuft, springs up a white minaret; all this climbs up the angles of sharp rocks and jutting precipices at the base of Mount Olympus, — not the Hellenic Olympus of the gods, but the Mysian or Bithynian hill of the same name. As we rode in under the most glowing sunset in the customary sky of Asia Minor, while the vivid green of the tiers of mulberry and the dark hue of the cypress were blending themselves under the radiant azure of the

sky, and the cliffs growing rosier every moment beneath the parting ray, the effect was very magical and thoroughly eastern. I stoop to mention that we found the hotel of Mount Olympus a good house, with a very fair cook, and an obliging Italian host. There was a late table d'hôte, with three or four more Frenchmen, one of whom had found the warm sulphur baths here very serviceable to his health.

June 29th. — Before breakfast, I took one of the said baths; they are uncommonly clean and well-served. Most of the process is the same as at Constantinople, but there are some specialties here: I sat for ten minutes in a sulphur-chamber at a temperature of 118° Fahrenheit; it, in fact, bears the local name of the Gehenna or Hell. Afterwards there is a delightful large basin of natural fresh warm water. Broussa is not without its historical dignities; here, probably, Hannibal awaited the waking of the Bithynian king; whether it derives its name from Prusias, or whether that was an individual or a dynastic name, I do not venture to pronounce: here Pliny noted the early progress of Christianity: here Abd-el-Kader has now his assigned abode. Our consul, Mr. Sanderson, after introducing us to his own handsome family, took us to the house of the Arab Emir; it is a very unpretending one: he gave

us a very prompt reception. He is said to be about forty-six, and certainly does not appear to be more; is not positively handsome, but looks eminently well-conditioned; and his manners have much graceful dignity and self-possession. He spoke with much esteem—highly natural and just on his part—of Lord Londonderry. I thought he showed great interest in his inquiries concerning the present position of the Turkish question. I am told that he considers himself under engagement only not to fight against the French. Altogether, his manner to us was very civil, even cordial; he sent for the sword which the Emperor Napoleon had given him, which I left to our military companion Sir Charles O'Donnell to unsheath; but what we were told ought quite to turn our heads is, that we were served with pipes, coffee, and sherbet, notwithstanding the Ramazan. The mosques here are said to be even more numerous than at Constantinople; we went to two or three of the most conspicuous, taking off our shoes on entering. They were in great part built by the pre-Constantinopolitan sultans, and are thought to exhibit specimens of much purer Oriental architecture than those of the capital; they have, on the whole, an imposing simplicity: there is a fine tomb of Mahomet I.; another of Orchan, the son of Othman,

and chief organiser of the victorious Ottoman armies. We shopped a little in the bazaars, and bought some Broussa linen, which is of very soft and absorbent quality, for towels, &c. Their manufacture of silk is very extensive. After our dinner we mounted our horses for our return journey by twilight, and for some time our eyes reverted to Broussa, with its minarets gleaming for their Ramazan illumination on its steep hill-side. We had all much enjoyed our expedition: our ride back, under the silent stars, was, of course, comparatively cool; some places appeared steeper than they had done in the blaze of day; but our cavalry carried us very safely, and a late half-moon lit us into Moodania shortly before three. Here we laid ourselves down for an hour in a very rough and crowded reception-room at the small coffee-house.

June 30th.—But not so crowded as the return-steamer, which took us up at four: the deck was entirely covered with Turkish troops, either recruits, or belonging to the *redif*, or reserve, consisting of those who have already served, whom the State calls out upon any emergency. I found myself treading on a recumbent Turkish colonel, who, however, was either very sleepy or very acquiescent. We took refuge for the six hours of voyage in the cabin, which

was nearly empty. Constantinople looked very imposing as we turned the Seraglio Point into the Golden Horn. I find it grows enormously upon me, which is always the case where real beauty is concerned: at first I own to having thought that the successive tiers of brown wooden houses, especially in Pera, had a dingy effect; however, when the eye has learned to acquiesce in the drawbacks of a spot, it thenceforth allows itself to feed undistracted on its glories. I was not disposed to do much after our night-march, and I found a post from England. Lords Carnarvon and Sandon had arrived at the hotel from a Syrian expedition.

July 1*st*. — I went with them in a caique to see the Sultan make his usual Friday embarkation to visit one of the mosques. It is a very pretty water-pageant, formed of four large and three smaller richly gilded barges. The Sultan sits under a rich canopy: I think there are twenty-two oars in his boat. All the forts on the shore and the Turkish vessels give thundering salutes. Very few people came out to see it: how different it would be on the Thames if Queen Victoria took to boating in state! I shopped at the bazaars, but it was not a judicious day for it, as few of the Turks open their shops on Friday. Went to look at the commencement of the

maps which Captain Glasscock is executing for the mixed commission, to define the boundaries between Persia and Turkey in Asia. They have all the nicety of execution of our Ordnance Survey. After dinner went with Dr. Sandwith to another garden, where there is music, and ices under trees; but it is a murky spot compared with the Volksgarten at Vienna,—how murky compared with the Plaza di Armas at the Havana!

July 2nd.—This was the day for which I had procured a Firman to see the chief public buildings. As the whole process, with fees and presents, amounts to about ten pounds, it is usual to collect a large party to divide the costs. We were tolerably numerous, and I had invited the officers of the Retribution and the Niger, who came in good force. Just as we were starting, a Russian gentleman sent up a request to be allowed to join us: I thought this slightly perplexing, as the Turks might not have approved at this moment of such a foot in their most sacred places; but I thought that the proper law of courtesy between all fellow-travellers was on his side. For details on this, as on all other such occasions, I refer to previous describers and handbooks, and only concern myself with prominent impressions. We first went over the Seraglio: it has some large rooms

with pretty and gay decorations, superior in themselves to the Brighton Pavilion in its royal days, and with its own unparalleled view. The arm-chair of the Sultan, when he comes here, which is seldom, commands both the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. There is one very enjoyable apartment, called, they told us, the cool-room, on a low level, entirely of marble, with fountains in the midst. The terraces and gardens might be lovely with English keeping. They gave me a nosegay of pinks and geraniums. We saw the old Throne of State, and the grating through which alone the ambassadors were formerly allowed to communicate with the Sultan in the big days of Turkey; the armoury also, ancient and modern, the first very inferior to Count Zichy's collection at Vienna: they show what they say was the mace of Mahomet II., the Feti or Conqueror. The present Sultan has not lived here; indeed, there is a sort of rule that no sultan should inhabit this palace unless he has made an addition to the national territory by conquests. We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople,—the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation, ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affect-

ing reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself, — the bold simplicity of plan — the noble span of the wide low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, 115 feet — the gilded roofs — the mines of marble which encrust the walls, — that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, — that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed? The hymn to the Latoidæ! The chaunt to the Virgin! The Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high-altar to the East, but must be turned in the exact direction of Mecca? Must we always dimly trace in the overlaying fret-work of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even if by conflicting causes, — by old Greek memories — by young Greek aspir-

ations—by the ambition of states and sovereigns—by the sympathy of Christendom—by the sure word of prophecy. One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the ardour of Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it wears a striking appearance of simplicity: you see in their mosques many worshippers engaged in solitary prayer; you see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or Imaun, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now, it is difficult to take one's stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without, in fancy, seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance, with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the

righteous providence of God, that when Christianity re-establishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a purer ritual and more spiritual worship.

We also saw the mosques of Sultan Achmed, which has six beautiful minarets, and is, I believe, the only mosque in the Ottoman Empire which has so many; and of Solyman the Magnificent, called the Suleimanye, which has noble dimensions, and four enormous red columns. Then there were two mausoleums of Solyman and the late Sultan Mahmoud, in the pattern of which last I recognised a great likeness to our own at Castle Howard. Besides this, we stood in the famous Hippodrome, the repeated scene of Byzantine faction and frivolity, and looked at its Egyptian obelisk and brazen pillar. The day's work is a somewhat fatiguing one, chiefly from the atrocious pavement in the streets: and I should recommend any ladies who undertake it to be content with the Seraglio, St. Sophia, Sultan Achmed, and the Hippodrome. Some of us sought refreshment afterwards in the large Turkish bath of Stamboul Proper, which has itself a very sightly show of marble. I dined on board the Niger steamer with Captain Heath, where I met two French and one Dutch captain. As Captain H. gave the Queen's health after dinner, I thought it right to propose

"aux drapeaux unis de la civilisation Européenne." It turned out that we were most happily placed on this occasion: it was the night which announces the near approach of the Bairam, the great festival at the termination of the Ramazan, and a large illumination takes place on the waters of the Golden Horn. The Sultan comes down in his state barges: there is a refulgent display of red and blue light on ships and shores, and the effect in such a locality is most brilliant. It only occurs to one that the repeated discharges of artillery are not very well timed, while the Treasury is extremely ill able to cope with the current expenses for the national defence. I thought it was a very obvious road from the landing-place at Tophanè to the hotel; but I missed it: and as I have not acquired any knowledge of Turkish, and one is liable to arrest if found in the streets at night without a light, I was very glad when I at last arrived.

July 3rd. — I went with Lord Sandon to church, which is held in a small room at the Embassy. Our Government has not yet supplied any funds for the erection of a regular church, which would certainly be a becoming adjunct to the Ambassador's dwelling-house, on which such an enormous sum has been laid out. The service was well performed by

the chaplain, Mr. Blakiston. We stayed for the Sacrament: one feels additional value for the rite in a far land. Lord Carnarvon has been laid up from the effects of an approach to coup-de-soleil. To-day was extremely warm, and I. barely went out; chiefly wrote this journal. The conversation at our hotel dinner-table is frequently full of good information: we have engineers of railways, workers of collieries, agents of steam companies; some very intelligent men, from our North country. All agree respecting the resources of this empire being alike immense and undeveloped: they consider them to have both these attributes in the highest degree in Bosnia. The Bosnians formed the latest accession to the Mahommedan faith, and they are now its most bigoted adherents. Their country was also the last hold of feudalism; and Omer Pasha distinguished himself in the war which the Porte waged to suppress it.

July 4th. — I was ready very soon after four this morning to ride with Dr. Sandwith. On first leaving the gates of the town, wide, brown, unenclosed hills and hollows present themselves; scattered amongst them are low stone pillars, which indicate the reach of the late Sultan Mahmoud's spear; his successor does not indulge in such athletic exercises. We

went on to the Sweet Waters of Europe, rather a pretty dell in the hills above the Golden Horn, but of which we might find many in our own counties: in the early spring, when the grass is green,—a sight I have of course not seen in Turkey,—and the ladies of the capital make it their carriage drive, I have no doubt that the scene must be gay. At one of the city gates we took a cup of coffee amid a train of camels, the first I had seen, and poor-looking animals they were. We then rode along the length of the old triple walls, which are very picturesque with their occasional rents and many inserted trees. This is the quarter of the market gardens, which are cultivated by Greeks. Every day one sees more that the industry of the empire is mainly in Christian hands; much, however, of the interior agriculture is carried on by the Turks. We re-entered the town by the Seven Towers, no longer formidable, or Prince Menchikoff might have been their tenant. Later in the day I acquired some good photographs of the buildings here, by Mr. Robertson, who holds an office in the Imperial mint. Several officers from the Niger were at our dinner.

July 5th.—I gave most of my day to the eleventh volume of Grote's admirable "History of Greece," and read on the spot of the siege of Byzantium by

Philip of Macedon. Lords Carnarvon and Sandon went away: they are very favourable types of English aristocracy. In my walk I came to rather an interesting spot, the burial-place of the Franks. It has no enclosure, but that is common to most Turkish cemeteries. Most of the English tombs are those of engineers, who have probably come out with steam-boats.

July 6th.—Breakfasted with Dr. Sandwith; the chief object was to meet a Wallachian of great intelligence and distinguished birth: he was of too liberal tendencies to please the Russians, so they induced the Turks to forbid him to remain at home. There was also our vice-consul, Mr. Skene, son of Sir Walter Scott's friend, evidently a very intelligent and well-informed man. The conversation gave me much instruction respecting the characters and feelings of the different populations. The Wallachian was excessively anti-Russian and anti-Greek; the Greeks he considers far worse and more hateful to the other races than the Turks themselves. He conceives that the Emperor of Russia's feelings, and those of the now dominant party in Russia, which override at this moment even his, point mainly to a Panslavonic fusion. He himself would naturally like a large Roman or Latin fusion, comprising

Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and possibly more. In the meanwhile, he does not give a flattering portrait of society in those parts. The Bohemians or gypsies are actually slaves, but their condition is, on the whole, preferable to that of the predial inhabitants, who cannot be parted from the soil, and from whom only a certain number of days' labour is legally due; but this is grossly infringed upon. On the whole, the more I learn, the more difficult I find it not merely to foresee, but to shape even in wish, the future. Later Dr. S. took me to a Maltese artist, Preciosa, who takes admirable views of the place and people. Dined on board the steamer Caradoc, with Lieut. Derriman, and met Lord Edward Russell, Lord Arthur Lennox, Captain Carter, all of whom he had brought up from the fleet. To-night the Ramazan ended:

> "To-night set Ramazani's sun,
> To-night the Bairam's feast 's begun."
>
> *Giaour.*

July 7th. — At about half-past two A.M. there were thundering salutes to announce the festival of the Bairam, which lasts for three days upon the expiration of the month of fasting. At half-past three a large party set off from the hotel; we were rowed by the boats of the Niger over the Golden Horn

blushing under the opening dawn, and with the earliest ray of the sun we were in the large court of the Seraglio to see the procession of the Sultan to the mosque of Sultan Achmed. We were placed in a house commanding the gateway from very convenient windows: the sight was very pretty; there were a number of led horses with rich caparisons; then a long succession of officers of state, Pashas, and the Ministers, all mounted; then the pages on foot immediately preceding the Sultan, wearing gorgeous feathers of white ostrich, with a stiff green cone, which I am told are relics of the Byzantine imperial wardrobe; then the Sultan himself on horseback, in his plume, fez, and diamond agraffe, and long blue cloak, just as he is painted in Sir David Wilkie's picture in the corridor at Windsor. He looks pale, old for his age (about thirty-one, I believe), and he has lately grown corpulent: the impression his aspect conveys is of a man, gentle, unassuming, feeble, unstrung, doomed; no energy of purpose gleamed in that passive glance; no augury of victory sat on that still brow. How different from the mien of the Emperor of Austria as he rode at the head of his cohorts, though that may not have had any special moral significance. The Sultan looked like Richard II. riding past; Bolingbroke, however, has

not yet arrived. The French ambassador, M. De la Cour, and several ladies, arrived too late for the exit of the procession, but saw its return: Lord Stratford did not come, but we had his interpreter, and an imposing array of four cavasses, a sort of armed policemen. We were then transferred to the interior court. Here the Sultan takes his place on a gold or gilded couch; the Sheik Islam, or head of the Church, and a descendant of the prophet from Mecca, offer up a short prayer, and then in succession the whole Ottoman array of dignitaries and officers file before him: the first few of the highest grade kiss his foot while he stands; he then sits down, and the great bulk of military and civil employés only kiss the tassel of the couch; the cadis (judges), ulemas (professors of law), and muftis (much the same) kiss the hem of his garment. The Sultan's band played marches and airs all the time, chiefly from the Semiramide, and extremely well. The sight was extremely picturesque, somewhat barbaric, highly suggestive;—picturesque, from the variety and brilliancy of costume, the gleaming of uniforms, the clash of music under the dark rich green of the cypresses, and the quaintness of the surrounding architecture; barbaric, from the idolatrous forms of prostration; suggestive, from the

thought that always follows me here, from minaret to minaret, from one silver sea to another, "How long?" We got back at eight A. M., rather feeling as if we had gone through a long day. In the afternoon I went up the Bosphorus in a caique with Sir Charles O'Donnell to dine with the ambassador: we had the Belgian minister, M. Blondel, and the English staff. In the garden afterwards we found the Armenian Secretary of Reschid Pasha, who possesses all his confidence: he was precisely one's idea of le Père Joseph with Cardinal Richelieu. Lord S. has advanced his dinner hour to four. We had a delicious evening for our return down the Bosphorus, but were both very sleepy.

July 8th.—I left the hotel at Pera, satisfied with the time I had spent there, but clearly with a feeling of deliverance at escaping further ascents of the long hill from the landing-place at Tophanè. Owing to the Bairam, I could not get a caique, and the steamers would have been too late for Lord Stratford's dinner hour; so I got horses, and rode with my good laquais de place, Dimitri. As soon as you are well out of the city, the country is precisely like what the neighbourhood of Brighton would be, if every vestige of green was completely burned up; but then you come out upon the height before

descending to Therapia, and you see the azure belt of the Bosphorus, interlacing village, and promontory, and gleaming fortress, and gay kiosk, and then opening upon the wide expanse of the Euxine. On my arrival I found no dearth of events. A Tatar courier had arrived the day before, in three days from the Danube (a good journey of 500 miles for one man on horseback), with the intelligence that the Russians had entered Moldavia with 80,000 men. Bolingbroke seems on his road. On the same afternoon, the Sultan had turned out his ministers. It came on them entirely by surprise, and they had no idea of it when we saw them engaged in kissing their master's feet. The kick they have received was not a physical one, but it is oddly timed at this moment of crisis. As far as I can collect, no one has any idea of the causes—whether they proceed from Russian intrigue, or merely from a drunken caprice, for such things are supposed to have happened before. I imagine that Reschid Pasha is a man not easily to be replaced just now, though no model of incorruptibility in money affairs. We had several of the officers now here from the fleet at dinner. Lord Stratford's band played afterwards very prettily: it comes twice a week, and has the best

effect amid the summer garden and twilight waters. I slept at the ambassador's.

July 9th.—I walked to Buyukdère, and returned in a caique. I should not think it so pleasant a residence as Therapia, as, being in a bay, it has not so much of the freshness or clearness of the full current. Lord Stratford returned from an interview with the Sultan, and reported the recall of the Turkish ministers, except the Grand Vizier. After dinner, I was rowed down with some naval captains in the boat of the Retribution to the Caradoc steamer, which was to take us to the fleet. There was a scene of great confusion in the Golden Horn, not indeed without some peril to us. A drunken engineer of a steam-tug (I am sorry to say an Englishman) ran the vessel it had in tow, which had just been laden with gunpowder, foul of us; we were getting our steam up, and there were the sparks flying from both steamers all about this powder vessel, which, as it was a Turkish one, might be presumed not to be very carefully secured. The ambassador's despatches did not arrive on board till four in the morning, when we set off.

July 10th.—I was on deck at five; both shores of the Propontis in sight. Lieutenant Derriman read the service on deck. He has one of those frank

genial natures which secure good will and regard at once.

After passing the island of Marmora, we drew near to the Hellespont. This has not the beauty of its kindred strait, the Bosphorus, but still it has beauty, and even yet more of both classical and historical interest. We passed Lampsacus, which nearly retains its old name (now Lamsaki), the city assigned by the Great King to furnish wine for Themistocles; the mouth of the Ægospotamos, the grave of Athenian supremacy; the Apæsus, the Practius, and the Selle, which all sent their complements to the armies of Troy; the narrowing channel from Sestos to Abydos, swum over by Leander and Lord Byron, and probably bridged over by Xerxes, and crossed by Alexander and the first Turkish invaders of Europe; the modern castles, with the embrasures for the big cannon; the reputed tomb of Hecuba near the ancient Madytus, and all that history and song have blended together. Who, indeed, shall define their precise respective claims to those conical green mounds which now began to appear, and which of course often set me repeating,

"Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled heroes' ashes,

And that around th' undoubted scene,
Thine own 'broad Hellespont' still dashes."
Bride of Abydos.

Upon leaving the Straits, the Ægean opens very finely: there is the fine craggy outline of Imbros, the yet more towering peaks of Samothrace, upon the right; in front, the more modest mound of Tenedos; to the left, the low Trojan strand; and on turning a point we discovered in their pride of place the combined fleets of England and France. We went round the extreme point of the French squadron, eight sail of the line, drawn up in double row; then down the half of the English, which is in a single line of seven sail; the steamers of each squadron, of which ours are the more numerous, lie behind the large ships. We stopped opposite the Britannia, the flag-ship of Admiral Dundas, by whom I was received on board with more than cordiality and hospitality.

July 11th. — We heard this morning that Admiral de la Susse, who commands the French squadron, is about to be immediately superseded by Admiral Hamelin. As he is past sixty-five, he has turned the limit of age now allowed in the French navy. Our Admiral has seen much of him, and likes him. Several of our captains came on board, and the animation of the large fleet amused me much, though

those who compose it complain of great monotony in Besika Bay. They have now been here a month. I went twice on shore, before and after dinner, to the watering places: one of these is at the mouth of what they tell me is the Scamander.* I was glad to find the water extremely clear, that first attribute of the beauty of rivers, to say nothing of its being desirable for the supply of the ships: the breadth of the immortal stream is about five feet, and one can easily understand how its waters were insufficient for the army of Xerxes, and also how the Hellespont came to be called broad. A sort of extempore town has sprung up, with shops for potations, pipes, Persian carpets, and what Achilles would certainly not have found on the Scamander, patés of foie gras. We had some captains of steamers at dinner, fine intelligent men. The Admiral's turtle and Berkshire mutton made, one may feel sure, a more sumptuous meal than ever was served in the tent of the King of Men. Admiral Hamelin arrived this evening.

July 12th.—Our Admiral paid him a visit, which he immediately returned. We hear from others that the real reason of his predecessor being recalled was his allowing our fleet to arrive here from Malta

* I will reserve all inquiry into the right to the appellation, till I have to deal with the whole site of Troy.

before the French fleet from Salamis. The orders, I believe, left Paris and London at the same time, on the evening of the 2nd of June. The Caradoc received them at Marseilles, delivered them at Malta, and came on with a despatch for Lord Stratford, which reached him on the 11th. The fleet, mainly by the use of its steamers, anchored in Besika Bay on the 13th; Admiral de la Susse, who had not made the same use of steam, arrived on the 14th. It is also said that he waited a day longer at Athens to receive the Order of the Saviour from the King of Greece. I went over our own ship; it is very gratifying to see so fine and cheerful-looking a crew, and all possible provision seems made for their well-being,—air, good food, books, instruction, a band of music. I have set myself a book of the Iliad to read every day, and am glad to find, after such long disuse, how well I get on without dictionary, note, or translation. We had a large party at dinner, including no fewer than four French admirals, which is reckoned at least as rare an assemblage as the three kings with the Black Prince. They were, Admirals de la Susse, Hamelin, Jacquenot, Romain des Fossés; the last very like Lord Hardinge.

July 13*th*.—No event in the morning; there is enough breeze to make visiting from one ship to

another unpleasant. We dined with Captain Graham on board the Rodney; we had the five admirals, a very pleasing Vicomte de Chabannes, who commands the screw-ship Charlemagne, and others of both services. There was no lack of the equal feast, and especially of every variety of beverage. Nothing can exceed the appearance of harmony between the services. The half-moon lit the sea very prettily for our return.

July 14*th.* — At half-past eight started with the Admiral and almost all the captains in his fleet on board the Caradoc, to take a reconnoitring cruise through the Dardanelles. We turned round at Gallipoli, and on our return stopped at the castle in the small town of the Dardanelles, on the Asiatic side; where we were very courteously received by the military governor, who gave us the usual pipes, coffee, and sherbet. He had a good appearance and countenance, but we were not very favourably impressed with his court or army. We looked at the great guns, one of which knocked about Admiral Duckworth's ship. One of them bears two or three marks of the English cannon at the same period; there are seven altogether, with their piles of large marble or granite balls; the bore of the largest is thirty-two inches. They are not considered nearly

so efficient as those of the usual size, from the difficulty of pointing and reloading them. We then had our picnic repast on board, and the tide of merriment flowed almost faster than the current of the Hellespont. There had been one momentary squall in the course of the day, and we just saw Helle's tide

"Roll darkly heaving to the main."

We got back, however, by a very fine sunset, in which the outline of Mount Athos became distinctly visible, at a distance of about eighty miles off. At night we heard a great number of shots on shore; the flag-lieutenant of our ship went to inquire about it. A Greek had been killed; but whether by robbers, or by some of his brother dealers, did not seem clear.

July 15th. — At six I went on board the Albion, Captain Lushington's ship; and, after breakfasting, went ashore with him and young Mr. Calvert, the consul's brother. We mounted, I on a very pleasant pony of the consul's: we rode over about twenty miles of the Troad, covered for the most part with brushwood, here and there with glades of rather small oaks, and with occasional patches of cultivation, amidst which we saw some implements, and a threshing machine in which the two oxen turn round a

wooden frame with flint teeth, which makes the straw fly about, all looking as if they might have been used in the days of Homer. The cart of the country is of wicker, with wooden wheels; the axle turns with them, and creaks horribly. We passed three small villages; near the last of these we saw seven extremely large granite pillars lying on the ground, quite formed, but probably left there owing to the difficulty of removal: some inscription had been found to show that it had been Roman work. It had occurred to us as possible that we might have fallen in with some of the robbers of the night before — Mount Ida is said to teem with them; but nothing formidable presented itself. We now ascended a very precipitous rocky hill. I was rather ashamed to find ourselves still on our horses nearly up to the top, where we came to a double circuit of fragments of very thick walls made of immense stones, enclosing a great space, evidently built over formerly, and spreading over two or three of the neighbouring summits: they call the ruins those of a Pelasgic town, and they now bear the name of Tchigri; it is not far from what is marked in the maps as Palæ Scepsis, the older or original Scepsis. It has been supposed that it might be the same as Kenkreæ, which is mentioned by a Byzantine author as a

citadel in the neighbourhood of the Scamander, which served as a place of refuge from the Turkish inroads before the capture of Constantinople. Is it just possible that it might have been Dardania, the precursor of Troy, placed among the lower heights of Ida, before Troy itself was founded on the comparative plain below? The more recent town of Dardanus might have been another off-shoot.

> Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανιήν, ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἰρὴ
> Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,
> Ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ῷκεον πολυπιδάκου Ἴδης.
>
> Υ. 216.*

But whether it rightly belonged to Pelasgians, Cyclopeans, Greeks, Trojans, Phrygians, Mysians, or Dardans fighting close at hand, it would probably be quite vain to speculate. We found remains of walls and steps, and picked up some small bits of pottery. Mr. Calvert says, very few travellers have found their way up. Notwithstanding our recent experience, it is difficult to conceive how the inhabitants can have made any use of their horses; they must have probably depended upon tanks for their supply of water. The view from the highest point

* "Dardania's walls he raised, for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languaged men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady feet of Ida's fountful hill."—Pope.

was very imposing; we looked upon the whole wide plain of Troy, to which the scattered trees give the deceptive look of considerable cultivation; this was closed in by Gargarus, the highest peak of Ida; before us was the sun-lighted blue of the Ægean, with Tenedos looking like a small mole-hill, and Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos, and Lesbos, all fitting their places in the more distant outline. The tall masts of the fleet were in deep repose, but even as we looked, a French man-of-war, the Friedland, entered the bay, and we saw the smoke of its salute to both Admirals, and their replies. I took the liberty, on this spur of Ida, of imitating the example often recorded of Jupiter on its summit, by going to sleep. We scrambled down the hill on our feet, and were extremely glad, after our ride back, to reach the strand, and then the hospitality of the Albion, by sunset. Admiral de la Susse had gone away in the morning. The crews of both fleets had given him cheers.

July 16*th.*—I paid visits to the Sanspareil*, Albion†, Vengeance‡, and Arethusa.§ I think I was most pleased with the last, as a ship. I was glad to remain quiet all day, after the expedition to

* Captain Dacres.
† Captain Lushington.
‡ Lord Edward Russell.
§ Captain Symonds.

Tchigri. There was a party of captains to dinner. I went to the wardroom of this ship afterwards, and found very pleasant company.

July 17th.—Service was very well performed; about 700 present. The admiral, very properly, dines quietly on Sunday, and the band does not play on board of his ship. After dinner I called on the three French admirals, who all received me very politely. I did not see the ships in detail; but they seemed models of cleanliness and good order. The use of the white pine of Corsica for the flooring of the decks contributes to the look of excessive neatness. It is one of our criticisms, that they sacrifice too much of the time and ease of the men to the excessive appearance of cleanliness and polish.

July 18th.—Set off again with Captain Lushington at six; found our horses at the watering-place by the Scamander; soon afterwards crossed the Simois, and rode twelve miles to a country house of our consul, Mr. Calvert. This was over the northern part of the Troad—through a much more cultivated and cheerful country than we had seen. We found the consul's house,—one formerly inhabited by a Turkish Aga, in the midst of the small village of Eren-keuy,—airy and spacious enough in itself, with a very wide and glorious view over the Hellespont,

the Ægean, and the islands,—all the waters in intense blue. I was very greatly pleased with my host. Besides this villa, he has two large farms, one in the Chersonese, on the European side, the other on the plain of Troy,—the last of 3000 acres. He holds them in the name of his wife, as the Turkish law does not allow males, not Mussulmen, to hold land. This example may possibly lead to a relaxation of this rule: the payment due to the State is a land-tax of about ten pounds a-year, and a tithe of the produce; under the former proprietor, even the land-tax was in arrear, and the tithes nil; in the third year of his occupancy, Mr. C.'s tithes alone amounted to 150*l*. He represents the resources of the country, both in vegetable and mineral productions, as inexhaustible. He can get Turkish labourers for three pounds a-year wages, besides their keep; but he finds it more profitable to employ Greeks at ten pounds a-year: there is the present history of the two races. He thinks, very decidedly, that it is the best thing for the Christian races themselves to preserve the existing state of things for the present, till their growth has secured its own result. A Turk himself had told him the other day that it was becoming inevitable that gradually all the chief employments, and the army itself, must be recruited

from the Christian population; and then, some day, the Ministers would tell the Sultan that he must become a Christian, and he would do so. Will it, then, be a convert or a conqueror,—a Constantine or a Ferdinand*, who will be first crowned in Saint Sophia?

We left the consul's pleasant abode at about mid-day, and very hot we found it at first; our ride back was to carry us by Bounar Bachi, reputed to be the most plausible site assigned to ancient Troy. We crossed the valley and stream of the Thimbrek, or Thymbra, and, on a neighbouring height, some marble fragments of ruins, which may be the remains of the ancient town and temple of the Thymbræan Apollo; but neither were we able to converse with our guide, nor, if we had been, do I apprehend that we should have found him a competent archæologist. We then passed over a portion of the consul's new large farm, on the very plain of Troy, where there were tokens of incipient operations; and after again fording the Simois at a sylvan spot, we arrived at the foot of the gentle slope, on which stands the small Turkish village of Bounar Bachi, or, "Head of the Spring." As I here found myself upon, not only

* See the account of the purification of the Mosques, in Mr. Prescott's admirable "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella."

the most classical, but also the most controverted site in the whole world, I shall be forgiven for dwelling upon it with some comparative minuteness.* It will be remembered, that the dispute in question, which, indeed, has been occasionally conducted with a heat and asperity worthy of the combatants in the actual siege of Troy, involves the widest conceivable extremes; the assertion on one side being, "This is Troy: here were the Scæan gates — here the beech — here the wild fig-tree:" on the other, "There never was any such city as Troy — there never was any Trojan war." Between these two points of minute identification and absolute scepticism, oscillate the pretensions of various other sites,—Novum Ilium, as it is now generally called, visited by Xerxes and Alexander as the real site of Troy, and received as such by probably the larger portion of uninquiring antiquity, and some moderns, — Pagus Iliensium, wherever it may have been, alleged doubtfully by Demetrius of Scepsis and Strabo, — Alexandria Troas, by Belon and Bryant, as far as the last will admit any site at all,—or relegated by Wood into the far defiles of Ida. As I entirely acquiesce in the

* I have thought it best to comprise in this account the results of a second more leisurely inspection, and some subsequent consideration.

reasonings originally established by Chevalier, and subsequently defended with great ability by Morritt, in behalf of Bounar Bachi, I will first, for a moment, advert to the only points that, as far as I can see, may be plausibly urged against them:—

1. The position is too far from the sea; and especially so with a view to all that is alleged to have taken place in the movements of the two armies on the day of the death of Patroclus. I think this distance of about seven miles from the sea, and ten or eleven from the probable station of the Greek fleet, must be admitted as a sound objection with reference to that single day; but, however authentic we may consider the tale of Troy divine, we can hardly bind Homer to the precise accuracy of a Gazette. Greater difficulties would attach to almost every other site: Novum Ilium would have been too near the fleet, between two and three miles, to admit of the operations of almost any single day: Alexandria Troas would have been at an impossible distance from the Hellespont.

2. When Jupiter sits on Gargarus, he looks down upon the city of Troy:

> Ἶδην δ' ἵκανεν πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
> Γάργαρον, ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος, βωμός τε θυήεις.
> * * * *

Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
*Εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.**

Θ. 47.

There can be no question, whatever Mr. Bryant, who had never been on the spot, may think, about Gargarus, the topmost height of Ida. It is as distinct as the summit of Snowdon or Skiddaw; and it was the first thing I saw every morning from my cabin in the Britannia; but I could not see it from our supposed site of Troy. I, indeed, find it stated by Captain Francklin, who published his "Remarks on the Plain of Troy," that from the summit of Gargarus he could see this site. I infer from Mr. Morritt, who was much interested to establish the point, that he did not. In any case, I think we should be justified in allowing some latitude to immortal vision.

3. The principal argument in favour of Bounar Bachi is drawn from the neighbourhood of the sources of the Scamander: and can the insignificant, shallow, short-coursed rill we produce be the real

* "But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game,)
* * * *
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas."—Pope.

Homer only mentions the town and ships: it is this limited particularity which constitutes the objection.

Scamander,—decidedly inferior in volume of water, as well as length of course, to the Simois—not joining it, in express contradiction to Homer, but effecting a separate exit in Besika Bay? To which, exclusively of the confirmatory circumstances, it may be replied, that there are perceptible traces of an old junction with the Simois, and of an artificial divergence, made probably for the sake of a supply to some mills, still existing, and still profiting by such supply: then, in Homer, the river below the confluence manifestly appears to have been called the Scamander, for it is the Scamander which calls upon the Simois to hasten down with its streams to arrest the progress of Achilles, then fighting in the joint channel: if it had been above the confluence, the reinforcement of water would have been unavailing.

Ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίπληθι ῥέεθρα
Ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, παντας δ' ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους.*

Φ. 311.

Mr. Bryant, indeed, pretends that, in all cases, the larger stream, above the confluence, gives its name to the united rivers. Mr. Morritt confutes him with an instance from the county to which he and I

* "Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store."

POPE.

belong, where the small Ouse gives its name to the larger streams of the Swale and Ure: he might have cited the largest confluence in our globe, which I have had the privilege to see, where the far more limited previous course of the Mississippi does not prevent it, after its junction with the giant Missouri, from imposing its own name on the mingled flood. With respect to the real insignificance of the most storied river, who that has seen the Ilissus can recoil from that objection? It will also be recollected that, even at the moment when Homer represents it as swelling, furious, and supernaturally excited, he yet bridges it over by the fall of a single elm-tree.

> . . . . . ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἕλε χερσὶν
> Εὐφυέα, μεγάλην· ἡ δ' ἐκ ῥιζῶν ἐριποῦσα
> Κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα
> Ὀζοισιν πυκινοῖσι· γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν,
> Εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'.* — Φ. 242.

I will now, with the utmost succinctness I can

* " . . . . . On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the land, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk displayed,
Bridged the rough flood across." — POPE.

command, sum up the positive arguments in favour of this site.

It satisfies all the many characteristics bestowed by Homer on the actual situation of the town:

Ἐν πεδίῳ, on the plain*—

. . . . . ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο.

The hill on which the modern village stands, I have already called a gentle slope; on this side, and towards the assumed sources of the Scamander, the ground trends down into the wide plain of the Troad, which immediately here commences. Besides, I do not conceive that the expression "on the plain" need be taken quite absolutely: it is used, comparatively, with reference to the still older town, which probably stood on some almost inaccessible crag, like so many in Greece and Asia: take Tchigri, the upper town in the island of Calimno, Trikheri at the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. From the village there is a long, very gradual rise, which has almost the character of table-land, admirably adapted for the site of any town: behind this, the ground stiffens into a steep craggy ascent, from the other three sides

* As Pope does not give the word in the passage already quoted (p. 74.), I give the passage here from Cowper: —

"——— ere yet the sacred walls
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain."

of which it descends in almost perpendicular precipice immediately over the winding gorge of the Simois. Hence, by an apparent inconsistency, which attracted the animadversions of Mr. Bryant, who never was on the spot, but, as I think, by a most convincing speciality, the town, which is not unnaturally said to have been built in the plain, Homer also frequently calls

αἰπεινὴν, lofty;

ἠνεμόεσσαν, wind-swept, breezy.

This must have been the place of the citadel,—the Pergamon, or Pergama, where Apollo kept his watch:

. . . . . *ἐφέζετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρῃ.**

E. 460.

and the train of Trojan matrons went up to the fane of Minerva:

. . *νηὸν Ἴκανον Ἀθήνης, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.* †

Z. 297.

and the royal palaces stood:

Ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἕκτορος, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.‡

Z. 317.

* "But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height."

POPE.

† "Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome."—*Ib.*

‡ "Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands."—*Ib.*

At the extreme corner of the hill you come to a ledge of rock, probably near 400 feet in direct ascent from the ground beneath, which would have exactly served for the proposal to throw down the Wooden Horse:

Ἢ κατὰ πετράων βαλέειν ἐρύσαντας ἐπ' ἄκρας.*
Θ. 308. *Odyss.*

The whole precinct of this upper town is, indeed, now completely overgrown with brushwood, as correctly described by Lucan:

" . . . . . tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis."

Yet the well-known words that immediately follow are not wholly accurate:

" . . . . etiam periere ruinæ;"†

the ground seems to have been levelled purposely: most distinct lines of a large surrounding wall can be traced: in one spot we counted five tiers of very big stones still standing; there are great heaps of the same kind of stones on the slope immediately below,

* ". . . . . part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave."—Pope.

† "All rude, all waste and desolate is laid,
And e'en the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd."
Rowe.

where the wall appeared to have tumbled down: there are numerous lines of foundations within, which would have served for streets and houses; and all over both the higher hill of the citadel and the lower hill of the city, there are innumerable stones which might have made parts of buildings, and which altogether cease with the probable limits of the town.

Ἐριβώλακα, most fertile.

This epithet, of course, must belong to the district or plain, the Troad. As to many portions of it, the character is eminently true to this day, as, I trust, my friend Mr. Calvert will find the case on his farm, to his well-deserved profit.

Such general epithets as εὐτείχεσον, well-walled, ἐϋκτιμένην, well-built, εὐναιομένην, well-adapted for habitation, εὐρυάγυιαν, wide-streeted, I certainly cannot exclusively claim,—content that they do not present one clashing attribute. I must, however, assert my hold upon

Ἐρατεινὴν, desirable, lovely.

For strikingly, and to any one who has coasted the uniform shore of the Hellespont, and crossed the tame low plain of the Troad, unexpectedly lovely is this site of Troy, if Troy it was. I could give any Cumberland borderer the best notion of it, by telling

him that it wonderfully resembles the view from the point of the hill just outside the Roman camp at Burdoswald: both have that series of steep conical hills, with rock enough for wildness, and verdure enough for softness; both have that bright trail of a river creeping in and out with the most continuous indentations: the Simois has, in summer at least, more silvery shelves of sand; on the steep banks still graze the sheep of the breed of Ida, tended by shepherds perhaps not precisely in Phrygian caps, but with the most genuine crooks: above all, to quote again from the same passage in Lucan,

"nullum est sine nomine saxum;" *

and the reputed tomb of Hector, placed where, from the account in the Iliad, it might have been expected, crowns the glorious summit. In the descent, it is very easy to assign the quarter for the *ἐρινεὸς*, or hill of wild fig-trees:

Λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἔνθα μάλιστα
Ἄμβατός ἐστι πόλις, καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.†

* "Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn."
ROWE.

† "That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where you wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy."
POPE.

From this comparison of the epithets contained in the Iliad with the surviving appearances of the spot —from the proved fact of a very considerable city having existed here—from its commanding site, its breezy exposure, its neighbourhood to the plain, its lovely landscape, its distance from the requisite objects,—from all these essential conditions meeting and harmonising here, I should have been quite prepared to infer that it is the place which the writer or writers of the Homeric poems (I hope that I express myself guardedly enough) intended for Troy. Strong additional confirmation appears to me supplied by the relative position of the large barrow, which has been supposed to be the tomb of Æsietes, that midway post between the city and the ships from which Polites reconnoitred the Grecian armament.

> Ὃς Τρώων σκοπὸς ἷζε, ποδωκείῃσι πεποιθώς,
> Τύμβῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυήταο γέροντος,
> Δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί.*
>
> B. 792.

This mound, precisely where it ought to be, commanding the whole shore, and exposing a person

* "Who from Æsetes' tomb observed the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay."
POPE.

stationed there to no risk of being cut off from the town, still meets your eye, wherever you turn, throughout the whole extent of the plain. The other barrows on the long stretch of shore commonly assigned to Antilochus, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax, though they might not have been good for much as insulated or unsupported testimony, yet in their adaptation to tradition, and in the continuity of the tradition, are not without their importance, especially in fixing the position of the Grecian fleet. The crowning proof, however, of this whole undying geography, is the position of the sources of the Scamander. What are the circumstances, as we know them from the poem? Hector had made his stand at the Scæan gates, obviously the usual means of access to the city from the plain; at the approach of Achilles, seized with sudden panic, he flies; the other pursues; they pass by the watch-tower, and hill of wild fig-trees, and, still under the wall, across the high-road, and then come to the springs of the Scamander, which are thus described: —

Κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιῤῥόω, ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ
Δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
Ἡ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
Γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς, ὡσεὶ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Ἡ δ' ἐτέρη θέρεϊ προρέει εἰκυῖα χαλάζῃ,
Ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.

Ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι
Καλοί, λαΐνεοι, ὄθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα
Πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι, καλαί τε θύγατρες,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.*

X. 148.

Now for the present reality. At the bottom of the slope, not far from the necessary position of the Scæan gates, the hill of wild fig trees, and the high road, amidst a tuft of verdure formed by willows, poplars, and the festoons of the wild vine, among some smooth layers of rock, and one or two slabs of marble, well out three or four springs of most transparent water, one of which is of warmer temperature than the others, and in winter emits the appearance of smoke or vapour. From this most embowered spot, between flowery banks,

. . . λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι.† B. 467.

the narrow silver rivulet proceeds to the plain, and

* "Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polished bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace."

POPE.

† Scamander's flowery side.

to the clear basins of its source the women of the modern village still descend to wash their linen.

It does then, indeed, appear to me, that the whole case is irresistible for the hill of Bounar Bachi being the Ilion of the Iliad; and I cannot help thinking that if Mr. Grote, always clear, cool, and logical, even when most sceptical, had visited these scenes himself, he would have hesitated to affirm that "there is every reason for presuming that the Ilium visited by Xerxes and Alexander was really the holy Ilium present to the mind of Homer." It has been no part of my present purpose to establish the further and distinct proposition that the Iliad is real history,—so roundly denied by Bryant—so candidly questioned by Grote; but a circumstance has been brought to light, almost contemporaneously with my visit, which I do not allege as conveying any positive proof of an inference, to which I conceive, however, that it may plausibly point; but if that inference could be made good, it would establish, not merely the identity of the poetical site, but the authenticity of the actual history. Since Mr. Calvert has come into his recent possession of his Troad farm, he has opened a mound which he found upon it, and within which, at some depth below the surface, he has discovered a layer of calcined human bones, about six

feet in depth and thirty feet in diameter, with one skeleton at the bottom, and below these a large quantity of ashes. The part where the bones are is surrounded by the remains of a wall of stones without cement. Might not these, possibly, have been the bones of the Trojans burned during the truce obtained by Priam in the seventh book of the Iliad?

. . . . . οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
Νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐτενήνεον, ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.
Ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.*

H. 427.

The spot between two and three miles from Troy would be entirely suitable; not within, or just in front of the walls, like Hector, the real Astyanax, or Lord of the City, more so than either his father or his son, with a lordly pile of stones above him; but the crowd of dead had their tomb at a convenient distance,—the return to the town of the mourners being expressly mentioned; and the absence of cement in the inclosing wall might indicate a hurried

* " . . . . . With silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed;
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd,
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd."

POPE.

construction, such as was to be expected from men who had to fight on the morrow.

Upon this, my first visit, I was far too much hurried for such a region, as I was engaged to meet the French admirals on board Lord George Paulet's ship, the Bellerophon. We asked our guide how long it would take us to reach our point of embarkation; three hours he said: this would have been very fatal to me, but we accomplished the distance in one hour; and my belief is, that Hector himself never crossed the plain from the Scæan Gate to the Grecian ships at a more rapid rate. I was able to be punctual to my engagement, which proved a very luxurious and jovial one.

July 19th. — I was again very glad to remain quiet during the day. I dined with the officers of the ward-room, who make very pleasant society, and after sunset we went to some theatricals got up by the sailors themselves: they gave us no less than three farces, besides various Ethiopian and comic songs. The theatre was on the main-deck; and as it was intensely crowded by the crew, not a little hot. I had three sailors sitting between my knees. Happily, a hatchway was open just over my head. Some of the actors showed considerable humour; and it was impossible to look round on the manly,

jolly audience, without hoping that they are not reserved to be mowed down by Russian cannon.

July 20th. — I called on the Vicomte de Chabannes, Captain of the Charlemagne, a fine screw ship. He married an Englishwoman, and seems himself to have some of the best qualities of both countries. I had intended to leave the ship to-day for the Consul's, but there was a mistake about the horses. In the evening I listened to the men singing on deck; I heard much sentiment, a fair amount of humour, but no impropriety. At the end of a song the circle cried out, "Now, Mr. Shan, you have a right to a noble call;" then Mr. Shan, a very successful humorist, called on Mr. Some-one, who began about "My Mary." We had some further harmony in the ward-room.

July 22nd. — The Niger arrived; it is rather exciting to see one of these steamers approach, signalising, as they round Cape Sigeum, that they have despatches. Those brought to-day have rather a more pacific complexion. After a last dinner with the hospitable and warm-hearted admiral, and a cordial leave-taking with the officers of the ship, I was put on shore, and rode in the cool evening to the Consul's hill villa. Besides the family, they have a Wallachian gentleman, forced to leave his country

by the Russians, after 1848, for the liberality of his opinions and proceedings, and now, like the Chevalier d'Azeglio, practising as an artist.

July 23*rd.* — The morning was spent in very pleasant inaction. Mr. Calvert is beginning to form a museum, which will have much interest from the fragments he is gradually picking up; and as he proposes to drain extensively, the utilitarian and antiquarian operations may materially assist each other. There are already several small vases of the so-termed Etruscan appearance, which he assigns to about the time of Philip of Macedon. We dined at half-past three, and then took a delicious ride, only that the horses were slightly too skittish for deliberate enjoyment of the picturesque; but the sunset aspect of the Hellespont, the Gulf of Saros, and the islands, especially Samothrace, which looks most majestic when you see it rise from its water base, was very beautiful. We passed a graceful, small grove, where the Greeks have still the custom of sacrificing an ox or bullock once a year, and then eating it, with song and dance afterwards. The only deficiency is generally that of well-grown trees. We saw some fine silver ash: the air is made fragrant by large thickets of Agnus Castus. The interior of this household is not less rich in attraction

than all one has to see outside of it, and it is of a still higher kind. It has been of late much clouded by sorrow. Mrs. C.'s mother, Mrs. Abbott, retains a most remarkable degree of beauty, though she has had sixteen children. It does not fall within my purpose to dwell upon domestic details, among those whom I may meet or visit; but it is impossible to have even had my short insight into Mr. Calvert's way of proceeding with the untutored races among whom his abode is fixed, — his gentle energy, his wise benevolence, his inventive utilitarianism, — without feeling that such a class of men would be more real regenerators of this bright, but still barbarous, region, than either fleets or protocols. He is gradually introducing the stock and implements of Europe upon his Chersonese and Troad farms, to which he is now meditating to add another, on the site of the ancient Dardanus. He dispenses advice and medicine among the villagers, and has even gone so far as to set a leg; he has lent them money to pay off a debt for which they were paying interest at 20 per cent., and now they are in a fair way of repaying the whole to him. I ought to mention that these are all Greeks; he has found, by damaging experience, that it is desperate to lend money to Turks. He has succeeded in rescuing two Christians who were

alleged to have embraced Mahommedanism, and who, until a recent mitigation of the law, obtained by the exertions of Lord Stratford, would have been subject to capital punishment. In short, if the Great Old Bard of his own Troad could have witnessed his daily life, he would have said of him too, as he did of one of his ex-neighbours, Axylus of Arisbe, who lived on the same thoroughfare —

. . . . . φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι·
Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν, δίῳ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.*

Z. 14.

July 23rd. — Mr. Calvert rode down with me to his consular house, at the town of the Dardanelles; whence I embarked on the Elleno, a small steamer of the Austrian Lloyd's, which plies between Salonica and Constantinople. I was the only guest in the state cabin: on board there was a very ardent young Greek, who could not talk of the Turks continuing in Europe with any patience. I was rather sorry to see that the book in the hands of this regenerator of his country was a volume of the Memoirs

* "In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat, a friend to human race;
Fast by the road, his ever open door
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor."

POPE.

of Faublas. He seemed, however, to enjoy reading some Homer with me.

July 24th.—We arrived in the Golden Horn at eight, on a morning beautiful like all the rest: the gradual expanding of the city, as we came up, has a grandeur which grows upon every experience. I attended one of Mr. Blakiston's pleasing services. Mr. Calvert had rather amused me, by his accounts of some of the travelling clergymen: one, of some renown in England, who had very much surprised him by his ardour for the Greek Church, of the real condition of which Mr. C. had a very accurate knowledge: another American missionary, a good man, but with no baggage whatever but a basket of melons. This evening, after dinner, a gentleman gave an interesting account of some coal mines he is working for the Turkish Government, near the site of the ancient Heraclea on the Euxine. Their quality is superexcellent, but the amazing amount of peculation, irregularity, and indolence among all the Turks concerned, makes him despair of any ultimate success. Their jealousy will not permit them to give a lease to any English company. His own handful of English workmen, some of whom are from my own Northumberland neighbourhood, work very contentedly. The native workmen

receive no pay whatever; consequently, it is the direst calamity for a neighbourhood to have any Government works established: and instances are known, of people enriching themselves by going round the country, pretending to indicate where minerals could be profitably worked, and then taking bribes (the eternal backshish) to purchase their silence.

July 25th.—Had a Turkish bath, with more of the shampooing than before. Paid another visit to the artist Preciosa. Came down by the English tug steamer, fearfully overloaded, with Lord George Paulet, and landed at Buyukdère. Took up my quarters at the Hôtel de l'Empire Ottoman, kept by M. Lapierre, a Sardinian by birth. I had intended to be at Therapia, but the hotel there had been engrossed, principally by Americans. This is more in retreat, about three quarters of a mile from the English embassy, and being in the furthest bend of the bay, the water has not the full transparency of the main current; but it has the advantages of a very fair garden, and a bathing-house. I have a pleasant room, with an excellent view, and the largest bed I have seen since England. There were about ten at the table d'hôte, very various in clime, three of them ladies. The dinner hour is half-past seven.

July 26th. — I breakfasted under a vine in the garden. Poor Captain Woolrige, of the Inflexible, died here this morning, of fever, which I fear was brought on and aggravated by excitement at the prospect of undergoing a court-martial, for his ship having been run aground by its pilot. Lord George Paulet and I were called for by Captain Borlase, an English naval officer, who has been here for a year or two, instructing the Turkish fleet in gunnery, and taken by him on board the largest Turkish man-of-war, the Mahmoudieh, of 122 guns. She is very immense, and of unusual depth: she was built, like most, I believe, of their ships, by an American. Even after my residence with the fleet, I do not assume to be a naval critic, so I spare my reader all details. Lord George seemed on the whole very much satisfied with the arrangements; the captain, who had been for some little time at Portsmouth, seemed a very intelligent man. I was particularly pleased with the care they appear to bestow on the sick in the ship's hospital, though there was an array of sweetmeats for them we should not have found in our vessels. The crew looked active and healthy; not quite so clean as our men. We had of course pipes, sherbet, and coffee. We went to another ship of 78 guns, where we found two Turkish admirals,

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Achmed Pasha and Mustapha Pasha, the latter of whom served for some years in an English ship, and speaks English perfectly. Here we saw the crew work the guns; and Lord George thought, as I had heard from others before, that no English crew whatever could have done it better. This is highly to the credit of Captain Borlase. We had pipes and coffee twice over, and were asked to dinner to-morrow. To-day we dined with Lord Stratford. His work has been very heavy of late; he feels that the proposals which have just been sent hence by the four concurrent embassies, embrace and exhaust the latest hopes of peace.

July 25th.—At seven I attended the funeral of Captain Woolrige, at Therapia, in the Greek burial-ground, immediately overlooking the Bosphorus. Our dinner took place on board the Turkish ship Meshudiah; present, two Turkish Admirals, Admiral Slade, now acting in their service, Captain Borlase, Lord George Paulet, Captain Drummond, one French, one Dutch, one American captain. We were invited for an hour before sunset. We began with pipes, and then went to dinner. We had, as Dr. Sandwith had announced to me, all the appurtenances of Europe in the way of knives and forks, and the dishes were

handed regularly round, but in almost endless succession, fish constantly recurring; there was one very great composition from the breasts of chickens; no stint of wine, of which our Moslem hosts partook. Conversation flowed very easily, and we were most cordially treated. I think the Turks pre-eminently well-bred, and this attribute seems to belong naturally to them, however elevated the position may be which they have attained, however mean or sordid that from which they have emerged. The sailor before the mast makes the most imposing of Admirals, the barber or pipe-bearer the most august of Pashas. We all parted, after a renewal of pipes and coffee, with many compliments.

July 26th.—Though I am very well content with my hotel, I feel I have not sufficient power to choose or avoid all the society, and I shall find it more convenient to be nearer Therapia; so after inspecting an apartment there in a small Greek house, of very modest pretensions, but which seems clean and healthy, with a charming view from the customary long couch under the window, I have nearly determined to move thither. In that case, I shall board at the Hôtel d'Angleterre there. In walking back over the hills, I was arrested by a great novelty, a violent shower of rain: it was the

first I had seen since Varna. The clouds soon pass off in these climes at this season, and the short wetting had given a great look of freshness to the fern on the hill-top, and the vines and Indian corn on the hill-side.

July 27th.—I breakfasted at Therapia with our vice-consul, Mr. Skene, a very able man, and singularly well-informed concerning Eastern events and races. His wife is a very agreeable Greek, and fights the battle for her countrymen with great intelligence and ardour. All seem to admit their zeal for education; the peasants hire themselves for service in Athens without any wages, on the condition that they may have a certain time for attending schools. May not such a race have an ampler future before them?

"Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ." *

I settled definitely to take the Therapia lodging. In the afternoon I rode to the Forest of Belgrade: it is very charming sylvan scenery; the trees seem mainly oak, chesnut, and beech, some of very fair size. There are three large reservoirs of water,

* "I find the sparkles of the former flame."
DRYDEN.

conveyed hence by aqueducts to the capital, of which it forms nearly the only supply: I could have wished to see it of a clearer colour. The views in the returning descent upon the Bosphorus are very fine. For the last two days we have had an American lieutenant at our hotel, full of very racy talk. If ever there was a contrast in human character, it is between the go-ahead American and the shiftless Turk. He lamented excessively the bad effects which the abolition of corporal punishment is producing upon the discipline of their navy.

July 30*th.* — I left the hotel at Buyukdère, not without some regret for the easy sea-bath, the pleasant garden, and the civil hosts. I walked some way by a cliff walk above the Bosphorus, till the view opens on the Black Sea; there I seated myself on a stone, and read some of the noble novel of Ruth. I dined with Lord Stratford.

July 31*st.* — Went to the pleasing church service on board the Retribution. Found a place in a garden to read in; but, from the absence of turf, and frequently of shade, this is a matter of some difficulty in Turkey. Dined for the first time at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which seems very comfortable, and the fare good. In the evening the Marseilles post arrived: there is some disquietude lest the proposi-

tions made from hence and from the West to Russia should clash.

August 1*st.* — I now habitually descend the steep bit of hill from my lodging at half-past five in the morning, to take a dip in the Bosphorus; I get most transparent water, but the bathing-house itself is rather rickety. I called on Admiral Slade on board his Turkish ship. He seems to me a person of great intelligence. He almost entirely adopts Turkish fashions. I found him reading a Turkish newspaper: he says it is a most difficult language for writing; no vowels are used. I dined with Captain Drummond on board the Retribution; present, Admiral Slade, the American captain, Lord Pevensey, Mr. Capel the Queen's messenger, and some officers of the ship. All in excellent order and taste.

August 2*nd.* — Crossed the Bosphorus in a caique; landed in the Sultan's valley, where, amidst the most picturesque plane-trees, the crew of the Retribution plays at cricket, and the tents are now pitched for the expected Egyptian army. This has a very scenic appearance, like the scenes in the last acts of Julius Cæsar and Richard III.: being away from England this year, I cannot tell whether it is like Chobham.

I lost my way in an Asian valley, but at last emerged on the summit of the Giant's Mountain, called so from some supposed sepulchres there; especially that of Joshua, who is alleged to have sat upon the summit, and dipped his feet in the water below. It is probably the finest panorama of the Bosphorus that can be commanded from any point; and its sapphire thread, with the gleaming sails and fortressed promontories, looked very lovely. Captain Drummond, whom I found on the top, gave me a very pleasant sail back. I met the American Legation at dinner with our ambassador. Mr. Marsh, the minister, is one of the best conditioned and most fully-informed men it is possible to find anywhere. He would be the best successor to Mr. Everett they could send to London.

August 3rd. — I called on Mr. and Mrs. Marsh: she is a most bright little person, and though unable to walk from an affection in the spine, or to read from one in the eyes, is full of zest and enterprise, and last year was carried up to the highest peak of Sinai. Mr. Marsh tells me that he thinks the pre-Columbian discovery of America by Northmen is fully established. I went to the garden of a country-house of the Sultan's here; it is rather rich in cy-

presses and lemon-trees, and would have much capability under good keeping. Drank tea with the Skenes — a most agreeable household.

August 4th. — Read the new "Edinburgh" on the shaded couch in the Embassy garden. Walked to Buyukdère to call on Lady Emily Dundas, who had come up from Malta, and had been sent on here by the Admiral to see Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The laws of our service do not admit of her remaining with him. Our sea-officers may receive everybody else's wife but their own.

August 5th. — Did little but read in the shade. Some curious old despatches from Pozzo di Borgo and Prince Lieven have been published at Paris, illustrative of the continuous aggressive views of Russia upon Turkey. Dinners at the hotel are very good and comfortable.

August 6th.—I took a pretty walk in the vine-clad ravine behind Therapia. Dr. Sandwith dined with me at the hotel; we drank tea with the Skenes afterwards. They have a very high opinion of the present Turkish ambassador in Persia.

August 7th. — Church in the Retribution; plain excellent sermons for the sailor congregation by the chaplain, Mr. Salkeld, who has the additional merit of coming from Cumberland. Called on Lady Emily.

Some French naval officers at the hotel—gentleman-like people.

August 8th. — To-day I gave a dinner or pic-nic to Lady Emily Dundas on the summit of the Giant's Mountain. It was extremely well arranged by the landlord of the hotel, Mr. Pettler, who transferred an excellent collation from Europe to Asia; the provision waggon indeed broke down once, but no damage ensued. We were twenty-seven; Lady Emily, Lord Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Skene, Admiral Slade, Lord Pevensey, Mr. Alison, Dr. Sandwith, Captain Drummond, and the rest were mainly officers of the Britannia and the Retribution. Our ascent was picturesque: the two ladies and two young midshipmen in a Turkish araba, a gaily painted waggon drawn by two dove-coloured oxen; the Anglo-Turk, Admiral Slade, on horseback, with his three attendants on foot, carrying his pipe, &c.; the rest of us walking. The ambassador very amiably left the peace and war of Europe for one afternoon, and came across in his well-manned caique. We all sat down on carpets round a large tablecloth; here those accustomed to Turkish habits had rather the advantage; but whatever were the merits of the meal, those of the view immediately beneath us would not admit of much competition from the rest

of the world. We had all the glittering reaches of the Bosphorus in its southern course, and, over and above its usual accompaniments, the fleets of Turkey and the tents of Egypt. The day was just what one would have commanded, having a due mixture of clouds, which are hailed here as sunlight is in England. In short, I had reason to flatter myself that all went off easily and pleasantly. As we returned over the Bosphorus, our clouds of the afternoon lit our way with distant lightnings.

August 9th. — To enhance the good fortune of yesterday, this morning opened with pouring rain for several hours — a very rare experience here. It was a pleasant surprise to find that my crazy-looking timber roof did not let it in. After it was over, I walked in the valley behind the village, and the vines and Indian corn looked very bright in their fresh moisture. Dined at the Embassy with some of the naval officers. Despatches arrived from Vienna in the middle of the meal: there is much reason to fear a confusion among the competing projects for pacification.

August 10th. — Steamed down to Constantinople; Mr. Skene was with me, and made an incomparable cicerone for the Bosphorus, telling me the tenants of

the long line of palaces, and their histories: this was the house of Mehemet Ali of Egypt: this is the house of his chief rival, old Khosrew Pasha, now living there at ninety-six; he has filled the office of Grand Vizier for fifty years altogether, with various breaks, and still retains many of the simple habits of his origin, as a Circassian shepherd. Here Darius Hystaspes crossed the Strait on his Scythian expedition; here he sat on the rock to witness the passage; the inscription on the stone to commemorate it, which was known formerly to exist, has not been discovered; the ground on either side is now occupied by the tall round white towers of the forts, the Rumili and Anatoli Hissars; the first, built by Mahomet the Second before the capture of the city, still goes universally by the name of the Conqueror. From that window, or rather slit in the wall, he used to examine the means of approaching the capital; under that low culvert, in the after destination of the place as a prison, the bodies were floated into the Bosphorus. The European fort is built on the most fantastic plan, to imitate the Arabic letters of the word Mahomet. On one side is Balta Liman, on the other Unkiar Skelessi, both famous in the annals of modern treaties. This rapid bit of current is the Sheitan Akindesi, or Devil's current, so said to be

called because a Sultana had been angered by seeing a Christian congregation coming out of a church on Sunday, and had immediately given orders for the destruction of the church; whereupon on her return her boat was upset, and all saved but herself. It was in that long spreading house in the bay that the sister of the present Sultan, the wife of Halil Pasha, kept long watch over her boy, to avoid the law which doomed all the male children of the sisters of Sultans to immediate death; and when at last she found that the child had been strangled, she died herself from the shock very soon afterwards: this tragedy has happily put an end to the practice.* Into that dwelling the sister of the late Sultan, Ismeh Sultana, used to entice or force any handsome passer-by, and they were never heard of again. That very long façade is the house of Fuad Effendi, whom Prince Menchikoff found the other day Prime Minister, and refused to visit.† Radiant and lovely as is the whole scene, I fear that, through all the successive dynasties and races, a heavy consciousness

* This story is positively contradicted in a recent number by a very well-informed writer in the "Quarterly Review." It certainly was currently believed in Constantinople.

† See a very full and sparkling account of the shores of the Bosphorus, in the recent work of Anadol.

of crime ought to brood over these sensual shores. The streets of Pera appeared very hot to-day after the breezy Therapia; I went to some shops and studios, had luncheon with Dr. Sandwith, whose fine qualities grow upon all increasing acquaintance, and went with Mr. Skene to see the Sultan's new Palace of Dolma Bagtsheh: it is built by an Armenian architect; the exterior has rather a glittering effect from a quantity of white marble, which is a great step in advance, as all previous palaces were of wood, but it is too much frittered into minute ornaments, so as to look like one of Gunter's most ornate wedding-cakes; the interior has some very fine spaces, especially the centre hall of audience, and a profusion of painted and gilded ceilings, which however are indifferently conceived and executed. There is a remarkably pretty bath of oriental alabaster. It will be some time before it can be finished, and it is difficult to conceive where the money can be got for this, and for much besides, in this agony of the nation's fortunes. It is a great pity that each Sultan should run up so many new palaces, and not concentrate their outlay upon the incomparable site of the old Seraglio. We returned by steam in time for the hotel dinner.

August 11*th*.—Saw Lord Stratford—matters seem

still much in suspense. Went to look at a cricket match between two elevens of the Retribution and the Triton steamers, on the little plain at Buyukdère near the beautiful planes. I resumed my old Yorkshire function of keeping the score. Dined at the Hotel du Grand Croissant at Buyukdère; prefer ours at Therapia in all respects.

August 12th.—I wonder who are shooting grouse to-day at Naworth Castle. I went out with the artist Preziosi to select a spot for a view of the Bosphorus; I think we pitched upon a very judicious one, which, by comprising also the Turkish fleet and Egyptian camp, will fix the date as well as the scenery. I accompanied our invalid officer, Lieut. Greathed, to a Turkish bath in the village; it was quite a clean one. I dined at the Embassy with rather a larger party than usual; the repast was mainly given to the Spanish General Prim, Count of Reuss; he is come here with rather a large train of his countrymen, to inspect the Turkish army. I sat by him at dinner and thought him pleasing; he won the victory which gave him his title when he was twenty-seven. He will probably be rather late for his immediate object, as will also the first instalment of the Egyptian army which arrived yesterday, for the Caradoc has just arrived with intelligence of nine

days from London announcing peace. Fuad Effendi also dined; he converses in French with much ease and intelligence.

August 13*th.*—Walked to the village of Yeni-keuy, on the European side of the Bosphorus: the sort of towing-path walk is made less agreeable by its frequently running within the village frontage to the river. Drank tea with the Skenes. We hear that the Turks are much out of humour with us, as they think we have left them in the lurch, and, I believe, prevented their occupation of Moscow.

August 14*th.*—Service in the Retribution; took a sail in the pinnace of the spirited first-lieutenant, Willes. The Egyptian troops were in the act of landing; they are fine-looking men, with very swarthy skins: the groups scattered among their piled arms had a picturesque effect. Had an early dinner on board the Retribution: Lady Emily Dundas and Lord Edward Russell were there; and we walked afterwards about the noble *plane group* of Buyukdère. Tea with the Skenes and Dr. Sandwith.

August 15*th.*—It has really taken to rain rather frequently; however, it never lasts long; and in the clear fresh afternoon I went in a caique with Lieutenant Greathed to Buyukdère, called on Lady

Emily, and walked back. After dinner I went to a ball at the French Embassy, given in honour of the Emperor's birthday: there were many Pashas there —not quite enough ladies: the best looks were contributed by the Anglo-Levantine families of Sarrell and Sanderson. I collect that there are still difficulties in the reception of the last project of peace.

August 16th.—I only paid some visits, and read on the Embassy garden divan; I dined there; there were two Eton masters, Birch and Johnson, which is, I should imagine, an unprecedented celerity of movement for the Election holidays: I was happy to think them very good specimens of their respected class. I hear on all sides that there is great exasperation against England among the Turks; and we are reproached with having encouraged them to resist Prince Menschikoff's original demand, and now, after they have made great efforts, and incurred large expenses, counselling them to adopt a declaration slightly varied in form, but almost identical in effect. I am inclined to think that we ought either not to have gone so far at first, which, I believe, would have been best, or to go further now. It is thought possible that the Turkish government may still decide on resistance. The Great Council is to meet this week.

August 17*th.*—Steamed to Constantinople. Went with Captain Drummond to a copious shopping among the bazaars. Here you must lose sight of Europe. It is made a less fatiguing operation than it would otherwise be, by your being able to sit conveniently on all the shop-boards as you transact your bargain with the turbaned Turk or classic-featured Greek who occupies them. The imperial city rises in beauty on every visit; the more so, probably, from not residing among its discomforts. To-day how each swelling dome and taper minaret seemed to bathe itself in the azure expanse above! I returned in the Caradoc. Tea with the Skenes: some of the pleasant Sarrell family were there.

August 18*th.*—Went to see Lady Emily and Lord Edward at Buyukdère. Afterwards landed with Lieutenant Greathed at Beikos, said to have been the country of King Amycus, of the Argonautic period. I left my infirm companion in a Turkish coffee-house with his book and narghilé, and walked to two very pretty villages in the valley behind: there are good hills, with large underwood of walnut and arbutus. We have had rather good dining company at the hotel: Lady Emily and Lord Edward have taken up their abode there. In the evening I went to Madame Baltazzi's, *born* Sarrell;

pretty lady, pretty house, and pleasant family party. I played my first rubber of whist since I left England.

August 19th.— Started at seven in a caique with Captain Drummond; rowed down to Candili, where we were to breakfast at Mr. Hanson's; he is the principal English banker at Constantinople. His house and garden have most delightful views up and down the Bosphorus; I think it the gayest point of any I have seen. Good Mr. Blakiston read prayers before breakfast; after that meal with a large comely family, we set off on horseback with three of the gentlemen belonging to it, and rode to the top of Allen-dagh, a high Asian hill, with a splendid view of both seas, the connecting Bosphorus, and Constantinople; we even saw the smoke and heard the echoes of the salute to the Sultan on his water procession to a mosque. From the hill we descended to a very pretty wood, where we contrived not to find our way to a celebrated fountain; but we got very good water from a stream to accompany our sylvan luncheon. We returned by the place of embarkation near the sweet waters of Asia, where the Turkish women in their arabas and bright colours make very pretty grouping. We were glad to stretch ourselves on the ground and eat delicious grapes. Their pro-

fusion now is a great luxury. I got back in time to dine with Lord Stratford. In the evening he sent off a telegraphic despatch, which will produce its rebound in England. It announces that the Grand Council of Turkey cannot accept the last proposition recommended to them by the Powers without modifications, and that sooner than do so, they would be prepared for all eventualities. This is, at least, a spirited step on their part.

August 20th. — I did not get further than the ambassador's garden. Dinner at the hotel; tea with the Skenes. The Caradoc is to start as soon as she gets on board the ambassador's full despatch to elucidate the telegraph of yesterday. Lady Emily, Mrs. Skene, and Mrs. Sarrell as their interpreter, had been down the Bosphorus in Lord Stratford's state caique, and payed visits to three hareems. They were particularly struck with the splendour of one, belonging to the widowed daughter-in-law of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. They had a regular dinner, while beautifully attired dancing-girls performed before them: they drank coffee from cups studded with diamonds. This lady has 1000 slaves; she called those in her house her adopted daughters. Our ladies had to smoke pipes continually.

August 21st.—The Caradoc did not start till seven,

which indicates that Lord Stratford and his attachés spent the whole night writing. Service on board the Retribution. I went over with Mr. Sarrell to see the Egyptian camp: we first went to the tent of Refik Bey, who acts as a sort of Turkish administrator for it. He seemed a very practical and intelligent man, rather given to waggishness, and dealing in much illustrative imagery, which seems the staple form of Turkish conversation. My companion was able to converse with him very fluently in Turkish. He complained that the whole world seemed in such dread of the Emperor of Russia: and his inquiries why we did not interfere to put a stop to the long warfare between the Russians and Circassians, as we had between the Turks and the Greeks, on the score of humanity, were somewhat difficult to satisfy. He considers that steamboats have done much harm in preventing faithful reports of the real condition of a country, as travellers now only stop at the principal hotels, and imbibe the opinions of the first stranger or dragoman they converse with. Few travellers were without prejudice; and we feel towards them as towards portrait-painters, — delighted if they give us a favourable likeness — disgusted if it is an ugly one; whereas we ought only to care for the truth. I told him that they ought to make him a Pasha; he

said he should not be able to pass through the requisite examination; but this he must have said, like Marmion, in covert scorn, as his acquirements were evidently very superior to those of the common run of Pashas. The hospitality of the tent I found rather profuse, as I passed through three narghilés, three tchibouques, three cups of coffee, and one sherbet. I never had succeeded before in extracting the real contents of the tchibouque, and the result was that I felt a little sick and a little drunk. We were then mounted by our host on horses with Turkish saddles, and escorted by a colonel through the Egyptian camp, which is very picturesquely disposed in the Sultan's valley. There are, at present, 10,000 men, and more are expected. They were going through their drill, and are, on the whole, fine swarthy looking men. They had been very closely packed during their long voyage at sea, and suffered on first landing from change of diet, and especially from the quantity of melons they got hold of: these have been since forbidden. We remember that it cannot have been unaccustomed food to them, as Israel pined after the cucumbers, the melons, and the leeks of Egypt. I dined at a large diplomatic dinner at the French Embassy. I think there is something very well-bred and pleasing about the Count of

Reuss; he starts for the camp at Schumla next week. Does he, perhaps, come on the part of France, where they may think that the inspection could be more plausibly conducted by a Spanish than a French general? The Prussian minister, M. de Wildenbrock, gave me a very encouraging account of Syrian and Egyptian travel; he thinks Thebes the only place with which it is impossible to be disappointed.

August 22nd. — Saw Lord Stratford; walked with Lady Emily and Lord Edward in the valley of Therapia. Dined with Admiral Slade; only Captain Drummond besides, and the second captain of the ship, who only spoke Turkish. Our dishes were all Turkish, ending with the indispensable pilaw and yaourt, which is the same as sour Devonshire clotted cream. After two tchibouques we went to a small party at Mrs. Sarrell's.

August 23rd. — The Caradoc returned, and brought orders for the Firebrand to proceed to some of the ports in the Archipelago, and permission for me to go with her. So this is the last day of my summer Bosphorus. It has been a smooth and pleasant time. I paid one or two visits; dined at the Embassy; drank my final tea with the Skenes and Dr. Sandwith.

August 24th. — A last dip in the sparkling,

dancing, rushing, Bosphorus. My parting gaiety was a small breakfast given by Lord Stratford in his pretty conservatory to Lady Emily Dundas. Mr. Skene accompanied me in my caique to the Firebrand steamer in the Golden Horn, and Dr. Sandwith came on board to take leave of me; and at five o'clock we left all the gleaming shores and waters of Constantinople. Captain Parker * and his brother do everything for my comfort.

August 25th. — At sunrise we entered the Hellespont, which has quite a familiar aspect for me; we stopped for about two hours in Besika Bay, and I visited the kind admiral and pleasant friends in the Britannia. We see the comet well from the deck at night.

August 26th. — At daylight we were passing the

* I must pause upon the first mention of this honoured and lamented name, to pay a very brief and imperfect tribute to the distinguished officer who bore it. He attained his rank of Post Captain at almost an earlier period than any of his fellows, but he amply justified his elevation by his professional abilities, and the virtues of his character. It can be very seldom our lot to encounter a devotion to duty at once so modest, so resolute, so entire. His short and spirited career was closed by an heroic death at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and it is best attested by the deep and affectionate regret of his officers and crew. May God grant that the thread of my journal be not broken by any similar interruptions!

Cape of Kara Bournou, and entering the Bay of Smyrna. This becomes very beautiful as you advance: the shapes of the hills are extremely fine, especially two twin peaks called the "Brothers," and there are large strips of cultivation and verdure: I hailed a solitary palm. The town closes the bay well, and there is a picturesque outline of a ruined fort above it. I rowed with Captain Parker ashore, and called at the Health Office, and on the consul, Mr. Brant. His Armenian dragoman, called familiarly Black John, took great charge of me afterwards: we walked to the Bridge of Caravans, and then, at some expense of my fat companion's breath, to the top of the fortress hill. The view is most striking, and at the end of the fine bay there is a very rich vale or plain, covered with vine, olive, and cypress; still, however, a look of dryness and deadness is, as far as I have yet gone, the prevailing vice of Eastern landscape, always excepting Broussa. But, however pleasant the environs of Smyrna may be, they are at present practically denied to the enjoyment of its inhabitants: a population of 150,000 is now cooped up within its walls by some six robbers, who occupy and command the country without. The brother of the Swedish Consul, not long ago, was walking with his children near his country house: they alarmed

the children into silence by threatening to kill their father if they told what had happened, and carried him up into the hills, till the ransom they prescribed was paid. This has happened in other instances; still more recently, they presented themselves before some sportsmen, who had gone to shoot on an island in the bay; they were dressed as Turkish Custom House officers, and, on the pretence of their not having brought their teskerés or passports, got hold of their guns, and then seized the shooters. One young man, I believe on this occasion, was killed in trying to escape. The chief of this band is Yani Katergi, or John the Postman, such having been his former pursuit: he is a Greek, and I fear some of his band are British Ionians. This state of siege, of a large commercial community, appears to me one of the most damning specimens I have yet heard of Turkish impotence; nevertheless, I find the general Frank opinion here is strongly in behalf of war with Russia. I am not sure that we were reckoned in entire safety during our walk to the hill fort; but the fat Armenian, and a very martial looking young cavass of the Consul's, had great confidence in their official safe-guard. The fort itself was quite a ruin, and I was told, when I inquired, that it was built by the Genoese; they did build a great deal in these

regions, but I remark that every old wall and tower are fathered upon them. The streets of Smyrna are narrow, not worse paved than those of Constantinople, and, I think, have a still more oriental appearance. I saw the process of packing the figs; the men and women employed had jars of water to wash their hands, and I did not think it seemed at all a dirtier operation than the ordinary culinary ones in any kitchen, so I think the descriptions that I have read in this, as in many other instances, much overcharged. There is a great dearth of merchant vessels to carry away the year's produce. The Greek population is as large as all the others, Turk, Armenian, Jew, and Frank, put together. They absorb the far greater part of the industrial pursuits of the country, including it seems that of robbing. There has been a considerable emigration here from the new kingdom of Greece; none of that which was anticipated after the establishment of the kingdom, from these quarters to Greece. Returned to the ship to dine.

August 27th.—Went on shore at eight; my friend, the Armenian, who seems to have long served as interpreter to various British fleets and authorities, accompanied me first in a caique and then in a kind of omnibus to the very pretty village of Bournabat,

six miles off, where many of the European merchants have their villas; we went into probably the best of these, Mr. Whittle's, a merchant of eminence here, with very distinguished manners; his garden was very well kept, and there are some beautiful old cypresses, which I would have given a good deal to carry bodily away with me; but even here he is obliged to keep four or five Turkish guards, whom one sees strutting about, their ample girdles bristling with weapons; and he has received authentic intimations that the robbers entertain a design of carrying him or some of his grandchildren off, as they reckon that this would ensure an enormous ransom. On my return I called on Mrs. Van Lennep; another very attractive daughter of the prolific house of Abbott. I took my coffee and narghilé in a coffee-house near the pier, which a short time ago was the scene of a shocking murder of a young Austrian naval officer, by some refugees; it happened in the wake of the Austrian and American quarrel about the Hungarian, Kosta, in which all parties seem to have acted wrong by turns. The spot commands a very lovely outline of bay and hill. Here I was unexpectedly joined by the two Eton masters and two officers whom I had met on the Bosphorus. I cannot say that I wished to stay longer at Smyrna,

as there are no objects of interest, and no walks whatever near the town, even if there were no banditti; but its fine circle of mountain and bright stretch of gulf will leave a pleasant picture on the memory. Among the attractions, however, of Smyrna, I ought not to omit the Kassaba melon, beyond competition the finest fruit that I have ever tasted: Kassaba is a village, about five miles inland. We weighed anchor shortly before sunset. To-night I played some rubbers of whist in the gun-room.

August 28th.—When I went on deck this morning, the coast of Chios, "Scio's rocky isle," was receding from us; when our church service was finished, we were passing under the craggy Samos, which has fine forms, but all that meets the eye seems very uncultivated. The very deep blue of the Ægean, in profound calm except in its sparkles of golden sunlight, makes a lustrous setting to the grey, silvery Sporades. The more than mere classic Patmos has a very noticeable hill, with a convent on the top. The evening shades gathered round the heights of Cos.

August 29th.—With daylight we anchored before Rhodes. Mr. Newton, our Vice-consul at Mitylene, but now acting for the Consul here, came off to us

while we were at breakfast, and accompanied us to the shore. His appointment among these classic isles does great credit to Lord Granville, who made it on recommendations from the British Museum, with which he had long been honorably connected: his is one of those well-furnished and tempered spirits, qualified to appreciate both the past and the present. As we rowed to the shore, the beauties of the outline of the city of Rhodes with its triple harbour, and white towers, above the still, sapphire waves, were fully expanded before us. We took a very extensive walk, passing first across the very wide moat and under the feudal arch-ways of the Palace of the Knights of St. John. The ruins are very stately; and, I imagine, exhibit a greater mixture of ornament with military architecture than could be commonly found. I have not seen Malta, to which there would be naturally the greatest resemblance; Mr. Newton conceives that the style here is considerably purer. I wished ardently that the ample knowledge and admirable taste of my friend, Mr. Salvin, could have been on the spot to derive and impart information. My reader must have discovered before this, that, when I speak on any of the high topics of art or architecture, it is without the slightest knowledge of detail; I can only

record the general impression upon eyes not insensible to their beauties. The effect now suggested was that of bits of Kenilworth, seen under cloudless skies, and topped by occasional palm-trees. From the palace we descended to the principal street, where are the hotels or inns (auberges) of the different nations; the armorial carvings upon the fronts of the houses are perfectly preserved, and still look most sharply-chiselled. Here is the cardinal's hat of Emery D'Amboise, Prior of the Order, and many other shields, which I conceive must have great interest for a herald. We came upon two representations of St. George and the Dragon, still surviving in fresco. The houses are all inhabited, but there is so little mid-day stir in Rhodes, that this street forcibly struck several of us as being like one in Pompeii. The town, as I hear is the case with its more modern derivative, Malta, is eminently clean, and the dwellings most substantial. Mr. Newton took me into the house of a Jew, which had a large carved wooden ceiling, like a manor-house of England. They served us with great courtesy to sweetmeats (γλυκυ), coffee, and raki, the spirit of the island. We concluded our walk with the circuit of the ramparts, which is very extensive, and would move to envy the philanthropic soul of Mr.

Slaney, as a public walk, but here we were obliged to take a cavass of the Pasha's to gain admittance. The views are very beautiful, of dazzling white building, and calm blue sea, and gardens glossy with fig, orange, and palm-trees, and the deep-grooved Carian and Lycian hills on the opposite coast. In one of the intervals of our long walk, the Captain of the ship, the Consul, and I, paid a visit to Ismael Pasha, who is at the head here of a very extensive pashalic, including a large proportion of the islands; he is a grandson of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, and seems to be one of the best conditioned and enlightened of the body. He received us with very distinguished courtesy. He expressed himself much pleased at seeing that I wore a fez; he bestowed great commendation on Mr. Newton, with whom he converses in Greek. Mr. Newton dined with us on board the ship.

August 30*th.* — At five I started with a party of officers from the ship; we assembled at Mr. Newton's house, and there were all mounted on mules: we were about fifteen, which, with a number of Greek running footmen, and one or two sumpter mules with provisions, made rather an imposing cavalcade. We rode first about eleven miles (but distance gives no adequate measure of mule-pace) to

a very picturesque fountain near the ruins of Villa Nuova, which had been a mediæval fortress. It is the general halting-place of the muleteers. Here, under some very spreading plane-trees, our meal was prepared; the main article was a lamb, which was roasted whole, on a large spit; the process had a very Homeric look. While it was going on, some of the officers attempted shooting, but found nothing, and it was intensely hot. We sat down first to a pilau, and then to the lamb, which was spread out upon the branches of trees. A pretty part of the meal was, a large panier of grapes, pomegranates, figs, and water-melons, which had been procured in the neighbouring village, and were put to cool under the fall of the sparkling fountain. Some of the Greeks danced and sung to us; it was not very unlike the Highland reel. In our way home we made a diversion, and climbed to the top of a very steep hill, most of us on foot, but one or two mules conquered the ascent. On the summit was formerly seated Ialyssus, one of the three Rhodian communities in the Trojan time,

Λίνδον, Ἰηλυσσόν τε, καὶ ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.* B. 656.

Very few vestiges of a town now remain, but there

* "Jalissus, Lindus, and Camirus white."
POPE.

is a picturesque ruin of one of the castles of the knights, and a nearly subterranean chapel of the Virgin, with frescoes quite apparent. The view over seas and shores is very striking, closed on the side of the interior by Mount Atabyrius, sacred to Jove.

ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ, νώ-
-τοισιν Ἀταβυρίου
μελέων.* — PIND. *Ol.* 7.

Our road passed through the village of Trianta, and I could not but be struck that, whereas on the Bosphorus the palaces of the Sultan, Pashas, and Ambassadors are all built of wood, here the dwellings of the poorest cultivators have stone walls of great thickness, and look like the peels, or towers of defence in the northern counties of England. We got back at eight; and I must just put in here, that, though considerable portions of the day had been full of enjoyment, yet fifteen hours of unbroken pleasure-party would be too much even in Elysium, and we, most of us, returned in a state of immense physical fatigue. The ship's company went on board to steam away immediately. I have made a change of

* "O thou, who, high on Atabyrius throned,
Seest from his summits all this happy isle."
WEST.

plan, and as by keeping with the ship I should have only anticipated future visits to Beyrout and Alexandria, and as the attraction of Mr. Newton's society, and the climate and beauty of this old island of the Sun-God, tempt me to enjoy more of them all, I shall remain here a few days. He kindly gives me a room in his house; there are besides staying in it, his dragoman, Mr. Blunt, son of our consul at Salonique, and young Mr. Colnaghi, who is engaged in taking views with the Calotype.

August 31*st.*—If the expression could be used, the fatigue of yesterday has physically demoralised me, and I was good for nothing all day. My kind host is full of attention.

September 1*st.*—I had not improved, and I sent for the Italian quarantine doctor, Signor Marinelli. He attributes my ailment to a perspiration driven back on the stomach, which may be a good cause or not. He ordered a mustard bath for my feet, and sent me to bed.

September 19*th.*—Here is indeed a long interval. I must have been thoroughly unwell when I made the last three entries, for on the next day, the 2nd, an eruption appeared on my breast, and I acquiesced in

the version, that it was the reaction of the perspiration returning to the surface; however, it turned out to be an attack of small-pox, mitigated, I presume, by my having received vaccination in my childhood, at no less illustrious hands, I believe, than those of Dr. Jenner, and once subsequently. I was not myself aware of the real nature of the disorder till it was subsiding: at first I suffered considerably from depression and restlessness; the nights seemed eternal. I have reason to think that I was treated on the whole with considerable skill and tact by the doctor, which he chiefly evinced by leaving as much to nature as possible: at one time, when I was confined to a diet of elder-flower tea and tamarind syrup, I had misgivings whether enough was done for my support. My kind host and my faithful servant naturally felt some uneasiness, which resulted in the appearance on the 12th of Dr. M'Craith, an Irish physician long settled at Smyrna, in high and just repute there; and on the same afternoon of Dr. Rees, the excellent ship's doctor of the Britannia, whom the good Admiral had sent down directly he heard of my attack. The last, finding that my convalescence had begun, and that the Smyrna doctor was able to stay on ten days with me, returned to his duties next day. Dr. M'Craith

gradually promoted me to more generous diet; first tea, then soup, then partridge, then a glass of sherry, and so on, from which I imagine the scrupulous caution of my original Italian leech would have debarred me for some time longer. Dr. M'C. had considerable resources in conversation as well as in art, and at all events he made me feel that my illness had not been altogether unprofitable, as he did an infinite deal of good among the poor natives of the island, especially in couching them for cataracts, there being no surgical assistance whatever in the island. But the zeal shown by my friends has not even ended yet; for this morning my own valued Dr. Sandwith has dropped in from Constantinople, and it is the first upon which I have felt any real consciousness of returning vigour. The ailment indeed has been a sorry check to my few allotted months of Eastern travel, but it has been tempered by very many special calls for gratitude: it found me not in some lone Turkish village, not in a confined steam-boat, not in a tent amid the desert, but in a well-built airy house, on an island reputed the healthiest of the Sporades, the windows of my own bed-room commanding the purple straight between us and the indented mountains of Asia; with a host to whom making exertions and sacrifices for

others is the pleasurable exercise of his own bright nature, without any family to inspire fears of infection, with judicious advice on the spot to watch the early symptoms, and with the best medical skill of the Levant scouring about in steamers to speed my recovery. Be the praise where it is due! Be the impression what it should be!

September 22nd. — I shall not think of troubling the readers of this diary with the details of my convalescence, which goes on very smoothly. Dr. M'Craith returned to Smyrna by the steamer this morning: I take pleasure in again recording my gratitude for his efficient services. Dr. Sandwith and Mr. Blunt (Mr. Newton's dragoman — an excellent youth) have been on a shooting expedition for two days in the hills: they saw many partridges, and looked for deer, but they have not abundantly replenished our larder. I am, however, well supplied with Rhodian partridges. The markets of the island are not very prolific. I believe the population is about 28,000, — 20,000 Greeks, 6,800 Turks, 1000 Jews, 200 Franks. There seems to be very little of real distress among them; scarcely any beggars, except a few lepers: their houses are, for the most part, well-built and clean; the people are very temperate in food, and live much on their

water-melons, grapes, and olives. But then, while such is the general run of their self-sufficing existence, there is scarcely any money among them; so when sickness comes, they can ill meet the expense of the requisite remedies. Hence the value they have justly placed on the disinterested attention exhibited by Dr. M'Craith during his ten days' sojourn among them. I find that the Greek girls marry at as early an age as twelve, and the Turkish women are said to do so still sooner. There is the same account, here as everywhere, of the shiftlessness and increasing poverty of the Turk, the industry and energy of the Greek. No Turkish girl is ever put out to service, which is one contributing cause to these results. The Turkish lad or youth is liable to be drafted off to the army, from which he, perhaps, most frequently never returns. Much natural complaint hence arises among the Turks themselves, that the Rayahs, or non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte, are not made liable to service in the army or navy; could they, however, be trusted? This is one of the problems most pregnant with the future destinies of the Ottoman Empire.

September 25th.—Two Egyptian steamers passed by to-day, on their way to Beyrout to fetch more troops. This looks as if the complexion of affairs at

Constantinople had become less pacific. It is now some time since we have received either papers or news from the Continent. If I did not feel that I was losing precious opportunity of seeing countries that I am not likely to revisit, I should not grudge these hours of insular convalescence. The climate is very perfect: there is the sensual pleasure of satisfying the keenness of the recovering appetite: I have a sufficient command of books in old and modern languages; and I have the friendly society of two accomplished and noble-minded men, one of whom, Mr. Newton, has treated an acquaintance of yesterday, attacked in his house with a contagious disorder from which most men might have shrunk, with the watchfulness of a nurse and the tenderness of a brother; and the other, Dr. Sandwith, has, notwithstanding various and pressing avocations in the capital, made a long journey to this remote island, spontaneously and most disinterestedly, on the chance that his services might be useful; and even persevered in it after he learned, on his way, that any risk which there might have been was at an end.

September 28th.—My two friends have been for two nights in the interior on a partly sporting, partly exploring, expedition. Of game they did not see much, but Mr. Newton was rewarded by finding

several pieces of Greek pottery, precisely of the kind which appears so long to have been erroneously appropriated to the Etruscans. There were two vases or cups of remarkably pretty form; on one of them Χαιρε και πινε is inscribed. They slept at a Greek village, and are much impressed both with the gaiety and wellbeing of the inhabitants, though neither of them are by any means admirers of the Greek character in the higher ranges of society. The life of the peasantry here does appear, as I have already called it, a very self-sufficing one; besides raising their own food, they make their own clothing: they have not sufficient enterprise to manufacture oil out of their numerous olives. They appear to me to have very parallel dispositions to the French "Habitans" of Canada; but our ascendancy is clearly a much better one than that of the Turks. My progress goes on steadily in this most genial climate. I have had two walks, and two rides upon mules. Mr. Newton took me to the fountain of Symbole, a delicious spring, with all its accessories framing it round most worthily: it is difficult in such spots not to feel a wish to worship the presiding Naiad. We stretched ourselves under some gigantic planes, their broad glossy leaves letting in the pure blue ether above, just on the brink of a romantic dell in which the

varying green of the olive, the palm, and the plane mingled most harmoniously, and an old grey aqueduct spanned the ravine at just the proper place. Climb a bit of rocky bank just above, and you see a very perfect view of the city of Rhodes, with its old battlements and high Christian tower rising above the expanse of gardens in which they are quite islanded, the blue Ægean expanse beyond, with the bold fringe of the Carian and Lycian mountains,

"Viridis Cragi,"*—Hor. l. i. c. 21.

to enclose the picture.

October 2*nd.*—We have had three days of equinoctial gale and tempest. It is well to have been so comfortably housed during such rough weather, instead of being bound

"Across the desert or before the gale."
Bride of Abydos.

Dr. Sandwith left us this morning in the steamer for Constantinople. We shall miss him extremely, but are glad that he should not be detained longer from the duties of the capital.

October 3*rd.*—This morning my old acquaintance

* "Or Cragus' ever verdant glade."—Smart.

the Firebrand arrived, which the Admiral had kindly desired to call here again, during the progress of a second tour upon which it has been despatched among the islands, and to carry me with them up to the fleet. Besides the steamer, there arrived a series of no less than twenty Galignanis, rather a formidable number for simultaneous digestion — an arrear of letters from home, which gave me very great delight — and, what is of most importance, intelligence from Constantinople, that upon the receipt of the Russian refusal to accept the Turkish modifications of the Vienna note, the Ottoman Council have resolved on immediate war. So to-morrow I shall really leave Rhodes. I walked in the evening with Mr. Newton, and saw a farewell sunset of its patron God, which happened to be the finest I have observed in the Levant, where I should say that on the whole they are wanting in brilliancy and variety of tint. But I am glad to leave the island in its restored beauty of climate.

October 4th. — There could not accordingly have been a more perfect day. We did not start till the evening, and I closed my island residence as I had begun it, by an expedition on mules, with a large party of the same ship's company; we did not, however, go further than the fountain of Symbole,

and had there a much less elaborate repast. On our return we paid a second visit to the Pasha, who had been extremely attentive in his enquiries during my illness, and I wished to express my thanks in person. I am assured that he gave me a very flattering reception, having a more than usual array of dragomen, cavasses, pipe-bearers. He believes in the certainty of war, and rather expects that it will be proclaimed to-day, which is the new year's day of the Turks. All he said concerning England was very civil, but I heard that yesterday he expressed himself with some mistrust. As soon as our pipes were over, we took leave of his Excellency, who, however, immediately followed us to the Firebrand, where he was received with yards manned, a guard of honour, &c. Thus, we did our best to evince the unbroken amity of the two countries. Upon his departure we weighed anchor, and saw the shores of Rhodes fade from our sight, under the youngest crescent of the new moon. Mr. Newton comes with us as far as the island of Calimno, whither I believe he is bound rather more on antiquarian than on strictly consular business. It is a happy circumstance, that our public servants should be able to employ any leisure from their official duties in pursuits which are likely not to be without direct

benefit to the national stock of knowledge and taste. I trust, I do not leave this fair island and hospitable roof-tree, without fervent gratitude for all the mercies received there, of many of which my good friend has been empowered to be so active an instrument.

In a lighter strain, I may remark, that it would have appeared somewhat ungrateful in this island to have given me a grave; in proof of which I append two paraphrases, that I made very many years ago, of the beautiful legend of the birth of Rhodes in Pindar, Ol. 7.

"Cum fati imperio, primâ sub origine mundi,
Eligerent propriam Dîque Deæque larem,
Tum sibi Junonem dites cepere Mycenæ,
Cepit in umbrosis saltibus Ida Jovem;
Tum Venus est sortita Paphon, tum celsa Cythera;
Tum juga Cecropii casta Minerva soli;
At Phœbo, rutili dextrâ dum fræna diei
Tenderet, haud Phœbo contigit ulla domus;
Ille autem, liquidi mersam sub marmore ponti
Vidit adhuc parvam delituisse Rhodon,
Jamdudum e pelago crescentem, aurasque petentem
Vidit, et in cano prata virere salo;
'Hanc, Pater, hanc concede domum, tuque insula,' clamat,
'Oeyùs e vitreis exoriare vadis,
Exoriare, potens armis, atque ubere felix,
Magna parens ovium, magna futura virûm;
Do tibi, tranquillo facilem parere colono,
Do tibi, nativis imperitare fretis.'"

" When at Creation's radiant dawn uncurled,
Rolled the grey vapours from a new-made world,
Each bright Immortal chose a home below,
Which most his presence and his name should know.
Then Jove first trod his Ida's forest bower,
Then Juno reared Mycenæ's royal tower;
Minerva sat on Sunium's rocky throne,
And claimed the Attic olive for her own;
While Venus shed the lustre of her smile
Round high Cythera, and her Paphian isle:
No Deity but owned some honoured hill,
Some solemn grove, or consecrated rill.
Phœbus alone, as on th' ethereal way
He sped the flaming coursers of the day,
Amid the conclave of the clouds forgot,
Upon the earth he gladdens found no lot:
When lo! far down beneath the glassy tide
One hidden shore he viewed, then joyful cried:
'Change not for me th' allotments of the sky,
Nought can escape Apollo's piercing eye;
See, in the folds of Ocean's azure vest,
A brighter, greener, bower than all the rest.
Rise, lovely Island, from the crystal flood,
Rise, clothed with harvest, vintage, lawn, and wood;
Rhodes be thy name! With shoot elastic, rise,
Spurn the salt depths, and bask beneath the skies;
From thy moist surface heave the silvery spray,
Spread thy young bosom to my golden ray;
On thee through all the year shall breathe and gleam
My balmiest zephyr, and my brightest beam;
Cities and harbours shall adorn thy coast,
War, commerce, art, shall be alike thy boast,
Thy maids all beautiful, thy sons all brave,
And thou, the mistress of thy natal wave.'"

October 5th. — Sunrise found us in the bay of

Calimno. It makes rather a complete picture in itself; a small smooth recess, among grey rocky hills; a small white town, or Marina, on the shore; a mile or two above, another white town, which has been comparatively deserted for the superior convenience of the beach; and, close impending over the last, the ruins of a fortified wall and still older town, perched on its crag or eyrie, which I must not call inaccessible, as some of the officers scaled it, but which at all events looks as if it must have been completely impregnable by all old modes of warfare. This series of towns is according to a scale described by Plato, and shows the progressive wants of society, - defence on the summit, comparative facility of access on the slope, commerce and navigation on the shore. The great field of Calimniot commerce is the acquisition of sponges, in which these islanders are said to exhibit great activity and enterprise; in the summer almost the whole male population leaves the island mainly on this quest. We walked as far as the middle town, where Mr. Newton was speedily surrounded by numbers of the Greek natives, bringing coins for sale. We passed the ruins of two old temples. There is but one single Turk in the island, who acts as Mudir or deputy-governor. We were told that the Greek population care very little for

peace or war, or any political question, provided only that no one interferes with their quietly getting sponges. They are lightly taxed and industrious, and accordingly care little

"Quid bellicosus Scythes cogitet." *

I am bound to say, that, with the exception of occasional outrages and collisions, when the passions have been roused, and of some instances of extortion, where men in authority are remote from observation and from check, the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte is one of great practical freedom and ease. We left Mr. Newton alone among them, and sped our way onward; the sun sunk nearly behind the swelling mound of Patmos. I shall become well acquainted with the outlines of the Sporades.

October 6th. — There was great beauty in the sunrise gilding the long extent of the town of Scio, as we steamed in front of it this morning. We landed, and walked about with our Vice-consul, Signor Vedova, a very hearty and intelligent Italian. The long line and successive terraces of town even

* "Cease to inquire what Scythian bands devise."
SMART.

yet exhibit an immense proportion of ruins, to attest the massacres perpetrated by the Turks during the Greek Revolution in 1822 and 1826; almost the most complete and deplorable that ever occurred. Here, indeed, was one of the exceptional cases to which I have referred; but it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that the circumstances and provocations were also exceptional. The number slaughtered has been computed at from 24,000 to 30,000, which exceeds the present population of the island: a large portion of the women and children were sold into slavery; almost every house burned; all the gardens, which had been the special pride of Scio, destroyed. By a species of reaction, the children of many that escaped have been educated in Europe, and now constitute the most enterprising of the Greek houses in London, Manchester, and the Levant. The doomed island sustained a further loss a few winters ago, when the unusual cold entirely destroyed the orange, lemon, and mastic trees, which supplied a material share of its commerce. There now seems a considerable show of activity both in the town and harbour: the Greek population is about 18,000 to 800 Turks. There was considerable disappointment at first among the Greeks at not being assigned to the new kingdom of

Greece when it was originally constituted; but it is said now, that there is no tendency to excitement among them. They are very industrious, but are reckoned extremely sharp in their dealings: this seems, indeed, the common attribute of the Greek character, and it is supposed to give them no little advantage over our English competition. We set off for Smyrna before noon, and carried thither the wife and daughter of the Vice-consul. Madame Vedova has lived twenty-three years at Scio, and complains wofully of its blank and unredeemed solitude. We did not arrive at Smyrna till an hour after sunset, when we made an ineffectual attempt to induce the quarantine authorities to allow the ladies to land: it required some ingenuity to accommodate them for the night. As a sort of compensation to them, the ship's company got up an impromptu dance, with a solitary but very efficient fiddle; and any friends who may be anxious about my health would have been reassured, if they could have seen me leading off Sir Roger de Coverley, with the Vice-consul's lady.

September 7th. — Several visitors came on board during breakfast: my doctor, M'Craith, whom I was cordially glad to see again; his colleague, Dr. Wood; Mr. Turrell, the principal of a new school or college here; young Mr. Abbott. We find

war actually proclaimed by Turkey, and many accompanying reports of all complexions. They have not yet taken their robber here, Yani Katergi, but there have been no very recent displays of his activity. Some one mentioned a trivial symptom of the manner in which the Greeks edge the Turks out of every species of industry; but it is characteristic of the universal procedure. Packing up figs in boxes is known to be the staple business of the place: the Turks formerly derived a large profit by packing the figs in round boxes; it occurred to some one that it would economise space to pack them in square boxes; the Greeks accordingly immediately took to the manufacture of the square; the Turks go on with the round. Some one asked why. "Oh," they said, "they had always made them round, and should go on doing so." The Greeks have accordingly got all the employment, and this is the epitome of the relations of the two races. Soon after breakfast I went on shore with young Mr. Blunt, and called on the Consul, on Mr. Hanson, one of our most prominent merchants, Dr. M'Craith, and at Mr. Turrell's school. There are about fifty scholars, of all sizes, climes, and races, except the Mussulman. They were for the most part fine-looking youths; and Mr. Turrell seems full of zeal, good sense, and good nature.

The institution, however, is not self-supporting, and has hitherto had partly to rely on the public spirit of a few of the English inhabitants. It would really appear that the object of training a number of well-taught and well-principled young men to fill the office of dragoman at the different diplomatic and consular stations, now often fearfully abused by the Greeks, Armenians, and other races who chiefly hold these posts, might justify some moderate national outlay. While I speak censoriously of other nations, I must not conceal the regret I have felt in perceiving that the English name, as connected with commercial and consular proceedings, does not universally hold the high place which it once did, and which one wishes for it. Of course there are very bright exceptions. A generous English education would go far to redress this degenerating tendency. Great responsibility attaches to the proper selection of consuls; and I hope the time is past when failure and insolvency in trade will be considered as the main qualification for a class of appointments which, in remote regions and among anomalous populations, assumes a high degree of influence and importance. Mr. Turrell told me, that, since he had been here, he had begun to put faith in the prospect of Greek regeneration. Their quickness and aptitude in

learning is beyond question; moral principle, and some love of truth, very generally remain to be acquired. I made one Greek youth read some Homer, to show me their pronunciation. By the afternoon steamer I went to Bournabat once more, on this occasion to spend the night at Dr. Wood's. He has a good house and pleasant little garden, with some of the beautiful cypresses that are the glory of the village. Mrs. Wood is sister of Mrs. Abbott, whom I had met with the Calverts: she is pleasant, and very accomplished. It is the fashion of the place for the neighbouring families to sit for an hour after sunset before their respective gates, and receive visits. This is very luxurious in the cooled glow of the eastern-autumn-eventide. At eight we had a very substantial *thé-soupatoire*, the more acceptable to me as I had not dined; and afterwards some of the previous visitors of the gate came in again: the circle comprised some pretty ladies and good musicians. Such is the easy life of the Levant.

October 8th. — At seven I started with some of the gentlemen, mercantile and medical, who go into Smyrna every morning for their respective duties. The gulf looked very lovely in still water, before the surface was rippled by the "Imbat" or gale which

blows in shore, almost without fail, every day of the year, and refreshes the town. There is a good deal that recals Naples in the outline of both bay and hill. At eleven I went to the Pasha, having heard that he had expressed a wish to see me. Ismael Pasha was a Greek of the Morea by birth, early sold into slavery with the rest of his family. I am told that one of his brothers is doing well in America, another holds a good place in the Turkish army or navy, and he himself is here Pasha of Smyrna. He has been minister of commerce, has been in France and England, and talked very fluently to me in French. He seemed very anxious for the intervention of France and England. He gave me a very distinguished reception; each of my two pipes had two diamond rings round them (I mention this, as Mr. Blunt tells me that Levantine merchants have been known to bribe the Pasha's officers to give them a finer pipe than their colleagues). He came into the outer room with me, and when I got down stairs I found a white horse, with a resplendent saddle-cloth, on which, escorted by numerous attendants, I rode back through the streets and bazaars. I partook between twelve and one of Dr. M'Craith's very comfortable morning meal, which was, in fact, a dinner. He took me afterwards to see a very

spacious and rather handsome church in the process of building by the Armenians; a part of the ways and means was furnished by robbing a passing Armenian merchant of 5000*l.* Some of the modern Armenian and Greek houses look very luxurious, with vestibules full of orange trees and occasional fountains. We left Smyrna about eight o'clock; a large party of the officers had made a very dashing cavalry excursion, under the guidance of young Blunt, who is most justly an universal favourite, and had much enjoyed their evolutions, notwithstanding sundry falls.

October 9th.—We anchored early off the town of Mitylene. The neighbourhood, covered with olive groves, had a very luxuriant look, as seen from the ship. After service, which is most creditably performed by the young chaplain, Mr. Rogers, we landed, mounted on mules, and rode over a steep ridge of the island, through a continuous grove of olive, mixed with oleander and poplar, and broken by views of the sapphire sea and pale blue mountains of Asia, to Port Oliviero, or Iero, a beautiful inland basin, where navies may anchor, and even manœuvre, and which is one of the possible destinations of our fleet this winter. There is one point, with a double view of sea on each side, which is

most transcendent. I have not generally been very enthusiastic about the beauty of the Ægean islands, there is such a sad deficiency of verdure, and of relief to the grey barren crag; but this old Lesbos is clearly the first in beauty of those which I have as yet seen. We halted at the house of a proprieter in a Greek village; he was a very courteous old man, who told us that he should be very happy, but was in fact made miserable by having six daughters, as, when they married, he was obliged to give each of them a dower of 4000 dollars, a town house, and a country house. Some of our officers thought they could not do better than to propose on the spot. An impromptu luncheon was served to us with great nicety and cleanliness. I give its components: — poached eggs, an excellent salad of sage and anchovy, olives, pomegranates, melons, water-melons, with of course coffee and sweetmeats. We thought there was a good deal of beauty among the islanders; extant specimens of Sapphos and Phaons. We left our friend Blunt on the shore, to assume the duties of vice-consul in Mr. Newton's absence. Every one was very sorry to part with him.

October 10*th.*—One more night's steaming brought us, on the brightest of mornings, to the fleet at Besika Bay. The sight derived additional animation

from some two hundred merchantmen, with all their sails up, reflected on the motionless water, to catch the faintest indications of the breeze that might come. I left the Firebrand, which has given me such pleasant conveyance, and transferred myself to my old hospitable quarters in the Britannia; where, I need hardly add, I had the most cordial reception from the kind Admiral and his officers. All are waiting with the greatest anxiety for the next directions from England, or summons from Constantinople. They had to-day been just four months in Besika Bay, which they have thought far more than sufficient. There has been a good deal of fever in some ships; not many deaths. Mr. Blunt, the Master in Chancery, uncle to our young friend, Lord Edward Russell, and Lord John Hay, dined with us.

October 11*th.*—We all felt considerable excitement this morning, as letters from Constantinople made us think it possible that the fleets might be ordered up there immediately; it would have been almost too good fortune to have arrived just in time for such an epoch and such a spectacle. However, the more probable opinion is, that the summons will not arrive at soonest before the answer comes from the Russian head-quarters to the Turkish demand

for the evacuation of the Principalities within fifteen days. The young Prince of Leiningen, nephew to the Queen, who is serving on board this ship as a midshipman, dined with the Admiral to-day. He is very highly spoken of, as entirely unassuming, and most attentive to his duties.

October 12*th.*—It is the most perfect weather, —cloudless days and moonlights, which makes us grudge all the more not going up to the Golden Horn. The French Admiral, Barbière de Tinan, and a largè party dined here; he has distinguished manners. There was also an abbé from the French flag-ship, of whom all our officers are fond. Our Admiral's table is abundantly served; to-day we had turtle from Alexandria, venison from Tunis, partridges from Imbros, grapes from Lesbos.

October 13*th.*—The Inflexible steamer came from Constantinople. It appears that the fleets are hardly likely to be summoned thither till there is overt war between Russia and Turkey. The Sultan, however, has decidedly applied for their presence. We had another large banquet to-day, including the other two French admirals, and, what is a greater rarity in the squadron, a woman, the Vicomtesse de Chabannes, wife of the captain of the Charlemagne. She is English by birth, and a very cheerful lady.

October 14*th.*—Admirals Dundas and Hamelin had a conference this morning, about their respective places of anchorage, if they proceed upwards. It seems to be provisionally settled that the English squadron will be at the town of the Dardanelles, and the French off Gallipoli or Lampsacus. I am afraid we shall lose the sight of the combined fleet entering the Golden Horn together, which would have been a very signal exhibition. We dined on board the Charlemagne, where the reception was very kind, and the fare very good. I like the captain, M. de Chabannes, extremely. After dinner, the abbé of the ship went out to say some short prayers to the crew. One should like much to copy this practice.

October 15*th.*—After breakfast I left the ship with Mr. Calvert, and rode with him to his village dwelling of Eren-keuy. We took a road I had not seen, leaving on our left the mounds that bear the names of Peneleus, Antilochus, Achilles, and Patroclus; and we went up to the tomb of Ajax, which has received a more decided confirmation from a temple having been built there, called the Aianteion. The mound itself has been opened at some period; there are some remains apparently of Roman architecture on the spot. This ride of four-

teen miles made me feel sufficiently stiff after my recent weakening; but I got a walk after an early dinner. For an eastern evening it was rather overcast, but the conical form of Mount Athos was most distinct at a distance of ninety miles.

October 16th.—A most peaceable Sunday. Mr. Calvert read the service: he told me they had prayed for me during my illness; so to-day I begged him to return thanks for my recovery. Many sick persons come to him for advice, and even for the simpler surgical operations. We took a pretty walk with the ladies after dinner, through lanes and vineyards, which at spring-time must be very attractive in their fresh green.

October 17th.—At seven we mounted; rode first to Mr. Calvert's Asiatic farm. Some new machinery was putting up, and it seemed singular to find implements from Croskill of Beverley and Garrett of Saxmundham on the plain of Troy. I went to see the mound which has been lately opened, and which contains the layer of calcined human bones, assumed to be the remains of the Trojans buried during the truce, of which I have already spoken. The neighbouring ground to a large extent has been used as a burying-place, but for a far later generation; any number of large earthenware jars

or coffins may be dug up, in which bones are found, and one or more very small earthenware jars, or lachrymatories. I carried away one of these, which was dug up during an excavation Mr. Calvert had ordered while we were there; the fabric is supposed to be of about the time of Philip or Alexander. After an acceptable luncheon on the farm premises, crowned by some Kaimak, an excellent kind of clotted cream procured from the Turcoman shepherds, we rode on to Bounar-bachi, and the summit of Troy. I found that I had seen this glorious site very superficially during my former hurried visit. We drank from those beautiful springs of the Scamander which gush up amidst its soft cradle of verdure,—the gem of the wide bare plain, and a fit home for every Naiad. On turning the mound of Œsietes in our way back, we came upon the view of the combined fleets, still quietly riding on their anchors, and unsummoned to more busy waters. I reached the Admiral's ship just in time for his dinner at sunset, and I find that, though it had been a longer ride than the last, either practice or the classic breezes had prevented me from feeling it so much. In the evening, the French steamer Chaptal arrived with orders from the Ambassadors at Constantinople to the Admirals, to send two ships

of the line, and four or five steamers, to the Bosphorus as soon as the Sultan's firmans for their passage should arrive.

October 18th. — The Admirals had a long conference to arrange their respective stations in the Dardanelles. I had pleasant letters from home, showing that the anxiety about my illness had been mercifully lightened. I dined with Captain Graham on board his fine ship, the Rodney.

October 19th. — It blew almost a gale from the south-west, which is the most critical quarter for this station, but one hardly perceives it on board this large ship. One of the lieutenants, Mr. Glynn, a very fine fellow, has just taken advantage of a few days' leave to go up to Varna and Schumla. He gives an interesting account of the camp: on the whole, he found the aspect of things there much better than he had expected; all immediately at head-quarters about Omer Pasha in very good order, especially the artillery and Albanian cavalry. On the road and in the outlying parts he saw some very wild and irregular bodies, — Kurds, actually armed with bows and arrows, and no fire-arms. Some Captains dined with the Admiral. The gale subsided into beautiful moonlight.

October 20th. — I never knew a finer day; summer

heat relieved by the freshness of the recent gale. The summons from Constantinople tarries. I dined with Captain Greville on board his immense ship, the Trafalgar: there were three French and three English Captains, who keep excellent fellowship. As I rowed there, just after the unclouded sunset, there was every hue on the confines of sea and sky, and Mount Athos, eighty-four miles off, looked less than ten.

October 21*st.* — In the afternoon, Captain Drummond arrived from the Bosphorus in the Retribution steamer, having brought the Turkish officers with the Sultan's firman for the passage of the Dardanelles. The order of progress was then finally arranged. The small squadron detached to the Bosphorus consists of the English ships Albion, Captain Lushington, towed by the Sampson, Captain Jones; and the Vengeance, Lord Edward Russell, towed by the Retribution, Captain Drummond; of the French ships, — the Jupiter, towed by the Gomer, carrying Rear-Admiral Barbière de Tinan; and the Henri Quatre, towed by the Sané: the remainder of the fleets will wait in the Dardanelles. The Admiral and I dined in the ward-room of the Britannia; not a small party, as it amounted to twenty-eight; it is a most well-conditioned mess in

all respects and senses.* After dinner, I went on board the Vengeance, to

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale"

of the first entry into Constantinople. Lord Edward lodges me very comfortably.

October 22nd. — As yet it is only the gale I have to partake. I got up to see the start of the detached squadron at two in the morning, which was a pretty sight, with the waning moon and the lights of the vessels on the perfectly still waters. When I got up again between six and seven, we had entered the Dardanelles, but a smart breeze from the north was springing up. This made our course very leisurely; we were nearly abreast of the French ship Jupiter, when the magnificent screw-steamer Napoleon, towing the Ville de Paris, the flag-ship of Admiral Hamelin, rapidly and proudly passed between us. We rather rail at our government for not sending one of the fine new screws for the English squadron here; it being the country of all others where out-

* As a proof of even our scrupulous good neighbourhood, I may mention that, on this anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar in the flag-ship of a British fleet, no allusive toast was allowed to be given.

ward appearances tell most. At noon all but the Ville de Paris, and another French ship, the Jena, which had passed on to their stations, were brought to their anchors under the adverse influences of the Hellespontic breeze and current. We are about two miles below the town of the Dardanelles, and its river the Rhodius, which is broader than either Scamander or Simois. I landed in the afternoon, walked up there, found Mr. Calvert at his town house, and rode back with him to our boat. Captain Drummond dined with us on board the Vengeance. There is but one voice respecting the admirable tact and discretion with which he has discharged the duties of his quasi-diplomatic station in the Bosphorus, during nearly the whole summer.

October 23*rd.* — The gale is still fresher, and there is no speedy prospect of our moving. Altogether it rather shakes one's idea of the omnipotence of steam, at least in its paddle-box application. I suppose the days are not distant, when every ship will be a screw. Lord Edward read the church-service, there being no chaplain on board at present. The singing was pleasingly done by the crew.

October 24*th.* — The gale still fresh. Lord Edward and Captain Drummond try shooting on shore, but with very scant success.

October 25th.—No change. We dined on board the Retribution. All there is singularly well-ordered.

October 26th.—A much finer day, but the wind still obstinate. I walked to the town, and saw the Consul. In my way back, I threaded a very pretty dell with fine pines, worthy of growing among the distant spurs of Ida. My rendezvous on the shore with the shooters was at sunset, and as they were not quite punctual, I got up a foot-race of the boat's crew for a small prize.

October 27th.—Weather the same. Lord Edward and I dined in the ward-room. I am always struck with the good fellowship and good manners that prevail among all classes of our naval officers. Some impart their griefs to me about the tardiness of promotion. They tell me that they are not a long-lived class, and that the sailors are very apt to die off at about the age of forty-five. I believe that on the whole their comforts in these days are very well looked after; but the continuous exposure and broken rest tell upon the human frame. This evening, Captain Lushington of the Albion, who is the senior officer of our detached squadron, sent for the Retribution to assist in towing him up to Gallipoli,

intending to send it back, with his adjunct the Sampson, to do the same for us afterwards.

October 28th.—Wind still high, and no progress in either squadron. Lord Edward has almost always four of his officers to dine, which gives a pleasant variety.

October 29th.—To-day the Dardanelles assumed a new aspect of animation; it had become comparatively calm. At sunrise the Albion approached and passed us with her two steamers; before noon our Admiral arrived and anchored close to us; various other ships of both squadrons were in motion. I grieve to say, that one of ours, the Arethusa, got aground; so that instead of being, as in Virgil,

"Ante alias Arethusa sorores,"

and as she is very apt to be with her brilliant Captain, she will be the latest arrival. As it had been settled before that the Vengeance was not to set out till the morning, I walked once more to the town, and took my last leave of excellent Mr. Calvert. We dined on board the Britannia, and met our steam-captains, who had returned from depositing the Albion safe at Gallipoli. On this my last day in the Hellespont, I finished what I had

begun on the first day of my visit to the Trojan waters, my re-perusal of the Iliad in the original. I should hope that under any circumstances my maturer judgment, since the days of my boyish acquaintance with it, would have led to a more vivid appreciation of its undying beauties; but I can as little doubt that the actual neighbourhood of almost every one of the scenes described, only known before in the music of their names,—the bodily presentment of the broad Hellespont, and sylvan Samothrace, and craggy Imbros, and many-fountained Ida,—gave fresh zest and charm even to that mighty and universal lay.

October 30*th.* — At daybreak we started, the Sampson and Retribution towing us. We reached Gallipoli at twelve, when Captain Lushington signalled to us to take on the steam-boats for forty miles, and then take to our sails, and send the steamers back to him. We accordingly parted company with them at eleven at night, when we were clear of the island of Marmora, and hoisted sails.

October 31*st.* — It was not an unpleasant variety to have a day's sailing in beautiful weather, and with the turns of wind not wholly unpropitious. Before evening we came in sight of San Stefano, the

appointed place of rendezvous, and of the two French men-of-war lying there, which have thus far won the race. We could not, however, get up to them before dark, and had to tack much about during the evening and night. I stayed for some time on deck listening to the seamen of the watch singing a succession of songs under the still and starlight sky. I am bound to say, that in none that I heard here was there any impropriety; in one or two a considerable degree of humour.

November 1*st*.—The morning found us still tacking in front of the imperial city. The Admiral, who had been suddenly summoned up, soon passed in the Tiger steamer.* He telegraphed to us that hostilities had commenced between the Russians and Turks. Then the Albion passed with her two steamers; then the French vessels set out, and left us to our solitary tacks; so my visions of entering the Bosphorus in processional array are quite baffled. We came to an anchor about half-way between the Seven Towers and Seraglio Point at two o'clock. The French ships had also anchored. Our two steamers returned for us, but too late for a daylight ascent of the Bosphorus. We hear that the Turks have already

* Alas! her destinies were not confined to peaceful seas.

had a successful skirmish on the north of the Danube. I had plenty of leisure for contemplating the southern range of the city, and its now familiar cupolas. No part of this landscape can ever pall upon any one. In the evening I went down to the midshipmen, who gave me good punch and good songs. They are a fine set of youths, generally speaking. Altogether it seems a highly vocal ship, and the crew at Christmas intend to act — what does my reader guess? — Macbeth!

November 2nd. — We started at daylight, and I was ready on deck to miss no portion of the transcendent passage. The morning was squally and dingy, and we were four hours and a half accomplishing the eleven or twelve miles to Beikos Bay. However, bright lights are more necessary for first impressions, than when one knows where to find each successive beauty. I landed in the afternoon, and was in some dismay at first to find that the hotel at Therapia was still quite full. I hardly liked to recur to my late quarters in the village, where I probably caught my small-pox; but I finally got a room at the hotel, through a kind arrangement of the American minister's. I was happy in the evening to see Dr. Sandwith and the Skenes once again.

November 3rd. — Called on Lord Stratford; found

him most cordial and friendly, and not, apparently, at all the worse for the wear and tear of the long summer diplomacy. Rumours are very rife from the seat of war, for war there actually is both on the European and Asiatic frontiers, and the Turks appear to have been successful in skirmishes on both points. Our Admiral, and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robartes, are staying at the hotel, and we lead the life of a pleasant country-house.

November 4th.—We organised a ride with a party of twelve, comprising three ladies — Mrs. Robartes, and two of the Miss Sarrells. Captain Borlase was our principal leader: as his business is to instruct the Turks in gunnery, their Sabbath, Friday, always gives him a holiday; he is a very honest and single-hearted man. Our ride was very beautiful and successful; we reached the Black Sea at Kelos, scampered along the sands, stopped for our luncheon at the "valley of pigs," or, perhaps we may call it, "wild boars:" we were stretched for an hour on the grass, which speaks well for what a fine November day may be on the Bosphorus. Our way back led us through the steep slants and chesnut glades of the Forest of Belgrade, and we particularly noticed the house where Lady Mary Wortley had lived. I, with the Admiral's party, dined at the Embassy.

November 5th. — I would not lose one of these unclouded days, and I also felt uncertain how many more I should have for seeing anything I had yet omitted; so I took again the excellent horse I got at M. Lapierre's hotel: the usual guide was not in the way, so I had to pick up another to convoy me to Justinian's Aqueduct, who was not perfectly competent for the office, as we lost our way twice in the outskirts of Belgrade; but we arrived in due time at the village of Pyrgo, from the brow of which there is a view of a valley, which looked as green as if it was in a cleft of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, and on either side were large aqueducts: that of Justinian is a noble span, but its look of antiquity has been ruthlessly impaired by a thorough white-washing. As we rode through one of the villages from which the Turkish inhabitants have disappeared, my companion chimed in with the universal view of the rapid decay of their numbers. He gives them from twenty-five to forty years before, without the help of war or violence, they would entirely vanish from the land. He pourtrayed their demoralisation in very emphatic terms. The day was thoroughly lovely. After dinner I visited the Admiral, who has transferred himself to the Furious steamer, and Mrs. Sarrell. A new note of pacification has arrived from England.

It is apprehended that it may be rather late in the day.

November 6th.—I set off at half-past six in the steamer for Constantinople. I was anxious not to miss the first opportunity of taking the Sacrament since my recovery. The excellent chaplain, Mr. Blakiston, agreed to come with me to Jerusalem. The Bosphorus looked very radiant, both by sunrise and sunset. From some distance off the shores, there is almost a danger of admiring the palaces and kiosks of Sultans and Pashas too much; they seem so light and glittering: but near the land they rather look as if built of cards. There is a very conspicuous one of stone, with a garden and kiosk, which has been for some time building for Reschid Pasha, adjoining his present residence. This house and strip of land, I am told, the Sultan has just bought from him for 200,000*l.* sterling, and immediately afterwards he bestowed it upon Reschid's son, who is about to marry one of the Sultanas. This, with us, would be reckoned a curious transaction between the sovereign and foreign secretary of state, and even here, at a time when money is so grievously wanted to supply the expenses of the campaign, excites very censorious comment. I dined with the Admiral on board the Furious; there were the French Admiral,

some of our Captains, and Mr. and Mrs. Robartes. Drank tea with the Skenes.

November 7th. — At ten I accompanied the Admiral on his visit to the Captain Pasha. We went rather in state with five barges, and I wore for the first time on this journey my Lord-Lieutenant's uniform. The Captain Pasha received us on board his immense flag-ship, the Mahmudieh. We had all the usual courtesies of pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats; but nothing in the world resembles another so much as a visit to Pashas. The other two Turkish Admirals joined us; but we observed that though pipes were handed to them, they did not venture to smoke them, I suppose without being asked by the Captain Pasha. He is a large full-blown-looking man, as if very capable of being a sort of Blue-beard. The crew exhibited the working of the guns, and our naval men thought they went through it admirably, with so much activity and quiet. Captain Borlase says, he found it the most difficult point of all to enforce silence. I walked in the Sultan's garden with a large party of Sarrells; the pines and cypresses are very beautiful. The place belonged formerly to one of the Soutzos. I hear that in the mosques last Friday a firman was read giving to the Sultan the title of Gazi, which is assigned to all those sultans who make war against

the infidel. Abdul Medjid has announced his intention of going to Adrianople to take the field himself—in the spring, which sounds rather a long adjournment of his Gazi-hood. The remainder of the English and French squadrons are to come up immediately.

November 8th.—I went to Constantinople by the morning steamer; had a Turkish bath at Galata, luncheon with Dr. Sandwith. I met Mr. Berkeley there; I think him a most intelligent and pleasing person: he gives a good account of the Black Sea coal mines he is working for the Turkish government; but just now he is engaged upon a matter of still more public moment, though it is one of private speculation, that is, a project of connecting the Danube and the Black Sea over the narrowest neck of the intervening land, where the distance would only be about thirty-six miles, and would be accomplished by a railway of about twelve miles, and a channel through some natural lakes for the remainder. A canal for the whole distance has been often projected, and has been falsely assumed to have been executed by Trajan. It is said that the making of the canal has hitherto been arrested by copious disbursements from Russia; but I believe that the difference of level between the sea and river would interpose more permanent obstacles. It is impos-

sible not to feel hearty good wishes for the success of this project: it would almost totally supersede the difficulty about the Sulina mouth of the Danube, which must always exist even if perfect fair play was observed; and few matters can have more direct bearings upon the general interests of European commerce. It is an important point for our consideration at the present moment, that the largest portion of our direct importations into the Turkish dominions are consumed in the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. I returned on a very crowded steam-boat; dined at the Embassy. I thought Lord Stratford seemed to contemplate the possibility of a pacific solution more hopefully than usual. The weather for the last day or two has become cold again; calling to-day on Madame Baltazzi, I found her with the first fire I had seen since I left England.

November 9th.—I paid another state visit with the Admiral to the other Turkish Admirals, Achmet and Mustapha Pashas, whom I had visited during my previous residence here. As the day was fine, the departure of our barges from the ships, under salutes loudly echoed from the craggy shores, with the bands on deck playing "God save the Queen," makes a spectacle both pretty and suggestive. I walked to

the fine view of the Bosphorus from the Pera road; Mr. and Mrs. Robartes and I dined on board the Albion. Two miles by water is a long way to go to dinner, but we had a smooth surface and moonlight.

November 10th.—At nine I accompanied the Admiral and Mr. and Mrs. Robartes on board the Spitfire steamer, which is employed on the service of the nautical survey of these seas under Captain Spratt, a very intelligent officer. The wind had changed to the south, which was most propitious for the arrival of the fleets. We proceeded as far as the Seraglio Point, and met the Britannia and Bellerophon in the Bosphorus, and had a distant view of the Trafalgar; they had a very majestic appearance, with their attendant steamers. We then turned and went as far as the entrance of the Black Sea. I see plainly that at the entrance of the Bosphorus from the north the country is far from being pretty; so I do not wonder at the slight feeling of disappointment upon my first arrival. The change of wind brought rain. I dined with the Admiral and a quiet party on board the Furious.

November 11th.—The weather has become very cold, and we are particularly susceptible to it in our loose-windowed hotel, without stoves or fire-places.

We do as best we may with brasiers of charcoal. The afternoon was clear, and I walked to the kiosk in the Valley of Gulhanè, or Valley of Roses, above Buyukdère; it gave its name to the famous Hatti Scheriff. It is a rich alluvial strip between picturesque hills, with fine glimpses of the Bosphorus; it contains the Chesnut Fountain, so called from its encircling trees. I dined again on board the Furious.

November 12th. — The French and English fleets continue to arrive by instalments. It was too gusty to walk; still I went to dine on board the Britannia, two miles off in the Bosphorus: the Admiral has transferred himself thither and re-hoisted his flag. I was to have waited for the chance of one of his steamers calling at Athens; but, as they may be wanted for some Black Sea service, I shall go by the less precarious conveyance of the Austrian packet on Monday. The row back to shore in very smart rain helped to make me think it was time to get nearer to southern suns.

November 13th. — Once more on the Britannia for service, and probably I shall not be soon again in that ocean home of mine. What excessive kindness I have experienced within its stout old timbers! Mr. Fox, the chaplain, gave for my closing im-

pression an excellent sermon. On my return I walked in the gardens of the Palace of France, which are very handsome, particularly a terrace under spreading pines, with a commanding view of the Bosphorus, now studded with the combined ships of four noble squadrons, the Turkish, Egyptian, French and English, about twenty-seven sail of the line, with numerous steamers. The English and French fleets have all arrived; at present the French have nine, we only seven sail of the line; but we expect some powerful reinforcements. Some one proposed that, for the amusement of the inhabitants of Therapia, the two fleets should vary the long period of suspense by an engagement with each other. The lengthened line of their peaceful array is very imposing. I dined at the hotel, after a long disuse, and went to take another last leave of the Skenes.

November 14*th.* — Went down the Bosphorus in the Furious as far as Constantinople. After the chilly squalls of the last few days, I was glad that to my parting glance the gay shores glittered in sunshine. I called on Lord Stratford at his house in Pera, whither he has come for a few days. M. Lacour has just been recalled, to give place to General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who it is said is to be

accompanied by a train of twenty-seven officers. I saw some letters from Englishmen, eye-witnesses of the recent combat at Oltenitza. Both sides had fought very hard; the Turks had displayed great gallantry: they were about 3000 against 12,000 Russians, whom they entirely drove off. It is true that the Turks were behind intrenchments; they have, however, undoubtedly opened the campaign very successfully. Several very faithful friends accompanied me to the steamer Imperatrice. We have very few passengers; my acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Epaminondas Baltazzi are among the number.

November 15th.—At daylight off Gallipoli. The Dardanelles, the shores of the Chersonese and Troad, have become nearly as familiar to me as the avenues of Castle Howard. It seemed unnatural to see Besika Bay without a ship in its roads, or a booth upon its shores; all was gone but the tomb of Œsietes and the peak of Ida: —

> "All, save immortal dreams that could beguile
> The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."
>
> *Bride of Abydos.*

Neptune's old seat at Samothrace was covered with snow. We had a moonlight view of the little harbour of Mitylene, which hardly let us distinguish its layers of olive groves. The weather was so changed

that I found it very agreeable to stand or sit on deck during our passage up the Gulf of Smyrna, till we cast anchor before the town at one in the morning.

November 16th.—I feel that it is a sort of fatality which is constantly bringing me to Smyrna. I had become familiar enough with some of its hospitable residents to pay five visits, and eat two luncheons. I did not avail myself of an invitation from Black John, the Armenian dragoman, to visit Yani Katergi, who has been captured at last. Some of the Greeks are said to exhibit great sympathy with him: people seemed to be allowed to visit and converse with him, and there is no expectation of his meeting with the capital punishment which he so amply deserves. The weather was quite warm, but ice had been seen even here a few days ago.

We set off at sunset; and I am now, for a time at least, leaving the Turkish waters. I am tempted to throw back a momentary glance on the remarkable Empire which they bathe, at this portentous moment of its fortunes. Even independently of the direct alliance which now unites it with our own country and with the civilisation of Europe, and which makes their quarrel one, we must necessarily admire the high and even heroic spirit with which the Turkish rulers and people have now thrown themselves upon

the issue with that enormous Power, which, reckoned sufficiently colossal by the rest of Europe, must have tenfold threatening proportions for them. Moreover, in this fearful struggle which they have thus not shrunk from encountering, it is impossible not to admit that the justice of the cause is wholly on their side. In giving this opinion, I do not so much allude to the actual propositions of Prince Mentchikoff, for which in the outset some plausible and even some substantial grounds might be alleged; on the contrary, I do not think it well for any Christian state to leave its co-religionists to the uncovenanted forbearance of Mussulman rulers; but the just condemnation of Russia lies here, that in the course of the long subsequent negotiations and proceedings, both Turkey and Europe have given, and are still giving her abundant opportunities for preserving, with honour and advantage to herself, the peace of the world, but which in the obstinacy of her pride she has slighted and set at nought. At the same time, while our sympathy, our admiration, and our conscience are thus co-enlisted on the side of Turkey, I think that no calm observer should be misled either respecting her present condition or her probable prospects; and this not with the view to what may be required of us in immediate action, but in order

to make us cautious in calculating upon remote results, or in entering into new and inapplicable guarantees.

Among the lower orders of the people, there is considerable simplicity and loyalty of character, and a fair disposition to be obliging and friendly. Among those who emerge from the mass, and have the opportunities of helping themselves to the good things of the world, the exceptions from thorough-paced corruption and extortion are most rare; and in the whole conduct of public business and routine of official life, under much apparent courtesy and undeviating good breeding, a spirit of servility, detraction, and vindictiveness appears constantly at work. The bulk of the people is incredibly uninformed and ignorant: I am told that now they fully believe that the French and English fleets have come in the pay of the Sultan; and when the Austrian special mission of Count Leiningen arrived in the early part of this year, and led, by the way, to much of what has since occurred, they were persuaded that its object was to obtain the permission of the Sultan for the young Emperor to wear his crown. Upon the state of morals I debar myself from entering. Perhaps the most fatal, if not the most faulty bar to national progress, is the incurable indolence

which pervades every class alike, from the Pasha, puffing his perfumed narghilé in his latticed kiosk on the Bosphorus, to the man in the ragged turban who sits cross-legged with his unadorned tchibouque in front of a mouldy coffee-shop in the meanest village. In fact, the conversation of every man whom I meet, who is well-informed on the state of the population, with very few exceptions, might be taken down as an illustration, often very unconsciously on their part, of the sense usually assigned to the prediction in the Apocalypse of the waters of the Euphrates being dried up. On the continent, in the islands, it is the Greek peasant who works, and thrives; the Turk reclines, smokes his pipe, and decays. The Greek village increases its population, and teems with children; in the Turkish village you find roofless walls and crumbling mosques. Statesmen who do not see these matters with their own eyes, if told of the rotten state of the Ottoman Empire, are apt to say, they do not at all perceive that: — this Prussian General inspected their army the other day, and was highly pleased with its efficiency; this English Captain went on board their fleet, and saw them work their guns, and said that it could not be better done in any English ship. Their military

hospitals are perfect models of arrangement and good order. I believe all this to be true, and I can well conceive that in one or two campaigns, on a first great outburst, the Turks might be victorious over their Russian opponents; but, when you leave the partial splendours of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favoured beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilisation? Look yourself—ask those who live there—deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people.

November 7th.—We anchored early at Syra, in the dominions of Otho. Here we remained twelve hours in quarantine, which, with the subsequent night voyage, discharges us from any at Athens. It is always tantalising not to be allowed to land at a new place, though there may not be very much to invite it. Here is a well-shaped conical hill, capped with a church and a separate portion of the town belonging to the Roman Catholic Greeks; between whom and those of the regular or orthodox Greek Church, forming of course by far the large majority, there is so much reciprocal aversion that they try to live as

separately as possible. Two Austrian, two English, one Turkish steamer, were in the small port. At the beginning of the Greek revolution, there were three houses here; it is now a populous, clean, and busy-looking town, and possesses 1500 merchant brigs. All around are "the clustering Cyclades." One of the most unpretending in appearance is Delos. In some respects the sight of these bare, insignificant, rocky patches, lowers the achievements of the old Grecian history to a series of paltry squabbles among jealous neighbours: but in others, it raises the idea of the race who have clothed their craggy surfaces and occasional shreds of verdure, with all the associations of unsurpassed heroism, and immortal song.

November 18th.—I came twice on the deck out of my berth to hail the point of Sunium, or Cape Colonna, like the Greek sailors of old.

γενοίμαν
ἵν' ὑλᾶεν ἔπεστι πόντου
πρόβλημ' ἁλίκλυστον, ἄκραν
ὑπὸ πλάκα Σουνίου,
τὰς ἱερὰς ὅπως προσεί-
-ποιμ' ἂν Ἀθάνας.

Αἰάς, 1217.*

* "O could I climb the woody steep,
That hangs incumbent o'er the deep,
From Sunium's cliff by waves for ever beat!

However, the Dalmatian sailors do not observe the same ceremony, and I could neither make them understand me, nor point out the right headland. Still, I saw the sun rise bright and clear upon the Piræus; the water was blue and still, and the whole renowned panorama clear and vivid in the young warm ray: Salamis just beyond the azure stripe of sea, then Mount Parnes, then Pontelicus, then Hymettus, with the Acropolis just visible beneath. We were set free from our quarantine at ten, and I drove up to Athens, having contrived to have no one with me, which I always consider very essential for first approaches. I was first struck with the civilisation of the road: I had not seen such an one since England. There was a more complete disjunction between the port and capital than I had been prepared for; the distance is about six miles, which I ought to have known; I suppose that the ever-running parallel which is kept up between Athens and Edinburgh, and of which the main features are evident at a glance, had put Leith Road into my head. The general surface of

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Thence should my eye the lovely prospect greet,
And smile on sacred Athens rising at my feet."

FRANKLIN.

I do not know which is the worst, the geography or the poetry.

the country has certainly a very arid aspect; but one passes through some olives and vines. The new town looks rather like a large village after Constantinople, but there are side pavements, and European-looking uniforms. I called on our minister, my old friend Mr. Wyse, who laid friendly force on me, and made me promise to come to take up my abode in his house to-morrow; I thought one night was due to the expectation I must have excited at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I took a long walk with Mr. Wyse; and even Athens could not require a more accomplished Cicerone, which is no mean panegyric. We first went over some of the modern town, which with its wide spaces for streets, and scattered white houses, put me much in mind of one of the new cities in the United States; much building is now going on, but the greater portion of the funds are sent from abroad; the Emperor of Russia makes considerable contributions to the churches, and there is a tendency among many of the Greek name to treat Athens as a sort of Mecca, and help to adorn it. This is a feeling one approves. The town of the Turkish times resembles other Turkish towns, with its narrow alleys and jutting angles; and since the revolution, a number of Albanian settlers have been allowed to encumber in a

very unsightly manner the bases of the Acropolis. There seems to be a laudable affluence of academic institutions, and the new university has a very creditable appearance. The king's new palace is a most staring, ugly, browless-looking building. It is a blessed transition to the ruins of antiquity. We passed in succession Hadrian's arch, the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilyssus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the theatre of Bacchus, the portico of the Furies, the theatre of Herodes Atticus, the Areopagus, the temple of Theseus; — reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer sky. I have threaded all these pregnant names together, as the object of the day was rather to make a general survey, than a more special study of separate beauties and glories. What is admirable and wonderful is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other, with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea, all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to Æschylus and Sophocles, to

the Agamemnon, or the Œdipus; as when St. Paul stood on the topmost stone of yon Hill of Mars, and, while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed with the words of a power to which not even Pericles could ever have attained, the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the Theseum below, and the Parthenon above him. It seems to have been well that "art and man's device" should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory.

November 19th.—I left the hotel, which is a well-built and well-placed house, and transferred myself to most comfortable quarters, with Mr. Wyse. His house is excellent, and has a very pretty marble staircase. Mr. Finlay called upon me; the appropriation of his garden was one of our long-pending Greek controversies; he says, that the modern Greeks wholly ignore (I beg pardon for the use of the word) the whole period from Alexander the

Great to Lord Palmerston, which is an appropriate complaint from a historian of mediæval Greece. I walked to-day with Mr. Wyse, first to inspect the collection of fragments of sculpture collected in the interior of the temple of Theseus; some have interest, and many of them beauty; among the former there is especially a very curious representation of a warrior in rather flat relief, of the size of life, discovered not long ago near Marathon, which has the most striking resemblance to the Assyrian figures from Nineveh; the cut of the beard is the same; the features of the face have rather more of a Grecian cast. We then went to the site of the Pnyx, or at least its generally reputed site, for Stuart thought it was a theatre; and Valckær recently contends for its being a temple, and assigns the spot supposed to be the Βημα, or tribune, where the orator stood, for an altar. It seems, however, to answer all the conditions of the classical hustings, with the Agora, where it was known to have been placed, beneath it; a sufficient platform for the audience; and a commanding station for the speaker, with the Propylæa of the Acropolis just opposite for Demosthenes to address.* It is said that the old

* He twice couples the Propylæa with the Parthenon, as if pointing to them. Προπύλαια ταῦτα, ὁ παρθενών — "These Propylæa or vestibules, the Parthenon," &c.

place of assembly was on a still higher ridge, from which the sea and Salamis were visible, but was removed lower down in the time of the Thirty Tyrants, to prevent the appeals which were constantly made to the scenes of past glories. We then went to the height on which the monument to Philopappus stands, in which a more Romanising architecture becomes visible, and returned under the rock of the Acropolis. We had still desisted from entering it, as the day, though warm and soft, was dark and lowering. The thermometer was at 65°, which is pretty well for a cloudy November day. Mr. Hill dined with us, the English Chaplain here, and an American by birth, which cannot be a common combination. He and his wife have effected great good in the education of girls: his conversation is very pleasant and intelligent. We had also a very well-conditioned attaché to the legation, a son of Dr. Locock.

November 20th.—I went to the English church; it is of rather a bald Gothic; I think it must have inevitably suggested itself to the accomplished architect, Mr. Cockerell, whether it would not have been more in keeping to have adopted a Grecian, or at least a Byzantine form: the interior is very pleasing, and the service was agreeably performed by Mr. Hill. My walk in the afternoon with Mr. Wyse comprised,

first, the new Greek cathedral, which is now in progress of erection; it will be a handsome and stately building, after good Byzantine models: the decorative portions and columns are either in Pentelic, Hymettian, or Parian marble. The old cathedral stands hard by, a very lowly and modest tenement of probably the tenth or eleventh century: several old Greek fragments and bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls. Great exertions are being made on every side in the erection or repair of churches. We went on to the Temple of the Winds; the sculpture is but coarse; then to the gate of the new Agora, of rather graceful Doric in the time of Augustus; and to the portico of Hadrian, where there is another collection of ancient fragments. Nothing can exceed the neglected and squalid condition of these interesting buildings; the Temple of the Winds was undergoing a systematic pelting from the ingenuous boyhood of Athens. It can hardly have been worse in Turkish times, and it certainly continues to afford the best justification to Lord Elgin. Here has been another day without seeing the Parthenon, but the sky has been very dingy. Two English officers from Corfu dined with us.

November 21st.—I called on Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who showed me over their school. They have now

about 300 girls; the larger portion belong to the poorer classes, but there are some of the wealthier, who are taught French and English, as well as Greek. Almost all seemed intelligent and lively, and their eagerness for instruction is described as most remarkable. Formerly, the same number of boys were admitted, but after the opening of several excellent schools by the Government, the Hills thought that they should act most usefully in confining themselves to girls. Mrs. Hill appeared to be a person of as much single and fresh-minded benevolence as I have ever met. They came to Athens in 1830; at that period there were not 1000 inhabitants, and not a single dwelling which could be called a house: yet in a few days they had about ninety scholars, and have gone on ever since. The population is now about 28,000, and even the modern town is on the whole fair to view. I do not wish to form premature judgments, but there seems to be much in the body of the people themselves to encourage hope for the future, if they could have fair play and good government. Mr. Hill has a comparatively favourable opinion of the Greek Church; they give direct encouragement to the reading of the Scriptures, and he knows some of their bishops to be both excellent and highly learned men; he especially mentioned

the Archbishop of Patras, who is designated to be Archbishop of Athens and Metropolitan of Greece. They have never been molested in their proceedings but once, when the ultra-Russian party raised a cry against them for attempting to proselytise: a commission of Greek bishops was appointed, at Mr. Hill's own request, to inquire into the charge, which was completely disproved. I called on Mr. Finlay, who has a very good library: he gave an interesting account of Lord Byron, with whom he had lived much just before his last illness. It was an afternoon of confirmed rain, and I appropriately devoted it to the Clouds of Aristophanes, the Παρθένοι ὀμβροφόροι.* Mr. Finlay dined with us. He and Mr. Wyse flow congenially together, on topics of history and art.

November 22nd.—I at last accomplished the Acropolis. Mr. Wyse could not come with me, but consigned me to the charge of M. Pittakys, the director of antiquities, who showed and explained the whole sacred site, in the most obliging and thoroughly competent manner. One sees, indeed, that it is a labour of love with him; he spends part of every day on the spot, and he has done very much in clearing the ground, and classifying the fragments. It does not rest with him that a great deal more is not

* Shower-laden maids.

done, and he is very intent on having some unostentatious building erected for a museum on the spot. To him, among many other things, are due the opening of the way under the Propylæa, and the absolute discovery of the temple of Victory "without wings." A gateway immediately opposite to the centre of the Propylæa has recently been brought to light by the excavations made by a French gentleman, but this is confidently set down to 400 years after Christ. Concerning the general effect of the whole, with which I alone pretend to deal, everything is most imposing, everything most beautiful. The approach through the five-fold depth of the columns of the Propylæa is august in the highest degree; the triple divisions of the Erectheum are full of the most delicate grace; the temple of the unwinged Victory is exquisitely small; but of course all emotion and glory are concentrated in the Parthenon. This is the building in which no human being has yet been able to discover a fault, but in which, on the contrary, every new year is discovering unsuspected wonders of skill and harmonies of combination. Into these, as I need not again intimate, I dare not enter: how the spans of the shaft and how the spaces of the intercolumniation differ in order to produce the effect of agreement; how the predominance of convex lines makes the whole

building look larger than it really is, from distant points of view, while the non-observance of the same laws at the Bavarian Valhalla, make it, and all other copies of the original, look smaller than they really are: but here you have the temple of Pericles and his Phidias, shattered, defaced, stripped,—by Goth, by Venetian, by Turk, by earthquake, by time, by Lord Elgin,—still serene in its indestructible beauty; still giving the model and the law to every clime and every age. Then from the front of this faultless edifice comes in Lord Byron's sunset view, which, as I am sure I could not improve upon, I leave alone; I think it, perhaps, the most glorious passage of his many-chorded lyre. I had not yet the advantage of seeing the spot under its appropriate and customary sky and sunshine; it was a brown mild day of English autumn. Ever since I have looked at the Acropolis, I have wished for the removal of the high square tower, the mediæval work of one of its Italian rulers: I found M. Pittakys quite concurred in this wish: Mr. Wyse does not, as he thinks the shape picturesque in itself, and that all monuments of progressive history are interesting: I should subscribe to this last view as touching most sites, but not the sacred hill. Mr. Wyse's sister-in-law and niece returned from a tour in the Ionian islands, with

another lady, Miss Murray. They add much to the attractions of his luxurious home.

November 23rd.—I walked after breakfast to the top of Mount Anchesmus, as I mean to call it, with the sanction of M. Pittakys, and not Mount Lycabetus; this is what in the parallel with Edinburgh answers to Arthur's Seat, but here the Scottish hill has the advantage. I descended to the Ilissus, walked some way in its bed, which even after some copious rains was a perfectly dry channel, and returned by Callirhoe. We attempted to ride after luncheon with the ladies, but the rain drove us back. General Church dined with us: he is a chivalrous old soldier, and mourns over the spoiled fortunes of Greece. He thinks well, on the whole, of the people themselves, if they had been allowed fair play. Mrs. Wyse amused me by telling how seriously she had affronted a gentleman of Cephalonia, by imagining that his island had belonged to Ulysses in common with Ithaca: no; Ulysses had taken charge of the troops at Troy, but the island was entirely independent of his government.

November 24th.—We had a better sun to-day than I had yet seen. I walked in the morning to the hill of Philopappus; we all rode in the afternoon to Daphne, six miles on the Sacred Way to Eleusis: it

was the site of temples to Apollo and Venus. There is now a curious church in which the Greek and Latin architecture are blended: there is a gigantic head of our Saviour in mosaic within the roof of the cupola; and on one of the sides there are the tombs of some Dukes of Athens, of the family of Delaroche. The views were very lovely, but we contrived to miss the sunset on the Acropolis. The Prussian, Austrian, and Turkish Ministers dined with us, and a few people came after dinner. I thought one or two of the Greek ladies pretty, and quite unaffected in manner. Those who wish to be well with the Court do not come to our Minister's house.

November 25th. — We had destined to-day for Eleusis, but it rained almost continually. I believe I have arrived for the one rainy week of the year at Athens.

November 26th. — We accomplished Eleusis to-day; we set off soon after ten, and divided the distance of twelve miles between riding and driving. The descent on the Bay of Eleusis and the Thriasian plain is very striking. I was glad to find that the description of the site I had given a long time ago in my Oxford prize poem was remarkably accurate. There are few actual remains, except some large fragments of broken columns; and it is a peculiarity

of those on the precise spot of the temple of Ceres that they belong to both the Doric and Ionic orders. There must be much interesting scope for excavation here; the rocky hill of the Acropolis immediately adjoining must probably have many subterranean facilities for the processes of initiation. Our luncheon was put out on the broad base of a marble pillar; and during that unmystic ceremony we were surrounded by a large portion of the youth of Eleusis: they are mainly of Albanian descent. This cradle of agriculture did not seem more carefully cultivated than most other portions of the Greek territory. The day was not positively bad, but dingy and grey, and did not show off Mounts Cithæron and Geranion in their best lights. In the evening I went with the ladies and Mr. Wyse to the opera. The King and Queen, who go on most nights, were in the opposite box: he wears the Greek dress; she is very well-looking,—has become rather large of late. The house was pretty full, with a good many officers in the stalls. The piece was the "Attila" of Verdi; the artists tolerable.

November 27th.—Went to church. Mr. Blakiston, the chaplain at Constantinople, preached. In the afternoon there is a sort of parade, where a military band plays, and there is some gathering of people;

and the King and Queen come on horseback, and ride once or twice round the ring, which I thought they did very gracefully. She is famous for her hard riding, and has been known to kill her horses in some of her long expeditions. I walked with Mr. Wyse to Colonus, and we stood at twilight on its modest hill. The wild thyme smelt as sweet as any of the gaudier flowers which Sophocles describes as adorning the spot in the most engaging of his choruses*; the vineyards and olive grounds immediately below formed

"The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement."—*Paradise Regained.*

November 28th. — We made an expedition to Marathon: Mr. and Miss Wyse, Miss Murray, Mr. Locock, and I. We started a little before seven; drove to Kephisia, a village rather prettily placed among olive gardens near the source of the Cephisus, ten miles off. There we all mounted horses, and rode the twelve miles further to Marathon. The descent upon Urana, the village which is generally thought to be the ancient Marathon, and not the modern Marathona, is most striking, both from actual beauty of scenery as well as from preciousness of recollections. There is a sudden turn among the

* Œd. Col. 668.

spurs of Pentelicus, which gives you the sea, the long and varied line of Eubœa, some tributary isles beyond, some well-formed pine-clad slopes in the foreground, and at your feet the immortal plain. Topographers like Colonel Leake and Mr. Finlay have so well described the site, and Dr. Johnson has so condensed the sentiment of the scene, that there is nothing left to be said by others. The ground completely explains and illustrates the battle. It is now thought that there was not the amazing disparity of force which some accounts have claimed; probably about 22,000 Greeks to 46,000 Persians. The main cause which has made the victory such a turning point in the history of the world, was the previous awe attached to the Persian power and prowess. It was, on a larger scale, what Maida was in the last French war. Before Marathon, the Persians had conquered the Greeks in Ionia: if it had not been for Marathon, there would have been probably no Thermopylæ, Salamis, or Platæa. Persia was, in fact, the Russia of that day, looming so formidably in the distance, and found so brittle in the actual shock. The term of Μαραθωνομάχαι in Aristophanes shows the peculiar emphasis which was subsequently attached to this battle: it seems to have been used much as we might now talk of Peninsular veterans,—

στιπτοὶ γέροντες, πρίνινοι,
Ἀτεράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφενδάμνινοι.*
Achar. 181.

We had our luncheon—for one must eat even at Marathon—under some old olives; then rode to the mound which was the tomb of the 192 Greeks, near the sea, in the centre of the fight, and returned by the Marathona road. Our horses did noble duty, for some of the ascents and descents both ways are most precipitous, and increase the admiration for the rapid march home of the Athenians after the battle. We reached Kephisia at six, after some quick galloping in the dark, and Athens just before eight.

November 29th.—A post came from England. I had some sorrowful family intelligence, and was glad to take a solitary walk about the Acropolis. The skies are still uninterruptedly grey, and thus far I cannot confirm the accounts of all the modern residents of Athens, as well as Euripides,

. . . . αἰεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἀέρῶς αἰθέρος.†
Medea.

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* "Chips of the holm oak, or the sturdy maple,
Fit subjects for a fight at Marathon."—MITCHELL.

† "The purest air delighted breathe,
The clearest skies beneath."—POTTER.

But no hues can come amiss to the Parthenon or Propylæa.

November 30*th.*—We set off at eight on an expedition to Phylæ, going five miles in a carriage to the foot of the hills, and riding the other nine. We first halted at the convent under the most precipitous rocks of the pass, where Mr. and Miss Wyse sketched. We found here two or three friars, and a shaggy-looking man, whom our guide, the popular Yani, knew to be a brigand: he had come there to confess, and I believe to induce the friars to obtain his pardon from the Government. We then went on to the fortress of great renown, where Thrasybulus and his seventy held out against all the power of the Thirty Tyrants. The masonry springing out of the clefted rocks is still admirable; the position on its steep eyrie above the converging gorges most striking; the distant view of the Acropolis, the islands, and the sea, ought also to have looked beautiful, but the persevering moist grey atmosphere is still as faithful a transcript of Scotland as the other features of the scenery. I am every day more impressed with this resemblance: you have only to substitute the olive for the birch, and the arbutus, oleander, and cystus for the heather; but in these respects Scotland would hardly be the gainer

by the change with a view to picturesque effects. After taking our luncheon under the shelter of the fort, which was very necessary for us against the chilly breeze, we returned by a different road, still eminently picturesque, to our carriage, and reached Athens by five.

December 1*st.* — Violent rain all day. The Prussian and French legations, the Greek minister of war and his wife (Soutzos), and one or two more dined here, and more came in the evening; there was a little music. Among the Greeks, M. Pericles Argyropoulos and M. Dragoumi seem very intelligent and enlightened men.

December 2*nd.* — The day nearly as bad. It makes me get on better with Aristophanes than I should have done otherwise. I am now reading the Acharnians. General Church came in the evening.

December 3*rd.* — After luncheon it no longer rained, and I went with Mr. Wyse to the Acropolis. It was the first time that I had done so in his companionship, and no one can know or appreciate its beauties better. We dwelt particularly to-day on the figure of the winged Victory taking off her sandal, which is now placed in the temple of Victory "without wings;" but this and many other precious

fragments ought to be under some cover. It is plain, from the small holes made in the marble, that there were formerly many gold decorations connected with the drapery of the statues, as there were also clearly gilt or bronze ornaments, and coloured patterns in each soffit or panel of the roof of the temples generally. We heard in the evening of the arrival of the Wasp screw-ship, Captain Lord John Hay, from the Bosphorus, who will give me a lift as far as Alexandria.

December 4th.—At ten I went with Miss Murray for an hour before our service to the Russian church, where M. and Madame Persiany admitted us to their tribune. It is a small edifice, neatly fitted up; and the singing, for which we mainly went, is carefully and impressively executed. There is a more constant crossing of themselves by the priests than in the Latin ritual. The Emperor sends frequent assistance to the Greek churches. In the afternoon we went again to the parade, and afterwards walked in the Queen's garden, which is laid out with considerable care and taste, and must be very enjoyable. Few indeed must be the royal or imperial gardens which can boast of such a view: the columns of Jupiter Olympius look as if they belonged to it; the rock of the Acropolis rises in front; and the sea and Hymettus

bound the horizon. I do not wonder that Mr. Finlay thought that he ought to be properly paid for his portion of such a site; or that the Queen is reported to have said, when the King was on the verge of abdication in preference to signing the Constitution in 1843, that she could not give up such a palace and garden. Lord John Hay and General Church dined with us. Lord John represents the Turks as being in high spirits at the judicious manner in which Omer Pasha has conducted their short campaign, and very little disposed for any present accommodation.

December 5th. — Prepared for departure. I have accomplished the Clouds and Acharnians of Aristophanes during my Athenian residence. Perhaps it is rather a wholesome corrective for the undue admiration that might be inspired by the Propylæa and Parthenon, to see the coarse buffoonery which such a people relished, and to which such a genius stooped. One is frequently reminded of Molière. In the afternoon we took a home-ride by the three old harbours of Athens. The skies have not yet become clear, but there was a grand sunset effect of concentrated light on the Acropolis, against a very dark background. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, came in during the evening; he had been making a tour of some extent in the interior, but had

been very much impeded by the unusual rains. He had, however, been greatly delighted. We were in entire sympathy about the unparalleled associations clustered at Athens. The Athenian Senate has shown a rather unsuspected symptom of independence in refusing to elect the Court candidates for the office of Vice-Presidents.

December 6th. — This was my last day, during this present visit at least: I cannot resign the hope of renewing it for a short time in the more genial days of spring. We spent this last day not unworthily. Our ladies, Mr. Wyse, Lord John, and I, rode by Daphne, turned off the Eleusis road, and threaded the coast opposite Salamis back to the Piræus: what names to gather into a morning ride! we, of course, were on the whole track of the Persian battle. When we had selected a sheltered corner from the wind, we had a bright warm sun for our luncheon on the rock; and I was glad to feel how pleasantly one could bask during an Athenian December. After dinner Lord John and I left the more than hospitable and social fireside of our excellent and accomplished Minister, and embarked on board the Wasp at midnight.

I have barely adverted to the politics of modern Greece: during one fortnight, at least, ancient Hellas repels all other intrusion, and, truth to say,

there is but little attraction in the modern competitor for notice. I should also shrink from any direct references to those with whom I have conversed; I may, however, most truthfully sum up, from all that I have seen, or read, or heard among persons of different nations, stations, and principles, that the present Government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The Constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation are employed, — charges from which we Englishmen can, I fear, by no means make out an exemption, — the absence of the voters, who regard the whole process as a mockery, is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting-papers by the gens d'armerie,—a height of impudence to which we have not yet soared. Persons the most discredited by their characters and antecedents are forced on the reluctant constituencies, and even occasionally advanced to places of high trust and dignity. The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigour of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communications, ex-

cept in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, where they are good, are deplorable; the provinces—and here I can hardly except the neighbourhood of the capital—teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel: the public debt is not paid: an offer by a company of respectable individuals to institute a steam navigation, for which the seas and shores of Greece offer such innumerable facilities, was declined at the very period of my visit, because it was apprehended that it would be unpalatable to Austria. Bitter, indeed, is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once august and honored cause. Yet the feeling so natural to them, so difficult to avoid for us all, should still stop far short of despair. When it is remembered that, about twenty-three years ago, the only building at the Piræus was a small convent, and that at the same time there was not a single entire roof in Athens; and that we now find, at the harbour, noble wharves and substantial streets, and at the base of the Acropolis, not indeed a renewal of its elder glories, but what would be thought anywhere a fresh and comely city; — it would be impossible to deny either the possibility, or presence of progress: it is of deeper

importance, that, as I believe, there undoubtedly are solid materials for advance and improvement among the bulk of the Greek people themselves; their high intelligence no detractor could think of denying; they seem capable of patient and persevering industry; the zeal for education pierces to the very lowest ranks; many instances are known of young men and women coming to Athens, as I before had occasion to remark, and engaging in service for no other wages than the permission or opportunity to attend some place of instruction: and when an exception is made of the classes most exposed to contact with the abuses of government, and the frivolities of a society hurriedly forced into a premature and imperfect refinement, there is much of homely simplicity, cheerful temperance, and hearty good-will amidst the main body of the country population. The most essential element in thus forecasting the destinies of a people, is their religion: it is notorious that the religion of the modern Greeks is encumbered with very much both of ignorance and superstition: I believe that, in instituting a fair comparison of the Greek Church with her Latin sister, she must be acknowledged to lag behind her, in the activity and zeal which constitute the missionary character of a church, and in the spirit of association for purposes

of benevolence: but she possesses a superiority in two points, full of value and pregnant with promise; she has more tolerance towards other religious communities, and she encourages the perusal of the Holy Scriptures.

December 7th.—With day came something of a swell, which I felt more than anything since my landing at Calais. We passed Paros and Naxos under a gloomy sky, but with a fair wind, which is so far fortunate, as the captains of screws are under strict orders from the Admiralty not to use their coals unless in case of danger or emergency. Lord John's cabin is rather limited, but he makes me most comfortable.

December 8th.—We had to-day a bright soft sky, but scarcely any wind, so that we barely made two knots an hour. We came within sight of Asia, and of my old friend Rhodes, whither we are first bound to deliver a letter from the ambassador to Mr. Newton.

December 9th.—We landed in the morning at Rhodes, but the sea-born island of the Sun-God had but a sorry appearance, as it rained in torrents. What I minded more, Mr. Newton was away, having gone into the interior upon one of his usual antiquarian forays. My popular young friend, Blunt, re-

ceived us very cordially, and I went with him and Lord John to pay a visit to the Pasha; it was my third. He is certainly the most thoroughly pleasing and well-bred of all the Turks whom I have seen, and they are generally the reverse of deficient in these attributes. He was very full of the surprise of a portion of the Turkish fleet by a superior Russian naval force at Sinope, and he gave us an account of a Turkish steamer having forced her way through the Russian ships in order to carry the intelligence to Constantinople; her captain had declined to make the attempt, upon which the crew bound him, and the second in command occupied his place. We started again before dark, and had an extremely rough night. I believe there was even some little anxiety about our weathering the coast of Rhodes, on one of our tacks. Lord John is very indefatigable on deck; he is in all respects one of the finest fellows imaginable.

December 10*th.*—We were all day coasting the Lycian shore; it presents the usual front of grey precipice so universal in these seas, with occasionally a higher chain peering up behind. We must have passed the mouth of the Xanthus, and the sacred steep of Apollo at Patara (Patareus Apollo), but we were not near enough to distinguish minute features.

December 11*th.* — Our progress was very slow during the night; wind contrary, and the working of the screw affected by the badness of the coal procured at Athens. Prayers were read by the purser, who had been in the habit of doing it before Lord John came to the ship. After sunset we anchored in front of Adalia, on the shore of Pamphylia. Our vice-consul, Mr. Purdie, came off to us. The ship had been directed to put in here, as it is almost the only spot in the Turkish dominions (except some parts of Syria) where any disturbance has been heard of recently. Here it has arisen from the rise in the price of grain, and some attacks have been consequently made on the corn-merchants, of whom the Vice-consul is one; and he had at one time been laid hold of, and had found it necessary to leave the place for some little time. Another proof, this, how ill-assorted together are the consular and mercantile functions: however, unless the salaries of vice-consuls should be raised, it would be clearly impossible to find any competent and disinterested person willing to spend his days at Adalia, without any society whatever, with milk only to be had occasionally, and with no flesh for the table but that of goats. This seemed to be the epitome of "Life in Adalia." Some two hundred Turkish

troops had been landed two days before our arrival, who it was hoped would completely restore tranquillity.

December 12th.—I went twice on shore in the morning, the first time to take a walk before breakfast. The position of the place is very good; the line of travertine marble mountain that comes down to the western brink of the gulf, with the snow top of Mount Climax rising behind, is extremely beautiful: the town itself is highly picturesque, with different layers of old walls, fragments of marbles and columns imbedded in them, Roman-looking arches surmounted by Turkish cyphers; tumble-down houses, streets excessively steep, and worse-paved even than the usual Turkish type; streams of the purest water running through and over each of them; and, what is the most pleasant feature, a multitude of gardens, singularly ill-kept indeed, but blending the ilex, and fig, and vine, and orange, and sweet-lemon, in the softest and richest verdure. Such is the soil for a large circuit round, up to the base of the marble amphitheatre of mountains which branch from the great Taurus chain: and large quantities of grain are, and of course much larger might be, produced. There are remains of large substructions for an harbour, and one might easily be reconstituted,

which would be of singular benefit to the commerce of the region. The town has about 14,000 inhabitants. In short, Adalia might be a paradise, worthy of changing one letter of its name with its opposite neighbour in Cyprus, and becoming an Idalia; it is what has been already epitomised as "Life in Adalia." After we had given the Vice-consul breakfast on board, I accompanied him, Lord John, and some of the officers, in a procession, on some very well-looking horses, up the precipitous and irriguous streets to the konak, or residence of the Governor: we found him with a Commissioner just arrived from Constantinople, to inquire into the recent disorders; and Lord John was able to intimate sufficient confidence in their energy and judgment to render it unnecessary for his ship to stay any longer: the Commissioner seemed to have a great wish for a ship to go away in himself. We also paid a visit to two Judges; one of whom, a very intelligent man, had been Turkish Commissioner to the Great Exhibition in London; what seemed to have impressed him most was having dined with Lord Palmerston. We paid a third visit to the military commander. We left the Pamphylian shore in the afternoon; the climate appeared delicious.

December 13th.—To-day was cloudy, with a mo-

derate breeze in our favour. We had a very beautiful sunset, approaching more nearly to the richness and variety of the American sunsets than almost any I have yet seen in the East. Above were those thin streaks of cloud, too bright to be called rosy, too mellow to be called golden; below these was that clear space of green, so pale, so pure, so tender, as to make it, I think, the most peculiar tint of the whole heaven; and below this again, that lustrous saffron haze, which is nearest to the chambers of the parting orb. I hope to be excused; I will not be prodigal in sunsets in future. All these glories were followed by an awfully rolling sea at night, without much provocation from wind.

December 14*th.*—We went well along on a fine clear, breezy day, with Cyprus on our right and Cilicia on our left. It appears to me that the whole intermediate range of Pamphylian and Cilician coast, from the mouth of the Eurymedon, the scene of Cimon's victory, on to Tarsus, the "no mean city," is very deficient both in classical and historical associations. We have now the brilliancy of the full moon during the early part of the evening, but clouds and rain are apt to come on later; they hindered us to-night from making out the anchorage of Scanderoon, otherwise called Alexandretta.

December 15th—The morning continued so hazy, that they were unable to discover any town at all, and we first anchored opposite a fort about eight miles higher up in the gulf. We found afterwards that it was inhabited by a Turkish governor, who is himself at the head of the principal robbers by which the district is infested. The afternoon was extremely wet, and we did not land: our Vice-consul, Mr. Murphy, came to the ship; he has not been above two months at his post, which he looks upon, not apparently without reason, as the worst in the world. It is surrounded on all sides by a very unwholesome marsh, and there is no human being he can consort with. The place has only 500 inhabitants, but there is a very considerable amount of traffic, as it is the only real port on the whole coast of Syria; and is on the direct line from Aleppo to Smyrna and the rest of the world. A large export of grain takes place, especially to France. The troops are now entirely withdrawn, and there seems no reason why the robbers should not have the entire command of the country. Much alarm seems to be felt at Aleppo, which is a day's journey in the interior.

December 16th.—Mr. Murphy breakfasted with us, and we went on shore with him. There are four

or five stone houses, of which his is the best; and the ruins of an extensive English factory, standing naked in the midst of an oozy marsh. There are picturesque hills round the gulf, but we saw them under low and dingy skies. The only compensation for such a residence is the regular arrival of the French and Austrian steamers. We paid a visit to the Captain of a Turkish brig in the bay: he had the straightforward courtesy which is so common among Turkish authorities; he gave us tea, which I had never seen done before, besides the usual coffee, pipe, and sweetmeat. We set off in the afternoon.

December 17*th.*—Bright, soft day, along the Syrian coast. I must make this a rhymed entry.

Blow, gentle airs! but on your balmy wing
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,
No spicy buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,
No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,
Nor all the wealth that down Orontes' tide
With Syrian softness hardier climes supplied.*
Blow, gentle airs! on this fair eastern eve
With breath as holy as the land ye leave;
From Lebanon's peaks, from blue Gennesareth's shore,
On the worn heart divine refreshment pour;
From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,
Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast;

* "Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes."—Juv. III. 62.

And in the calm and brightness mirror'd here,
Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere.

December 18*th.* — At noon we anchored off Tripoli. It is well backed by one of the northern offshoots of the Lebanon range; the summits are now covered with snow. There is a smaller town, or Marina, close to the beach, at which we landed: the place was formerly a kind of triple colony, as its name denotes, from Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus. It acquired its chief prominence in the time of the Crusaders, and there are around a number of scattered forts of their period, though I fear they signalised themselves here rather by a genius for destruction than construction, as they are said to have burned the largest and most valuable collection of manuscripts in the East. We walked up to the main town, about a mile and a half off, much to the astonishment of our Vice-consul, a native of the place, who scarcely seemed able to imagine that we could prefer it to riding. We found it built with very narrow, picturesque streets, and strong-built stone houses, projecting and crenelated, and altogether of what we should consider a very mediæval cast. There were perfect thickets of orange and lemon trees in the gardens and suburbs. We called at the Vice-consul's, who lives in a house

which was once the palace of a Pasha; and I thought his reception-room almost the prettiest I had seen in the East, with a floor of variegated marble, porcelain walls, and a fountain in the centre. His wife only talked Arabic. They express great apprehension of some outburst of the Mussulmans against the Greek or Maronite Christians, especially if there should be any serious reverse of the Ottoman arms. All the troops have here, as everywhere else, been sent out of the country. I am told that generally there has not been much sympathy between the Arabs and Turks, but recent events have produced it. The women here entirely cover their faces, which is certainly far from being the case in Turkey, and the fashion extends even to the Christian women. We walked up to an old Castle of the Count of Toulouse, well-placed above the Kadesha, a mountain stream from the Lebanon. We got under way again at sunset.

December 19th.—At ten we arrived at Beyrout. I apprehended that I should find La Martine's description much over-colored, but I think the position very lovely. The weather, which they say had been very bad here of late, is now perfect. The high points of the Lebanon range look dazzlingly white under the clear blue sky, and all the length

of base, which is singularly picturesque from its many indentations and crevices, has a positive golden hue. All this, with the long line of calm, bright, purple sea, and the green of the many villas and gardens with which the slopes above the town are profusely studded, is both beautiful and very gay. It has the further and higher recommendation of being the only place I have yet seen in the Ottoman dominions, which exhibits the genuine signs of positive progress. Nothing is so difficult to arrive at as trustworthy Eastern statistics; the answers to any such inquiries show the widest flights of divergence; but I was told, by persons of apparent competence, that five years ago there were not above 12,000 inhabitants, and that there are now little short of 50,000. Trade and steam-boats have of course mainly effected this rapid rise, although the roadstead is by no means an eligible one. There seem to be no antiquities of interest, though the ancient Berytus was the seat of a flourishing school of jurisprudence under the Roman Empire. In the absence of our Consul, I found a brother of my friend Mr. Calvert acting as a substitute. He gave the information, which he had just received from Col. Rawlinson at Bagdad, that the Persians have declared war against the Turks at the urgent solicitation of Russia. Here is another

complication of the Eastern question. I called on Dr. Suguet, a French physician of reputation, whom I wished to consult on a matter of health. He is one of four medical men whom the French keep at different stations, to report on the sanitary condition of the annexed districts, with a view to the regulation of their quarantine. Surely this is a wise and considerate provision. In his wife's room I found a print of my friend Lady Lilford.

December 20th. — I landed early upon a lovely morning, and took a walk by myself. I found some delightful views, but missed the way to a pine grove described by La Martine. I always like to escape a guide if possible. I breakfasted at the hotel near the landing-place, which appeared to me a very pleasant one. We set off in the afternoon, and slowly receded under a very slight breeze from the beautiful shore. We here took in Abraham Pappi, a dragoman, much recommended to me for Eastern travel, and who has been waiting for me during nearly the whole period of my small-pox and convalescence.

December 21st. — The wind was favourable, but very light. I am afraid it was rather a disappointment to me, upon going on deck in the morning, to find the peaks of Lebanon, and even Mount Carmel

further down to the south, still in view. Some of the officers dined with the Captain; there are some agreeable men. As an indication of the warmer latitudes we are now in, the grate and chimney were removed from the cabin: the shortest day of the year seems a singular one for this proceeding. The sun set at a quarter before five. Both nights and days are very perfect, and we sit out late on deck without great-coat or cloak, listening to the very good fiddler, and the songs of the crew. I feel sure that the stars have a much brighter look.

December 22*nd.* — This day seemed precisely like the last; and as we were now quite beyond the sight of any land, there is nothing to record. I find much time for reading; and Lord John has a very well-chosen library. I have chiefly read in Rousseau, Mosheim, and Chalmers, and hope that the last two have been at least good counterpoises.

December 23*rd.* — The wind grew still lighter, and we did not get in sight of the African shore before dark, as we had rather expected. We had the remainder of the officers at dinner. Many songs from the crew at night.

December 24*th.* — The morning found us near the shore, but presented the novelty of a thick mist. Such was not, I imagine, that robe of the Nile with

which Virgil so sublimely enwraps him (for, in defiance of many high opinions, I think Virgil often could be sublime, as well as almost always perfect), when he represents him summoning back the scattered fleet of Actium into the folds of all his azure streams,

. . . . . "totâ veste vocantem
Cœruleum in gremium, latebrosaque flumina victos." *
Æn. VIII.

Can any reader translate *latebrosa* by a single word? However, soon after we had taken up our Arab pilot, the mist gradually melted into a day of the most transparent sunshine, and we steamed gently through the narrow channels of the harbour. The defences which line it appear very complete, and there was a look of much activity, from the number of ships and the scale of the establishments on shore. We are here, under that most absurd and besotted of all systems, put into quarantine for five days. The Consul, Mr. Green, came off to the ship in his boat, and gave us hopes that, under a recent precedent

* . . . . "Sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host."
DRYDEN.

with a French steamer, he could get us "pratique" very speedily; the attempt however failed. I believe we were thereby much wronged; for, though the French ship had touched at Cyprus in the interval, yet her bill of health, like ours, was from Beyrout. It is tantalising to lose precious time; but I feel I scarcely ought to repine, with such a summer sky over me on Christmas Eve, and with the still greater blessing of having found very delightful accounts from home.

Christmas Day.—Our service was held on the upper deck. At all events I might feel that I was celebrating this hallowed anniversary on Christian ground. I gave a turkey to each mess of twelve; but I fear the size of Egyptian poultry did not make this go far. Not a single case of drunkenness was reported, which is, I believe, very rare, and, I am sure, very creditable. It was a symptom of our present latitude that the ship's company reverted to white trowsers to-day.

December 26th.—Lord John and I met the Consul at the Parlatorio, or aperture at the Quarantine Station where conversation may be carried on. The English engineer of an Egyptian steamer, which has been captured and taken into Sebastopol, writes word that the Russians feed him very well. Another

Egyptian steamer was blown up by its crew at Sinope, to avoid capture; so I suppose the aforesaid English engineer must think the less glorious destiny by far the pleasanter. There was some little rain in the evening, to prove that there is such a thing in Egypt.

December 27th. — Another day of quarantine, but happily the last. We can only look at a beautiful yacht steamer just opposite to us, built in the Thames for the Pasha. It has been rather a dear purchase so far, as it cost about 100,000*l.*, and he has not been aboard of her yet. Two steamers went off to-day, with still more troops for Constantinople. More officers dined with us. One of the sailors afterwards repeated a whole play: they say he is son of a scene-shifter at the Victoria Theatre.

December 28th. — Our quarantine having happily come to an end, I left the Wasp with Lord John at ten. Kind and hospitable as my treatment has been on board of all her Majesty's ships, my experience would certainly incline me to advise any one who wished to travel with speed to rely upon the ordinary passage steamers. We found the Consul's carriage at the landing-place, and drove through a long street in the Turkish or Arab native quarter, with a smoother level, however, than in any eastern town I

have yet seen, and then emerged in the large Frank Square, which is really very handsome, and might belong to one of the large country-towns of France or Germany. In size and shape it rather resembles the Hippodrome of Constantinople. We stopped at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where they have given me the best apartment I have yet had during all my travels. We went on to the Consul, whose house is a very fine one, with a large marble staircase; he pays 250*l.* a-year for this, and justifies the splendour of his abode by the necessity of finding ample space for the large staff which the great and increasing business of the Consulate requires, and the great dearness of even the smallest premises in that part of the town where business is transacted. Everything here has become extremely dear; and this has been a marked consequence of the immense amount of exportation of every sort of article since the period of our free trade. The increase of trade, population, and building here is most rapid: they compute that the inhabitants must amount to 130,000, of whom from 25,000 to 30,000 may be Frank. This population is said to be double what it was ten years ago: at one time it is supposed to have fallen to 6000. It appears to me that it is the greatest resurrection of a place, once most conspicuous and

afterwards completely obscured, of which I can at this moment recall an example. In this instance, it would seem to have been primarily due to the vigorous though self-engrossed energy of one ruler, Mahomed Ali, and to be now sustained by the more solid and enduring influences of steamboats and the overland route. Egypt generally has materially advanced since the abolition of monopoly, and the virtual establishment of free trade by Lord Ponsonby's convention with the Porte; but of course this very advance contracts the Pasha's own power of competing advantageously with the merchants. Hence has probably arisen the recent prohibition to export grain; for so far is it from there being any real scarcity here, that the Pasha is supposed to hold the consumption of two or three years in his own stores. We drove to the Mahmudieh Canal, the capital work of Mahomed Ali, the usefulness of which even the railway, which the present Viceroy Abbas Pasha has happily allowed to be constructed, will not supersede. This railway ought to have been opened this month; but the Russian war, and the rise of Lake Mareotis two feet higher than was ever remembered, have delayed the completion. The sailors now sent to Constantinople were mainly employed on the railroad. The rules of labour seem

reversed here: the men knit, the women and children build the houses, and make the embankments. Our engineers brought out tools for their use, but found they got on much better by scraping with their hands. The dress of the women is singular: the hood or yashmak, over the lower half of the face, is connected with the part above by a long straight brass clasp, showing less of the whole face than at Constantinople, more than in Syria. The Frank or East end of Alexandria, which corresponds with the West end of London, looks almost offensively European. We met in our drive a great number of carriages and phaetons. There is a vast amount of speculation, especially among Greeks and Jews, and very expensive habits are indulged in. I believe the great proportion of the English merchants, who are not very numerous, go on at a steady jog-trot for the most part. We went into two gardens, which were well-cared for and pretty. One especially, belonging to Mr. Larkin, has many of the East Indian shrubs and trees, and there was a well-grown banyan, palms and bananas in abundance, roses in full bloom. There is a very striking kind of euphorbea, with the extreme cluster of leaves on each branch of the brightest red, while the rest of the tree is a vivid green. Egypt more than supplies

itself with sugar: the princes of Mahomed Ali's family are the principal cultivators of it; but the Pasha, who is supposed to view all the cognate branches with true Moslem jealousy, has this year sent away most of the laborers to join the Sultan's army. Truly, Prince Mentchikoff's note has much to answer for; and commerce, like Pope's immortal spider,

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

Lord John and I dined at the Consul's, and were most kindly and hospitably entertained.

December 29th.— Before breakfast I walked to Cleopatra's Needles. The one that is still standing is very imposing; the other, which is British property, I had great difficulty in even discovering, so imbedded is it in the sandy soil. In this plight it is impossible to discover how far it is unbroken, or how perfect the hieroglyphics may be; but my impression is that it probably would be found nearly as perfect as the sister pillar, and that we clearly ought to have it. I was in hopes that the Directors of the Crystal Palace had decided upon its removal. At eleven I went with the Consul's family to a kind of regatta or picnic, which had been got up by some of the residents here on board the Ariadne, once one of her Majesty's frigates, but now used as a coal-

depôt for the Peninsular and Oriental Company: it was made smart with flags and boughs, and the Arab boatmen had rowing and sailing matches, and we had eating and dancing, and even I thought that I might once again join in the latter with the Consul's wife, being a grandmother herself. Some of the Alexandrine ladies seemed gay and pleasant; at the same time our pleasure was a little long. It had two breaks, however. We first went off in a boat to see Mahomed Ali's palace, where he used to live much, and sit on the balcony which commands a noble view of the harbour, and converse with the Frank merchants, and see his cotton sailing out. The present Pasha seems to exhibit great indifference to all matters of civilisation and progress. However, he has allowed the railroad to be made, for which civilisation and progress are much indebted to him. He has a superstitious dread of Alexandria, from its having been foretold to him, as it is said, by some dervish, that he should die there; and, accordingly, nothing would induce him to spend a night here. The palace has large rooms, with handsome French furniture; the inlaid floors, or parquets, are extremely pretty. A little later in the day we went on board the steam-packet built for the Pasha by the Peninsular and Oriental Company (I had better

henceforward adopt the convenient current abbreviation, and call it the P. and O. Company): she is a model of space and luxury, with a deck 320 feet long, and 850 horse-power. It is needless to say that, lying in these waters, she has never been seen by the Pasha. I never knew greater perfection of weather than during these Christmas days, so bright, so soft, so cloudless; yet the Greens hold that the sky is incomparably more blue at Athens, where they had long lived. Such certainly was not my shorter experience. The officers of the Wasp came to dine with me at the hotel, and I will not deny that the French cook gave us a very good repast. The Consul's cavass came to attend them beyond the walls: I rather fancy that the night before some of them had forced the patrol.

December 30*th.*—Went with Lord John to Pompey's Pillar. It was, I believe, in fact erected in honour of Diocletian; however, it has a splendid shaft of the beautiful granite of the country, so well set off by the blue depths of sky above. In our way back, we looked at the large substructions of what is supposed must have been the famous library; they are at present bared for new buildings, but it is a pity that the whole place is not regularly excavated. We found, on our return, a large arrival of pas-

sengers by the French steamer, and the marvellous news of Lord Palmerston's resignation. We dined at the table-d'hôte, which was thickly filled by the new comers, English and American. We went afterwards to Mr. Peel's, who has a branch here of the family establishment at Leghorn; there was a lively variety of whist, singing, charades, and dancing The Alexandrians appear extremely sociable; and, as far as my superficial survey enables me to judge, there is a more active and better moral tone of society than in most of the Levant.

December 31*st.*—I had just written the preceding entry, when, on proceeding to go down stairs to set off by the steamer to Cairo—my luggage having been already sent to the port of embarkation—I felt so unwell that I sent for Dr. Ogilvie, who took twenty ounces of blood from me, besides other discipline. I was much relieved, and walked a little in the afternoon.

January 1*st.*—I definitively resolved to give up my tour in Egypt and Syria. It is a considerable sacrifice; but I must not give my family the risk of a second anxiety about my health. I will not enter into the daily medical details. I should hardly thus choose to open the new year; but I trust that I may be enabled ever to feel—

"Thine are the times and ways, all-ruling Lord!
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored!"

I was well enough to go to the Consul's new-year family dinner, though I abstain from all meat and wine.

January 2nd.—The Colombo steamer arrived, and I took places for Malta. I part with regret from Abraham Pappi, my purposed dragoman; there certainly seems to have been a destiny against our being together. The crossing of the passengers to and from India, with heaps of children, black nurses, &c., gives much animation to this hotel; and the donkey drivers make really fierce contentions in the street, so that it is almost perilous to get into the mêlée. I walked to Cleopatra's Needle, and drank tea with the Consul.

January 3rd.—I drove with young Mr. Green to Cæsar's Camp, where there are remains of a large entrenchment, with fragments of walls and towers; this was the scene of a later struggle for the empire of the earth between the English and French. It is pleasant to think that, if we should be doomed again to the blighting curse of war, these two powerful flags are likely to wave, not in enmity, but most friendly unison. We passed between enclosures of fig-trees and sugar-canes, and it is truly a land worth

possessing. I have seen Mr. Robert Stephenson, who has arrived in his yacht, the graceful Titania, to superintend the progress of his railway. He is satisfied, on the whole, with the conduct of the Pasha throughout the transaction. In the afternoon, with strong regret, I turned my back upon the southern sun, and embarked on board the P. and O. Company's steamer, the Colombo, Captain Brook, for Malta.

January 4th — 6th. — I condense the entries of our voyage, which was most prosperous, but uneventful. Owing to the immense quantity of cargo to be taken in, we did not start till daylight on the 4th. We had about seventy adult passengers, seventeen children, and two lions; the children roared a great deal, but not the lions. We had a most competent captain, excellent fare, and a very pleasing and intelligent doctor, which was a great object for me. I made a point of walking about ten miles a day on the long deck, of some 300 feet; I read for the first time, and was much pleased with, Hare's "Guesses at Truth," from the ship's library, and we had a whist party in the evening. Except one Moor, two or three travellers from the Nile, and the couple of lions (a present to the Queen), the whole of the passengers were from India, and I thought favourable specimens of that class of my fellow-subjects. The

accounts I heard of the prevalence of dysentery and ophthalmia on the Nile this year rather tended to reconcile me to my abandonment of that venerable stream. On our second day the coast of Africa in the domain of Tripoli was for some time in sight. Our weather was most enjoyable: the accommodations of the ship are very good; she was rather given to pitching, but did her duty admirably, as, though the wind was for the most part directly against us, we averaged nearly twelve knots an hour, which certainly appeared a great contrast to the Wasp. The whole run was seventy-six hours.

January 7th. — At noon we had anchored in the Quarantine Harbour of Malta. I was much pleased with the approach; the town rises gay and lightsome from the smooth blue sea; the narrow entrance and the impending fortifications strongly recalled the Havana to me. I had before received the kindest invitation from the governor, Sir William Reid, to be his guest while here; and I proceeded on landing to his residence, the old palace of the Grand Masters of the Knights of St. John. It is full of spacious airy chambers and broad high corridors, painted with arabesques and battle-pieces, and hung with pictures of the Grand Masters, beginning in armour, and ending in black robes and tie-wigs; I fear,

however, that the garb of wisdom was reserved for the days of profligacy and degeneracy. I am very well lodged; it is not precisely a good house for family accommodation, but must be admirably suited to the summer warmth of the climate. At present, I confess, I was very glad to find good coal fires, though there is a most brilliant sun and sky. In the afternoon I walked about the streets and bastions. It would not be easy to exhaust the merits of the town: it combines qualities not often found in unison; for it is eminently clean, and eminently picturesque; eminently English, and eminently southern. You read the Saxon names of saddlers and shoemakers, and above you look up at the rich tracery of latticed oriels: you meet the familiar red uniform and the blue-jackets, and you catch occasional tufts of aloes, and orange-trees loaded with fruit. There is great beauty in the vista of each right-angled street, ending with the smooth blue water either of the full sea, or of one of the two many-creeked, long-winding harbours. The great feature is the prodigality of decorated stone-work, in the soft, warm, creamy stone of the island, lavished on house, and church, and barrack, and store-house, and gateway; I traced much of the military architecture of Rhodes, which, grave and severe there,

has here both swelled into great amplitude and blossomed into copious efflorescence; it is much the same relation as Henry VII.'s Chapel bears to a bit of Durham Cathedral. Rhodes has now one superior point of interest; the arms of the Knights in this their earlier residence, captured and still possessed by their Mahometan conquerors, retain their fresh sharp appearance, as if they had been chiselled yesterday: at Valletta, the French, during their brief possession, made it their special business to erase all the armorial bearings of the Knights, and accordingly you only see defaced and gaping shields. I fear that, in this *armilegious* wantonness, they were at one time partially seconded by the English, but the considerate care of the present Governor is endeavouring gradually to restore these historic reminiscences. He justly thinks that it is the policy of our country to secure by all legitimate methods the confidence and good-will of the native population: it is so indeed, both in its lowest as well as its highest aims, for, in the case of future attack, the hearty co-operation of the inhabitants might stand in the stead of several regiments; but he who wishes either to gratify or elevate a people, will never desire to sever any of its honourable associations with the past. At dinner I had the pleasure of again seeing Mr. Marsh,

the late American minister at Constantinople, on his way thence. Sir William Reid was struck, as every one must be, with the fulness of his knowledge, and his easy and simple manner of communicating it.

January 8th.—We went to the new church here, built by Queen Adelaide. I am told the estimate was for 8000*l.*, which ought to have gone far where stone is so cheap and easily worked; but, with the usual fate of architectural results all over the world, the actual cost was double, all of which she generously defrayed. It is a spacious and handsome building, but to the Greek body rather an incongruous spire is appended. In the afternoon I made a circuit of the town and fortifications with the Governor, and had a very instructive lecture upon military defences. The lines are generally too far extended, but much is now doing to make them more efficient; to unlearned eyes they exhibit a most complete and noble presence. Many monuments are scattered about to worthies connected with the government of the island, and our two great services, who have been buried here; Sir Alexander Ball, Lord Hastings, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Sir Robert Spencer. It is singular, that the only undecorated grave is that of Sir Thomas Maitland; I had always thought "King Tom" had

filled so large a space in the Mediterranean world. The profuse command of stone gives a grandiose air to almost everything that is erected. Among the older buildings the Hotel of Castile appears to me the handsomest. Sir William gives a good report both of the industry and general conduct of the Maltese; they seem to behave better at home than abroad. The islands have about 120,000 inhabitants, of which nearly half are in the capital, and they increase rapidly. The popular Admiral, Houston Stewart, dined with us. Lady Reid is a great invalid; my readers would not guess the only place where I have yet met her — on the roof of the house.

January 9th. — I was taken to a very good club, where many newspapers are taken in. Strangers are introduced by any member gratuitously for the first week of their residence. It was a sirocco wind to-day, which makes the pavement very damp, but at this time of the year there is scarcely any other unpleasant effect. What people talk with horror of is the Gregale or north-east, which, when very violent, drives ships and batters walls. I went to the great church of St. John, which has imposing size and gorgeous emblazonment. The pavement is entirely composed of the grave-stones of the Knights, with inscriptions and devices in the most variegated

marbles; in the side chapels there is a profusion of gold arabesque work, and many costly monuments. I thought it rather a painful contrast between the splendour of their tombs and the tenuity of their fame. Among them there is a simpler and rather touching statue of the Count of Beaujolais, who died here in 1808, put up by his brother Louis Philippe, not long before his own deposition—a still greater fall than that of the Grand Masters of St. John. General Fergusson now in command here, the Maltese Crown Advocate, and one or two Sardinian gentlemen, dined with us. The Governor speaks in the highest terms of the General. The Crown Advocate seems highly intelligent; he confirms what I had heard from others, that the religious belief of the bulk of the inhabitants is very genuine. The Sardinians are anxious to establish intercourse and trade between the islands, which at present do not exist. Sardinia appears to me the portion of Europe least known or spoken about. It would be desirable to diminish the exclusiveness of the dependence of Malta upon Sicily.

January 10*th.*—I rode with the General and his staff to attend the weekly parade or review of the garrison; they have a good piece of ground, which has been lately put in order, and serves also for cricket, though it has no turf. The ap-

pearance of our troops impresses one much after Eastern armies. It is satisfactory to hear how little complaint of drunkenness there is; last year I believe was the first in which the practice of confining them to their barracks during the Carnival was discontinued, and the result was quite satisfactory. In the afternoon I drove with the Governor, first to San Antonio, where the Grand Masters had, and now consequently the Governors have, their principal villa; there is a fine garden, principally of orange-trees, very handsomely and pleasantly laid out. Sir William Reid, however, does not find this residence a sufficient relief during the heats of summer, and has restored for himself a roomy kind of tower on the heights above, to which we proceeded afterwards. It was chiefly built by Verdala, Grand Master and Cardinal, whose history is painted on the walls. I thought it a very attractive spot, though the inscription on the outside would not appear so to English wants, "On Mount Verdala are dews and showers." There is a fine view of the island, capital, and sea; a succession of terraces which expressly invite a garden, and a narrow cleft at their feet full of orange-trees three hundred years old. We also went to Citta Vecchia, or Notabile, the original capital of the island, occupying according to primitive custom its highest ground: here is the cathedral, which is a

really stately building, highly decorated; among other things, it has the crosier brought from Rhodes, a picture of St. Paul, after the Greek fashion, with the face painted, and the body in silver. What, however, I find most striking here is the sumptuous architecture of the villages; it reminds me at every turn of my own Sir John Vanbrugh; the whole island consists of quarries of stone, churches, arcades, balustrades, and orange-trees. There is not such a thing as a poor-looking dwelling-house, and scarcely a sign of any actual distress, though the livelihood of many is extremely scanty: old women spin all day long, and the day's work only brings them a penny. The roads, which are as smooth as those of Bedfordshire, present a forcible contrast to the Ottoman isles and continents. We are told that when L'Isle Adam and his brave companions first landed on this shore, their spirits sank within them at the contrast its dry and barren surface presented to their delicious lost Rhodes; I have qualified myself for adjudging that in most respects the tables are now turned between the two islands, and they certainly afford a very decisive criterion of the results of Turkish and Christian dominion. We had pleasant society at dinner, Mr. Marsh and his niece, Lord and Lady William Compton.

January 11th. — I went over the dockyard, stores, biscuit manufactory, all of which seem on a large and efficient scale, combining the architectural roominess of the old knights with the appliances of modern resource. Some military and naval officers dined with us. After they were gone, the Governor gave me, most agreeably, some recollections of his old Peninsular campaigns; among others a striking account of the evening in the theatre at Bourdeaux, when the Duke of Wellington suddenly appeared, with a white cockade in his cocked hat, amidst immense plaudits, and the Mayor announced from the stage that peace had been concluded. The singular modesty of the narrator much enhanced the attraction of the narrations. He is one of the best and most unpretending of men. Lady Reid's health confines her almost entirely to her own apartment; which is the more to be lamented as, besides appearing thoroughly excellent, she has so much originality and shrewdness of understanding, as to render her society most agreeable.

January 12th. — This morning was made memorable by my parting with my beard, the venerable growth of four months. This I reckon the formal act of return to Western civilisation. I walked with the Governor over the long lines of fortification on the other side of the Great Harbour. The works

are in the course of being both strengthened and condensed. It may give some notion of the whole fortified extent to mention that there are fifty-three gates into the town. Our dinner included the Bishop of Gibraltar, the French Consul, and the Colonel of the Malta Regiment of Fencibles.

January 13th.—The roof of the palace is a very agreeable place to carry one's book to, with the bright winter sun above, and the military band playing below. I drove with the Governor to St. Julian's College, which comprises an establishment for training missionaries for the Eastern countries, and a school for boys; there are now about twenty-five of the first, and forty-five of the last. There is an interesting mixture of all races, Greek, Italian, Jewish, Turkish, Arabian. Some of the boys have not yet decidedly professed either Protestantism or Christianity; all attend family prayers, and those that have other places of worship frequent them. The institution has now been founded seven years; its extrinsic support is mainly derived from the evangelical party in England; it naturally sustained some injury from its brief connection with Dr. Achilli: the post of principal is now vacant, and I apprehend that much of the future efficiency of the institution will depend upon the manner in which

it is filled up. We dined at General Fergusson's; there was dancing afterwards. The news arrived by the French packet of the fleets having definitively entered the Black Sea.

January 14*th.* — An officer of distinction in the Indian cavalry came in at breakfast, in his way from Constantinople; he gave very interesting accounts of what he had seen there. I walked with the Governor, and went over the "Ospizio," or. poor-house for old people; it has above 700, who seem well-looked after; they have a pleasant basking-place, with seats both for sun and shade. When another, now in progress, is completed, it is calculated that mendicancy may be altogether prohibited. We went also over the civil hospital; all the buildings here are singularly spacious and airy. The hospital is much less filled than formerly, owing mainly to the establishment of dispensaries in all the island districts, which was one of many enlightened improvements accomplished by my old friend More O'Ferrall. He is thought by some to have bestowed his fostering care on other objects not quite so innoxious. We also walked through some very pretty garden grounds upon the outer ramparts. The Admiral and the Captain of a French steamer dined with us. The latter is on his way to Constantinople; he holds the

language, which I understand is not confined to him, of extreme distaste for the expedition into the Black Sea; it is considered extremely dangerous; if it was to fight the Russians, well and good; but now, if they meet them, they are only to say "Good day! how do you do?" In the evening we attended a meeting of the Malta Literary and Philosophical Society, which takes place once a fortnight to hear lectures and papers. On this occasion a paper was read which had been sent by Mr. Finlay, the Athenian, on the origin of the Ottoman Empire. I shortly addressed the company afterwards, by request. As we returned, the bugle band of the 68th Regiment were playing in the full bright, soft, full-moon light in front of the palace. The moon is eminently becoming to this town, with its jutting balconies and traceries. One is more sensible to the charms of climate, upon reading the accounts of excessive cold which arrived this day from England.

January 15th. — There was an ordination of one priest and two deacons at morning service. I had never happened to assist at this rite before, and I thought it impressive. The bishop preached a judicious sermon. Mrs. Greville and her pretty daughters dined with us.

January 16th. — The bishop took me in his carriage

to Crendi, to see the curious ruins there: there are two sets of them, about a quarter of a mile from each other; they are probably those of some Phœnician place of worship, consisting of very large stones, of which the lower are upright, and what may be termed Druidical; above these are four or five horizontal layers, a portion of them being as if it were tattooed with a small circular pattern; there is no vestige of any roof; the chambers are of different size, with low apertures, and large seats around the outer thresholds; two or three altars seem to be in their places, and one of them has a very long flat slab of stone, which might have served for human sacrifice; near another, an opening communicates with a second chamber, large enough to admit the body of a man, which again might have served for oracular responses. The bishop makes an excellent cicerone for these old monuments; the Governor and his family joined us, and we had a gentle luncheon among the old stones. We were nearly on the brink of the southern coast; which is bold and rocky, not unlike the south of the Isle of Wight. We also stopped to look at a remarkable circular sinking or land-slip, to the depth of some 150 feet of rock, the bottom of which has been converted into a rough kind of garden, with some fine carroba trees. The tradition is, that a

wicked village was engulphed there. I dined with Lord and Lady William Compton; they gave us some amusing charades in the evening.

January 17*th.* — Saw the armoury and public library, with both of which the palace communicates. They are of noble dimensions; the library has about 35,000 volumes, chiefly composed of the successive books of the Grand Masters; and has only of late received modern accessions. There is a museum attached, with a small collection of island antiquities, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman. We dined with Admiral Stewart, where all is sure of being hospitable and pleasant. We crossed the harbour in a closed boat, and there being an approach to a gale, some of the ladies found it rather trying.

January 18*th.*—Sirocco wind, and hard rain nearly all day. I made the circuit of the town: the waves quite dashed above some of the fortresses; still it was not the redoubtable Gregale. The captain of another French war-steamer, the Cacique, the Military Secretary, and some engineer officers, dined with us.

January 19*th.* — I drove with the intelligent private secretary, and son-in-law of the Governor, Lieutenant Hore *, to St. Paul's Bay. It is a pretty

* Now commander of the Conflict in the Baltic fleet.

rocky little gulf, and the best geographical and nautical researches, which have been lately condensed in an able volume by Mr. Smith of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow, seem abundantly to make out, in addition to the unvarying local tradition, that it is the actual scene of the shipwreck; and consequently to disprove the counter-claim of Meleda in the Adriatic. To such difficulties as have been suggested—the applications of the word "Adria" to the sea, of "barbarous people" to an island successively colonised by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, and the alleged absence of snakes from Malta — the answers seem sufficient that it was in fact frequently termed the Adrian Sea, that it was natural for St. Paul to call barbarous all persons not understanding Greek, and that there are still serpents, though the more venomous sorts may have disappeared during the long inhabitancy of the island. We also stopped to see a church at Musta, which has been for years in progress, and is remarkable from its imposing dimensions, inclosing the old church, where service is still held till its successor is finished; and still more so from its being built by voluntary labour; almost all the workmen take their turn, and, I believe, think themselves repaid by securing a certain period of indulgences. There are many

promises of these, before images and stations, quite recently erected in many quarters; and figures of persons in the flames of purgatory are very frequent. We dined at a large party at the Bishop's: I sat by the newly ordained priest, a German by birth, who had been for seven years a missionary among the Jews in Persia and Assyria; he thinks most is to be accomplished through the education of their children, to which he has not found them much averse. I went afterwards to the Opera for the first time; it is rather a pretty little theatre, and the number of uniforms adds to its look of gaiety. Some officers acted a farce, for the benefit of one of the singers.

January 20th. — I walked to the Corradino heights. I find in Malta monuments to two cousins in the military and naval services, Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Sir Robert Spencer. Quiet dinner at the palace.

January 21st. — Wind and rain. Letters arrived from the Admirals at Sinope. I hear the quantity of wreck and human bodies still make a very frightful spectacle. Both the English and French officers who have been to Sebastopol, concur in thinking it impregnable to a naval attack. Dined with Admiral Elliot.

January 22nd. — Attended service in the military chapel; the soldiers, however, were kept away by the weather. I find even these latitudes have their bad moments. Evening service at St. Paul's Church. Dr. and Mrs. Collins dined with us. He does not think the English language gains much in the island. The Refugee question is one of much delicacy here, though it does not present any difficulty at the present moment; a quiet and prudent humanity is the proper temper for dealing with it. Some one said not long ago, before some Russian naval officers, that we had lately been strengthening Malta; upon which one of them said, "Ah! then we are just too late." They will scarcely be able to revive in earnest the Grand-Mastership of the Emperor Paul. I have been reading the history of the Order by Sutherland; it produced some very considerable men, especially L'Isle Adam, and De la Valette, and among those who did much for this island, Vignacourt, and Cottonera.

January 23rd. — Chose a pretty vase at one of the stone manufacturer's. Called on Lady Hamilton Chichester, who is in deep sorrow for her husband's recent loss. She kindly thought I should like to see the garden made by Mr. Frere during his island life; it is full of taste and beauty, rising up a hill with a

series of balustraded terraces, where he used to bask in the bright sun, look at the blue waters, and meditate his translations. There was a small ball in the evening at the palace; the noble ball-room looked well, though there were hardly enough to fill it.

January 24th.—Delicious southern day after the late gale. I attended part of a rehearsal of some amateur theatricals among the officers of the garrison, The Rivals, and The Tipperary Legacy; tolerably promising. I then took a long walk on the Sliena road; there was a fine variety of blue tint in the waters within and without the harbour. Some Maltese dignitaries dined with us. The Marseilles packet arrived, and the Banshee with engineers for Constantinople; she is also to carry out some sappers and miners: this looks as if serious work was expected.

January 25th.—Walked the circuit of the ramparts: listened to the excellent band of the 41st on the parade. In the evening went to the theatre for the amateur play, which went off well. There was especially an excellent Mrs. Malaprop.

January 26th.—I saw Captain Peel, who has just arrived in the Diamond; he very kindly offers me a passage to Corfu. Drove with Mrs. Hore to San

Antonio, and gathered oranges. Quiet dinner, which I always much appreciate.

January 27th.—Went to the depôt of the Bible Society, which is well stored with versions in all the Levantine languages. Went on board the Diamond; then to Fort Manuel to visit Col. Straubenzie. He showed the barrack to me; it is very pleasing to find schools going on both for children and adults. The Bishop, the officers of the Diamond, Col. and Mrs. Floyd dined with us. I found in her a daughter of the late Recorder of Dublin, Shaw, my old parliamentary opponent, whom I always very much respected and liked.

January 28th.—Called on some officers at the old Auberge de Castile, now their quarters: it is a very noble building, both without and within. Walked to Birchicara. Passed the Archbishop (titular Archbishop of Rhodes and Bishop of Malta) in his carriage. He looks like one of most meek and humble spirit, and he is said to be full of piety and benevolence. Whether these, by far the most essential qualities of a Christian prelate, are accompanied by a high degree of enlightenment, might be called into some question by those who have had the opportunity of reading an address or rescript, which he put forth on the occasion of transferring the chief

patronage of Malta from St. Paul to the Virgin. Dined with Admiral Stewart, which is always agreeable. There were military and naval officers, ladies, and a retired Admiral, Sir Lucius Curtis, who gave us some pleasant recollections of Lord Nelson. Captain Peel showed intimate acquaintance with all his proceedings. He always appeared on deck at six in the morning, with his star and white small clothes, and no officer came on deck in his ship after eight without a cocked hat, which is very different to modern habits. The day has felt almost piercingly cold, but, on enquiry, the glass was not lower than 53° in the shade.

January 29th. — Military chapel in the morning, St. Paul's in the evening; a very good sermon from Mr. Innes, a clergyman staying with the Bishop. The Vectis brought Galignanis to the 25th; all looks very warlike. Day still cold.

January 30th. — To-day restored us to blue and brilliant skies. Herbert of Muckruss called on me; he is on his way to Constantinople; left London very warlike. The steamer did not ply at Lyons, prevented by icy fog. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Hore to see the giant steamer (the Himalaya) enter the harbour; we went on board of her; superb deck and accommodations. She is of 3550 tons; had bad

weather at first, but came from Gibraltar in seventy-seven hours, which is 13·10 knots an hour. Dined at the Bishop's; company composed of army, navy, and church. Went afterwards to take leave of the agreeable Elliots.

January 31*st.* — After cordial farewells to the excellent Reids, I left the hospitable sojourn of the palace, and went on board the Diamond. This is her first commission; she has twenty-eight guns, and is a very comely ship. Great breadth of deck in comparison with the Wasp. Captain Peel has given me his spacious after-cabin, which I found full of comforts and elegancies, though all is in comparatively new condition on board. The wind would not allow us to leave the harbour; we went to lunch with Admiral Stewart. Shortly before sunset Captain Peel resolved to attempt getting out. I always shrink from being technical in my naval entries, but I believe that beating out of Malta harbour against a wind almost directly contrary is reckoned something of a feat, especially with a very fresh crew: we accomplished it in two tacks; they both looked enough of a shave to make it quite exciting, especially when our Captain, during the last off Fort Ricasoli, shouted three times to the Master, "Shall we weather it?" and the answer

came three times, "No, sir." However, weather it we did, and all in the ship seemed relieved and proud. The ramparts of the town were lined with spectators. We found a considerable swell outside, and I must own to not having spent the evening pleasurably, notwithstanding the signal provision made for my comfort.

February 1st, 2nd, 3rd. — Through these days our voyage has sped most smoothly on, with light breezes, smooth seas, summer skies. There is a very happy selection of officers, and the Captain appears to me full of eminent qualities, not unworthy of his name. I remark a disposition to praise the crew when they do anything well, which I am sure must have a happy effect. Our hours are earlier than I have found them elsewhere: we breakfast at eight, and dine at half-past three. I keep up my practice of listening to the songs of the men during the first night watch.

February 4th.—The day was transcendent, but it was so much of a calm that we could only make slowly up the channel between Corfu and the Albanian coast; the outlines of the hills are very fine, with cloud-capped summits, but they have the usual grey ruggedness of Greece. The weather, the society, and the absence of any great cause of hurry,

have prevented any feeling of impatience. During this voyage I have read Arthur Stanley's excellent book on the Apostolical age, and a history of the last naval war, translated from Captain De La Graviere; Captain Peel told me his father had been much struck with it, and it is full of high interest and of, on the whole, admirable impartiality, which is surely much from a French officer describing the career of Nelson. All the officers of the ship have dined in turn with the Captain during my stay on board. When the half-moon went down at the stillest midnight, we were within two miles of the light-house of Corfu, but as I was told that it was quite uncertain whether we could get in during so calm a night, I went down to bed.

February 5th.—The morning found us anchored. It was a fair scene around; there were the gay white town with the picturesque double-peaked citadel, the near green promontories of the island, the smooth gleaming channel, and the triple tier of the Albanian mountains beyond, the furthest entirely faced with snow. There is a smart little flotilla in the road-stead, the Wasp, the Modeste, and the Shere-water, which now all come under the command of the Diamond. I was very glad to see my old commander, Lord John Hay. After service on board, I went

with Captain Peel to the palace, where I found my old friend and colleague Sir Henry Ward, by whom I am now most kindly and comfortably lodged. It is a most commodious mansion, without so much august space as that of Malta, but with more gaiety, mainly owing to its charming views, in which the other is quite deficient. We went to evening service in the garrison chapel, and then took a beautiful walk, first over the large esplanade, where a military band was playing, and a great number of people walking; then by the shore to the casino of the Lord High Commissioner, where, besides the delicious view, you find the truly English novelties of a hay-stack and cow-sheds. The garden has very fine orange trees, but is not now kept up in its full trim. Old olive trees are scattered every where: it has been a most abundant crop this year, but the Corfiotes are too indolent to pursue the proper methods of culture. The weather was very perfect, and the loveliness of the place has exceeded my expectation, much as I had heard of it; the only island of those I have seen in the Archipelago which comes into any competition with it is Mitylene. There is a large and affectionate family party at the palace; and family affection is what always makes even the stranger feel most at home.

February 6th.—Read newspapers at the garrison library; strangers here, as at Malta, are very liberally introduced. In the afternoon I rode with Sir Henry and one of his daughters; it was rather a home-ride, to the One-gun battery, and round the fortifications; but go where you will, the views are enchanting. We passed over the probable site of the old Phœacian city, from which they are continually digging up large stones, all worked, though rather roughly; in another place there are a great number of well-made stone coffins. It seems that the island has passed successively through the names of Drepane, Scheria (in Homer), Corcyra (in history), and now Corfu, from its peaked fortress (κορυφὴ); it is certainly not difficult to believe that Alcinous might well have had his gardens on this rich soil, and in this delightful climate. I fear that till recently much of our fortification work has been very ill-devised. Captain Peel, and some officers of the garrison, dined with us. Some of the small flotilla here is to be dispatched to Prevesa, where there is alarm about a Greek rising. There have been already some collisions in the interior, in which the Turks seem to have been worsted; a young Karaiskakis, son of a celebrated chief in the Revolutionary war, has left the Greek service, for appearance's sake at least, and joined

some Albanian insurgents. If we have to fight with Turks against Greeks, it will be one of the most distressing, though perhaps now unavoidable incidents of this impending lamentable war.

February 7th. — Went over the citadel, which comprises the two peaks from which the town is named; the view is very fine; but this, and almost every other view I ever saw in my life were eclipsed by those we saw in our afternoon ride on the Santa Decca road, which turns the mountain that opens the southern district of the island; the snow-capped lines of the Acro-Ceraunian hills on the Albanian shore, the unruffled seas, which gleamed through four sets of ravines, the defined outline of the two-peaked citadel, the terraces of olive and vine that climb every hill, with scattered alleys of cypress, and tufts of orange, make the whole effect most transcendent. All this you see from excellent roads, admirably engineered. Any one who wishes to condense the attractions of southern scenery, and see it all in the utmost comfort and luxury, need only come to Corfu. Colonel Denny, an old Montreal acquaintance, and his wife, dined with us; we went to a benefit night at the Opera. The theatre is about of the same calibre as that of Malta; it was very full, and there were a great many soldiers and sailors of all ranks.

February 8th.—Went over the fortifications in the island of Vido, which fronts Corfu, at about a mile's distance. There is a very well arranged military prison there; the average number of prisoners about thirty from a garrison of about 3000; drunkenness the main offence. Great pains seem to be taken at the Horse Guards with all that concerns regimental prisons and schools; something remains to be done in making provision for lodging the wives of soldiers allowed to have them, who are six in every hundred; at present for the most part they sleep in the large common barrack-rooms with the rest of the men. The Senator from Santa Maura, and the Secretary of the Senate, dined with us, both intelligent and agreeable men, speaking English very well. Greek is the official, parliamentary, forensic language of the islands, but most of the upper classes are more familiar with Italian. I should think the policy of having insisted on the adoption of the Greek somewhat questionable, at least with the existing tendencies to Hellenism.

February 9th.—I walked in the morning to the ruins of the Temple of Neptune with Mr. Creyke, Sir Henry Ward's chaplain, a most agreeable and attractive companion, which I am not the less willing to admit for his being an East Riding man. The

sites explain the Odyssey almost as clearly as Bounar Bachi does the Iliad. The temple of the sea-god could not have been more fitly placed, upon a grassy platform of most elastic turf, on the brow of a crag commanding harbour, and channel, and ocean. Just in the entrance of the inner harbour, there is a picturesque rock, with a small convent perched upon it, which by one legend is the transformed pinnace of Ulysses.

ἡ δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλυθε κοντοπόρος νηῦς
Ῥίμφα ἰωκυμένη· τῆς δὲ σχεδὸν ἦλθ' Ἐνοσίχθων,
Ὅς μιν λᾶαν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐῤῥίζωσεν ἐνερθε.* N. 161.

Almost the only river in the island is just at the proper distance from the probable site of the city and palace of the King to justify the Princess Nausicaa having had resort to her chariot, and to luncheon, when she went with the maidens of the court to wash their garments:—

Μήτηρ ὀ' ἐν κίστῃ ἐτίθει μενοεικέ' ἐδωδήν
Παντοίην, ἐν δ' ὄψα τίθει, ἐν δ' οἶνον ἔχευεν
Ἀσκῷ ἐν αἰγείῳ· κούρη δ' ἐπεβήσετ' ἀπήνης.† Z. 76.

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* "Swift, as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And rests her down an everlasting rock." — POPE.

† "The Queen, assiduous to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.

In the afternoon I walked to the village of Potamo, and some heights above it; it is pleasant during rather a long stretch

"To pluck the pendent orange as it grows."

Lord John Hay gave dinner to Mr. Creyke and me at his lodging in the town, and I thought the evening very pleasant indeed.

February 10*th.*—Gale and rain, to prove that no climate is unalloyed. The garrison library and reading-room are a great resource. Towards evening Sir Henry and I got some turns on the esplanade.

February 11*th.*—Looked over Colonel Denny's drawings. Rode with Sir Henry and his daughters to Pelica, a picturesque village with a noble panoramic view. Most scenery, however beautiful, has some slight drawback on more familiar acquaintance. Here it is the too general predominance of the olive. In summer this must be corrected by a greater intermixture of other tints, and even now is partially so by the cypress and orange. We had several officers at dinner. I did not accompany the Lord High, as

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Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules."—Pope.

he is more familiarly termed here, to the theatre to witness the representation of an opera by a Zantiot amateur, who was covered with nosegays and sweetmeats, and carried home afterwards by torch-light on the shoulders of the people. We got the Queen's speech: Parliament seems to have opened very smoothly.

February 12*th.*—Went to the garrison chapel in the morning and afternoon. Mr. Brine, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, preached most impressively. It is pleasant to see the soldiers looking attentive and interested: Their mustering and marching off afterwards with their full band under the high rock of the citadel is very picturesque. It appeared very cold to day, with the glass at 49°.

February 13*th.*—There was real, visible, palpable snow this morning falling in the streets of Corfu. The afternoon was fine, though conscious of the recent chill. I walked with the Lord High to the One-gun battery: there are few such walks within the command of any town. Dined with the mess of the 71st; the last time I had done so was at Montreal. We were most hospitably entertained, the Lord High, the General, in all twenty-six. The news brought by the eastern and southern steamers during dinner were rather exciting: the allied fleet

is in the Bosphorus, the Russian in Sebastopol, four allied steamers cruising outside of it; Epirus has risen, Arta capitulated; the Pasha of Yanina, characteristically of the Turkish empire, has got the paralysis.

February 14*th.* — Captain Peel went off in the Diamond to Prevesa, with the intent of holding it against all attack, till the pleasure of our government should be known concerning this somewhat new complication of affairs. I rode with Lord John Hay and Mr. Creyke to the pass of Pantaleone, which commands a very striking view of the northern districts and coasts of the island. It must have been a ride altogether of about thirty-four miles. Our only drawback was, that it was a day without colour; but fine scenery, excellent roads, good horses, and most genial companions made it a very pleasant expedition. I dined with the mess of the 57th regiment, which is celebrated for the goodness of their cook. Their fine commanding officer, Colonel Goldie, has just returned from an interesting excursion across the country to Constantinople and Schumla. He is disposed to think well of Omer Pasha, admires the Turkish barracks, hospitals, and the *matériel* of the soldiers; but thinks their officers, arms, and discipline very indifferent. In Rumelia and Albania the Mussulmen

and Christians appeared in mutual apprehension of each other. I played two rubbers of whist.

February 15th.—More snow on the sides of Mount Salvador. I had a long and interesting visit from Mr. Brine, the chaplain. He has been in the Arabian desert, and his accounts have great freshness and originality. It transpired at luncheon, that at a large official dinner to be given by Sir Henry Ward this evening, my health would be proposed in Italian; so I tried to string a few sentences together in the same language, and got Miss Ward to revise the grammar. We were above thirty—President, Archbishop, Senators, Judges, and other office bearers. It was a very handsome entertainment in the large suite of rooms here. Sir Henry opened the proceedings by a very fluent Italian speech in giving the Queen's health, and there were several others with a good deal of loyalty, and some Hellenism. My little reply, which I am inclined to think was about the most hardy feat of my public life, seemed to take very well.

February 16th.—Went to see Mr. Wodehouse's collection of antiquities and gems. It is a very copious one, especially in all that pertains to the Ionian Islands. Many pretty glass vases, gold ornaments, and one beautiful cameo, have been found in

the tombs here. The coins are most numerous. He told me one thing which illustrates the indolence that is said especially to characterise the Corfiotes: when he bought a place in the country here, he found a garden in very good order, and wished to keep on the gardener. He asked what his wages were—four dollars a month; he thought that really not enough, and said he would give him eight. Very soon afterwards the man said he must leave him: he thought he did not perhaps like to serve a heretic master, and let him go. Subsequently he used to observe that he came as a day labourer, and one day he asked him why he had not stayed with him. It turned out that he thought, if his pay was doubled, his work might be doubled too; and he said his former wages were enough to buy him olives, bread, and tobacco, which was enough for him if he could lie under a tree when he liked. I find that the inhabitants of the other islands, who have a more sterile soil to deal with, are reckoned far more industrious. In the afternoon I went over the barracks and fortifications at Fort Neuf with Colonel Goldie; I thought the regimental schools very satisfactory. This fortification is, I believe, very strong in itself; but it is sadly bearded by the dismantled fort Abraham, which has been neither removed nor repaired. Dined with General

Conyers, — a large party ; he lives, as Commander of the Forces, in the old Venetian house of the ancient Proveditore in the citadel.

February 17*th.* — Breakfasted on board Captain Stuart's ship, the Modeste ; it is in the most thorough spick and span order of any I have seen in our service, and looks as if it had been turned out of Gillow's yesterday. The men went through their gun exercise very well. The day was once more one of the fine transparent ones I found on my first arrival, and I rode with the Lord High to the Garuna Pass ; there is one transcendent point where you command the eastern and western shores and seas at once. After dinner we went to a ball at the President of the Senate's, Count Romar ; he has a tolerably good house. After staying about half an hour, I went with Lord John Hay on board the Wasp, having accepted his kind offer of a day's trip to Prevesa, where he was to communicate with Captain Peel. We screwed off by a fine half-moon. It felt strange to find myself again in the old quarters.

February 18*th.* — At ten in the morning we arrived off Santa Maura ; the outline is good ; the hills seemed more covered with snow than at Corfu ; we rowed across to Prevesa, over the waters which had borne the fleets of Actium. We found Captain

Peel with the Consul, Mr. Saunders, who has for eighteen years most efficiently exercised his functions over Albania, and is extremely respected both by Christian and Moslem. His ladies I fear must find it very unbroken solitude; it appeared to me only a few degrees better than Alexandretta. The Consul mounted me and Mr. Gilpin, the gentlemanlike Purser of the Wasp, and we rode through some very wet olive groves to the ruins of Nicopolis, the city built by Augustus to commemorate the victory which gave him the undisputed mastery of the world. They are extensive, and have an imposing appearance on a most solitary plain; the walls make a large circuit; there are two theatres, and baths very distinctly marked; brick is the general material. On Grecian soil I always find it impossible to feel any deep interest about Roman remains; they seem merely to belong to an upstart race; however, it would be hard to question their right to the soil within the shaft-shot of the Actian Apollo. The snowy chains around are very fine, but I think at any season they must have a far sterner look than the mountain lines of Asia Minor and Caramania. The Consul's daughters were sketching here not very long ago, and they ascertained since that there were at the time some robbers in a ruined vault

beneath, engaged in actual consultation whether they should carry them off or not. At this moment all such gentry have probably joined some of the insurgent bands which are said to be mustering fast in Epirus. The Turks have retained possession of Arta, which was closely menaced a few days ago, and the neighbourhood of English ships will probably quite secure Prevesa. However warmly one may be bound to sympathise with the general quarrel of one's country, yet it would be a heavy demand upon one to wish in favour of Turks and against Greeks within sight of the cliffs of Parga, and the summit of Suli. We set off again at sunset, and had a smooth passage back to Corfu.

February 19th. — We anchored soon after four, but we were not allowed to land till nine by that most ridiculous of all systems, the quarantine. I attended the services at the garrison chapel, and again had pleasure in hearing Mr. Brine. At dinner we had the French Consul, M. Limperani, who has an agreeable flow of talk, and Captain Lefevre of the French war-steamer Prométhée, who is on his way to Prevesa, much on the same sort of quest as the Diamond. He is last from Athens, and gives an account of the excitement there as being very intense, and somewhat absurd; the students, quite

boys many of them, are almost all gone from the University, with the most medley and hap-hazard kinds of arms; the King's aide-de-camp, General Tzavellas, and of all functionaries, in a strictly neutral government, the Attorney-General (Procureur du Roi), have joined the insurgents. On the anniversary of the King's birthday, the air of "Trema, Byzantio" from Belisario was sung from the stage.

February 20th.—A strong gale all day with great rain, which one repined at less, as there was a great affluence of papers from East and West. The growing excitement among the islands imposes both trouble and anxiety upon the Lord High. It would be quite out of my track to enter upon the Septinsular politics, but I feel bound to state that Sir Henry appears to me to exercise his functions with much general ability and conscientiousness in circumstances not a little difficult, for he found bequeathed to him a constitution that cannot be got to work, and at this moment the policy of England, and indeed of Europe, is at direct variance with the inevitable sympathies of the whole Greek race. The legislature is to meet on the 1st of March, and it seems very doubtful whether, in the prevailing Hellenism of the moment, it will be found possible to continue their sittings. The population of Corfu itself, which is the least

industrious, is thought also to be the least impressionable of the islanders, not to mention the immediate control of a larger garrison. At dinner we had Sir James Reid, one of the four Judges of the Highest Court of Law, of whom two are English and two Greek, and some other naval and military officers. The prospect of employment in the probable war naturally excites much interest.

February 21*st.* — Walked with the Lord High to the One-gun battery—the ground quite white with a recent hail-storm. Quiet family dinner.

February 22*nd.* — Rode with them. Looked at the masks which have begun to assemble in the esplanade for the Carnival: very flat. Dined again at the excellent mess of the 57th, and went to a theatre afterwards, built and kept up by the common soldiers of the regiment. They acted a farce called the "Swiss Swains" by themselves, the women's parts mostly from the band, and the continuation of "Box and Cox," with the assistance of two of their officers; and both were very creditably done, and most amusing. There is a large gallery for the soldiers, a sort of *balcon* for the officers, ladies, and guests, and a pit for sailors and others. They tell me that they have nearly paid off the original expenditure, and that the *dramatis personæ* are strictly confined to

soldiers of good conduct. Surely this is all pleasing, and must be admitted by every one to be better than spirit-shops and other haunts.

February 23*rd.*—Walked with Mr. Creyke to Sir John Fraser's, and then we wandered further about that delicious promontory which divides the outer and inner waters of Corfu. The weather had completely recovered itself, and poured its full glories on the blue seas, and sparkling bays, and soft acclivities, and the sward at our feet, all freshened and daisied by the recent rains. We found ourselves agreeing, that in these Greek landscapes the same exquisite scale of harmony and proportion, which gave such completeness to the literary composition, the architecture, and the art of the ancient race, seems still to mould and modulate every shape and hue of their natural scenery. In the afternoon I rode with Sir Henry to the country place of his Attorney-General, Signor Circumelli: he is one of the very few who reside upon, and take pains with, their property: it is very prettily situated; and its modest precincts comprise, besides corn and orchard, the manufacture of oil, wine and silk. He complains much of the number of holidays which the Greek workmen insist on observing. The interior of the house has a very civilised look; and both he and his wife appear re-

fined and distinguished persons. Some officers at dinner.

February 24th. — At half-past six I went with the Lord High, his two aides-de-camp, and three other officers, on board the Ionia steamer; they were all bound for a day's shooting in Epirus or Chaonia. I had made the unsportsmanlike condition, that I was not to be compelled to shoot, and went to look about me. The day was extremely fine, though the air came down a little freshly from the snowy hills as we sat at our breakfast on deck. We landed at La Quaranta, to the northward of the Bay of Butrinto. Virgil has given our course, —

> " Protenus aërias Phæacum abscondimus arces,
> Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
> Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem."
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> *Æn.* III. 290.*

and then comes the passage, distinguished by even more than the usual Virgilian grace and delicacy, of the interview between Æneas and Andromache. We began by climbing a very steep hill, from the

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" The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend."

DRYDEN.

top of which there was as lovely a view as one might wish to see of channel, and coast, and islands, all in full gleam and sparkle. We descended inland into a well-watered basin of land, the other side of which was bounded by snow-covered ridges: one of the first objects we saw was a large eagle on full-stretched wings, cleaving the liquid blue just under the Kimara, or old Acro-Ceraunian summits. The rendezvous with the horses and dogs had gone wrong, as I have invariably found all appointments do upon Turkish territory: so we had to walk some eight miles into the interior, fording two or three rivers in the way: I was at first chary of my Rhodian goat-skin boots, and betook myself to the shoulders of Giorgio, the master of the Lord High's yacht — a very stout, pleasant Italian, — but we stuck in some soft place, and I went on afterwards with the recklessness which belongs to the once-wetted. The shooting escort met us in the middle of the day; and while the rest went into the coverts, I mounted on the Aga's horse, and with him, Giorgio, and four or five Albanian attendants, rode on to the town of Delvino: it is excessively picturesque, with a craggy citadel, and a torrent, and an old Venetian bridge, and streets which are, in fact, a series of precipices and ravines, and the snow-line on the mountains immediately

above, and orange and cypress trees on their spurs. We called on the Bey or Governor, and I felt myself at home again on the broad couch in the tumble-down room, with the accustomed sherbet, coffee, and pipes. They had heard of no disturbances nearer than Arta. It grew dark enough before we got back to the shore, and I had occasion to wonder at my horse's sureness of tread on a road very like a staircase, composed of large stones put in edgeways. I found the sportsmen had got back to the steamer nearly an hour before me, after finding a sufficient number of woodcocks and snipes, but no wild boar. We dressed, had another excellent meal (but this time in the cabin), and landed again at Corfu soon after ten. Nevertheless, I did yet accompany Sir Henry to a ball given by the gay 57th Regiment, and which was a very well-managed one: and having thus nearly filled up twenty hours, I thought the day a very fair specimen of "Life in Corfu."

February 25th.—It was cold again, and we applauded ourselves that we were not under the Acro-Ceraunian snows. Walked with Lord John Hay and Creyke.

February 26th.—Attended the garrison services. Mr. Brine preached at both with the greatest effect and impressiveness. He has the rare quality of

suggesting more than he says. In the afternoon some of the Carnival folk, in Albanian dresses, performed a Romaic dance in front of the palace: there was an ingenious twisting and untwisting of coloured threads in a pattern effected by the movements of the dance. The sea-captains dined. There was a great arrival of packets, papers, and letters. The war spirit seems very much up in England. Much anxiety of course among the garrison here for active service,

"Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore." *

The accounts from Prevesa detail great oppression and outrage on the part of the Turks and Arnaouts upon the Christian population.

February 27th.—I took leave of my friends, after having thoroughly enjoyed my residence at Corfu, in a luxurious house, amidst delicious scenery, and with some of the most agreeable companionship I have known for a very long time. I cannot resist taking another run down to Athens, and I find myself again in old quarters on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer Imperatrice. We set off about two: beautiful Corfu slowly receded from sight. The evening was cold and dark, and a little rough. I went on deck before

* "They pray'd and panted for th' opposing shore."

going to bed, and saw we were close under some high ground. I asked what it was: "Ithaca."

February 28th. — Bright day, but not warm. In the morning, the outlines of Cephalonia and the "woody Zacynthus" were still visible, all the more for their snows. I did not find the Austrian captain or his subordinates able to throw much light on the classical geography. When I asked the name of any mountain or headland on the coast of Elis, or Messenia, I got one uniform answer: "Morea, tutto è Morea." However, they were able to point out the narrow entrance of the bay of Navarino. We have on board a Wallachian general, proscribed by the Russians in 1848, and now returning with a son, and aide-de-camp, and doctor, to offer his services against them: he looks gentlemanlike, and is rather sea-sick. There is a Greek priest who ought to be so, as he eats without cessation. The regular solid breakfast is not till ten; some of us have little coffee-pots brought to us when we first appear, which hold about a cupful; after I had finished my cup, the Greek father emptied the dregs of my pot, and carried off the fragments of my dry toast. Daylight left us with Cape Matapan; we touched afterwards at Cerigo — soft Cythera's isle,—I believe about the bleakest spot

in Europe, and a sort of Botany Bay to the Ionian Islands.

March 1*st.*—I have seldom felt more piercing cold than the Tramontana, or north-wind, which we met this morning; and the priest was at last sick. It appeared, moreover, that his fraternity had paid his passage-money without including his meals, which he clearly had not spared; and it ended in our having to make up a subscription for these. Even Egina's rock and Idra's isle could hardly keep one on deck. However, the sun gleamed brightly over Athens; Hymettus, Parnes, and Pentelicus were all topped with snow. We landed at the Piræus between three and four: we found two French and one English small war-steamers there. I drove up to my delightful quarters at Mr. Wyse's, where I was welcomed with already well-proved warmth and kindness. I collect that the effervescence lately exhibited here has considerably cooled down, partly from the unusual severity of the weather which the boy-students and volunteers encountered, partly from the increasing conviction how little real help Greece can get from Russia, and how entirely she is in the hands of the maritime powers. Probably I shall find Athens the best place to dis-Hellenise me. I hear that all the soberer portion of the inhabitants, especially the commercial

interest, with its three hundred vessels in the Turkish trade, are most anxious that there should be no misunderstanding with Turkey, at least for the present. General Church came in the evening; he has been most properly restored to all his military honours and precedence since my last visit. Though this was most justly due to his Hellenic services, it is also probably a symptom of the increased need which is felt of a good understanding with England.

March 2nd.—Weather cold and boisterous. What say you, Euripides and Lord Byron? I called on Mr. Hill; found with him Mr. Marshall, a lawyer of note, whom I had known at New York. I see the American sympathies run with the insurgent Greeks. Mr. Hill tells me that the best-educated Greeks come from Thessaly and Epirus. Walked to the fountain of Callirhoe, which has now a real gush of water. The French Minister dined with us, and the Austrian and his wife came in the evening; she is a very pleasing Englishwoman. There is intense diplomatic harmony at present, which is rather a new feature in Greece.

March 3rd.—Went to Mr. Hill's church for Lent service. Called on General Church; found Turks and Greeks with him smoking. There is much that is chivalrous, and, what is still better, straightforward,

in his whole character and career. Saw Mr. Suter, our Vice-Consul at Missolonghi, who has just been to the frontier; he has not a high opinion of the resources or constancy of the insurgents. Saw also Admiral Canaris with Mr. Wyse: he was the commander who, in the revolutionary war, in one of his brulots, or fire-boats, blew up the ship where the Turkish admiral and all his captains were assembled for a council of war. He is a sturdy simple-looking old man; ὅλως ἀγράμματος, "utterly unlettered," as he described himself to Mr. Wyse when he found him as Prime Minister on his first arrival here. Walked with Mr. Wyse to the site of the theatre of Bacchus. It is rather perverse that, in the affluence of waste ground all over the East, small crops of wheat should be gradually obliterating the traces of the spectators' seats in what was once the foremost theatre of the world. There were fine lights about the immortal hill, but the sky was still dim and very chill. General Church in the evening.

March 4th.—Set for a drawing to M. Rietschel, a German artist, who has had great success here in that line. I feel almost sorry not to have been at the Opera last night: it was professedly for the benefit of the poor; but I believe there is little doubt that the proceeds will go to the insurgents on

the frontier. They gave the Lombardi; and when the banners of the crusaders appeared, they were all inscribed with the Russian cross of St. Andrew, which drew down immense plaudits. In the course of the piece, some Turks or Saracens appear, and they were so much hissed that they walked off the stage; but, subsequently, one actor threw down his turban and trampled upon it, which was of course vociferously cheered. What made all this more significant was, that the King and Queen sat through it, and remained to the end; though, after a similar demonstration not long ago, upon the remonstrance of the French and English Ministers, the Government had protested entire ignorance, and had affected to dismiss M. Tisamenos, the head of the police, who thereupon went off to the frontier. All this is neither prudent nor decent. I walked with Mr. Wyse: we threaded the Ilyssus for some time, and really occasionally had some difficulty in stepping over it, which will surprise those who are acquainted with Athenian geography. We stopped at the stadium of Herodes Atticus, which, like his theatre, was a splendid work for the expenditure of an individual: it must formerly have looked very imposing with its rows of seats made of Pentelic marble, of which the fragments now lie all about. We came back over the site of the Lyceum,

now partly occupied by the Queen's kitchen-garden, and the villa of the Duchess of Placentia. At half-past six Mr. Wyse took me to be presented at the Palace; we were both in uniform: the reception takes place just before the Royal dinner. Their Hellenic Majesties were extremely gracious. The King wears the Greek dress; the Queen is very well dressed, but like the rest of Europe. She has much graciousness and intelligence of manner. She seemed to know all the places to which we had made excursions when I was last here. She took occasion to remark that she had never seen Constantinople. Some English military officers dined with Mr. Wyse, among others Captain Austen, of the Indian Horse Artillery, who has spent some time with the Turkish army on the Danube, and gives an infinitely more favourable account of it than the Indian officers I had met at Malta. He considers the Turkish soldier, in respect of sobriety, absence of crime, bravery, and unparalleled docility, as supplying better material for the formation of an army than any other men in the world. The cavalry is very bad, the irregular troops worse than useless, the officers not good; still he would not recommend the employment of English or French officers at present: they would be intent on minutiæ of discipline and appearance

about which they could not be satisfied, and mutual discontent would be the consequence.

March 5th. — Services at Mr. Hill's church. Captain Heath of the Niger, and Prince Leiningen, who is with him on a short cruise, came up to Mr. Wyse's. The Prince was introduced to their Hellenic Majesties. The naval officers dined with us; the representatives of all the four powers came in the evening; all are much shocked with the proceedings of the Court, and a sympathy exists between them wholly new in the diplomatic records of Athens. The King and Queen have been extremely civil to General Church, which is another very novel and a redeeming point. He hopes that he has been of some use by his representations to them.

March 6th. — To-day was a kind of feast-day here, though it is, in fact, the first of the fast-days of the Greek Lent; the whole population make a practice of going out to the columns of Jupiter Olympius, and there eating their first vegetable meal. It happened also to be the first day of real Athenian sky, a sort of birth of spring, and the scene was very pretty and remarkable; the rich tawny glow of the pillars, the brilliant blue of the sky above and between them, the fresh green of the young corn,

the gleaming white of the snow still retained on the mountains, and the variety of costume and uniform below, supplied all that could be desired in richness and variety of tint. Many groups had their meals on tables on the sward itself; some were dancing the Romaic dance, which has some gracefulness, though not much variety. The King and Queen came with their usual cavalcade on horseback; I believe there had been an expectation of some special demonstration of Hellenic greeting, but this was certainly not very marked: at the same time they were received with considerable acclamation and eagerness; they repeatedly threaded the crowd, the Queen always leading, and evidently in a state of much excitement, as if she only wanted a touch-and-go to be off to the frontier. Captain Heath and Prince Leiningen were with us, and set off afterwards on their return to the Bosphorus; they are two excellent specimens of an English captain and a midshipman Prince. In my way back I stopped at the cemetery for foreigners, and for all not of the Greek Church. There is generally something very touching in these tombs, erected principally for young men on their travels far away from home and friends, who have died of fever, from about the ages of eighteen to twenty-

four: they came here to collect all the inspirations of the old world, and have passed on to that which will supersede all things old and new.

March 7th.—Relapse to cloud and chill. I drove with the ladies to Mr. Bracebridge's villa on the spurs of Hymettus, and I walked back. Nothing can make the outline of the Acropolis look amiss. Mr. Wyse well compares the stern beauty and utter want of superfluity in the scenery of Athens to the character of their old tragedy. Passing from Corfu to Athens is like a transition from "Comus" to "Samson Agonistes," or from "Romeo and Juliet" to the "Antigone." Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Hill, and General Church dined with us. I perceived still stronger symptoms of the American inclination to Greece, which is not unnatural, and even to Russia, which surely is so, and yet does not entirely surprise me.

March 8th.—Bitter cold. Service at Mr. Hill's. Went with Mr. Wyse to the University. The building does decided credit to modern Athens. The marble Ionic pillars, with the blue colouring and gilding about their capitals, all from undoubted authority, have a very gay effect. There is a library of about 60,000 volumes, not well-arranged or catalogued yet, but which affords an excellent nucleus

for a fine collection: it must already be the largest east of Vienna and west of New York. About 600 students attend the lectures. The building and library have all been produced by private contribution. We walked to the junction of the Ilyssus with its tributary the Eridanus; to the monument of Lysicrates, which is supposed to be nearly the earliest specimen of the Corinthian order; and to the temple of Theseus.

March 9th.—Rode with the Wyses', and one or two more, by some old aqueducts built by Hadrian, who seems to have exceeded all Roman Emperors in travelling and building. It was a real Athenian day, and after our ride I ran up to see one of the first clear sunsets from the Acropolis. It is a splendid thing to stand on the highest step of the Propylæa, and look at Lord Byron's view. Mr. Wyse dined out, at a dinner given to the new Austrian Minister, Baron Leikam; and his pleasing English wife dined with us.

March 10th.—In my way to Mr. Hill's service, I looked in at a new Russian church, of which the roof is well painted by a German artist, with Hebrew kings and prophets on a gold ground. I drove with the ladies to the Queen's farm, which has become of great extent, and is laid out and cultivated with

much cost and care: there is a large good cow-house, poultry-yard, dairy, vineyard, orchard, olives, and corn-land; a central building with a tower, and a room prettily painted, and fitted up mediævally. The heads of the departments are German; it must employ a good many people. Altogether the whole establishment does the Queen great credit, and is of excellent example in the direction most needed for the country. I walked back and deviated to a more storied spot, the village of Colonus, the actual bowers of the Academy, the very spot where* the fair-clustered narcissus and the golden-rayed crocus blossom over the unslumbering rills that feed the currents of the Cephisus. Guarded as this site is by unparalleled recollections, I am not sure that the immediate sense of pleasure is not awakened there by finding on the dry and thirsty soil of Attica, a faint reproduction of the nursery-grounds at Fulham. General Church came in the evening; he had held a levee this morning of all the officers of the Greek army now at Athens, on the occasion of his being raised to the highest grade in it.

March 11*th.*—Walked again to Colonus, and the two hills, one of which has a chapel, the other a monument to Müller, the historian of the Dorians;

* Œd. Col. 668.

back under the Acropolis. There is a real burst of golden summer, which, as I have been told, comes here with a sudden leap. In the afternoon, I rode with Mr. and Miss Wyse, and the pleasant attachés, Messrs. Manly and Locock, to a certain marble old lion, in the middle of a plain about nine miles off, between Pentelicus and Hymettus: it is said here to commemorate some victory about the time of Pisistratus; it is rather a plaintive-looking beast. The mountains of Eubœa looked fine in their snow-garb, under the blue sky. The whole neighbourhood of Athens makes excellent riding ground, and our party does not spare the speed of their horses. At half-past seven, I went to dine at the Palace: we were about thirty; General Church, General Kalergi, (I believe with both it was the first time for many years,) three ladies of the household, and the remainder for the most part were Greek deputies. I sat between the Queen and the Grand Mistress. The Queen's conversation is full of liveliness and intelligence, and it requires some self-control not to become one of her partisans. There is a circle both before and after dinner. My Lord Lieutenant's uniform led to many enquiries from the King about our militia. He decidedly gives the impression of a well-meaning man. His silver Greek dress is, I think, on the whole,

the most comely costume I know. The rooms and meal were handsome. Their civil list (of 40,000*l.* a year, I believe) is large considering the general revenue of the country.

March 12*th.*—Went to morning church. The muster at the band, with the royal cavalcade, looked exceedingly well in the brilliant weather. The Russians wear a pin, with the cross above the crescent; it would hardly do for us to reverse the position. I went up for my sunset to the Parthenon. The French and Bavarian ministers and General Kalergi dined here. The last was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the Constitution in 1843. He has now just returned from Paris, and, in common with Admiral Canaris, takes an unfavourable view of the present insurgent movement against Turkey.

March 13*th.*—We made an expedition to the top of Mount Pentelicus. Mr. Wyse, Mr. Locock, and I, set out on horseback soon after eight; we changed our horses at a convent near the base of the mountain. The road up is picturesque; at first on a carpet of anemone and crocus, among thickets of arbutus and laurestinus; soon there is little but the bare marble fragments, of which the hill is one large store-house: the more especial quarries make a very striking spot,

with pine-trees and ivy relieving the jagged gleaming masses: there is a large grotto with a dripping roof, a fit dwelling for any number of Nymphs. We found occasional drifts of snow in the crevices on our path. The day was very enjoyable, but not eminently clear for the view from the summit; however we made out distinctly enough the whole series of ridges, channels, and islands, from the end of the gulf of Corinth to the centre of Eubœa. It must have been a proud view for an old Athenian, as its more immediate limits are Salamis on one side, and Marathon on the other. In front of the convent on our descent we found the ladies, the Austrian Minister and his wife, and, what was certainly not least pleasing to us at that moment, a table spread out under the trees on a daisied bit of sward with an excellent luncheon.* Our meal was copious and merry: we walked afterwards to the villas of the Duchess of Placentia; there are three of them, very near together, and all unfinished, with a large upper story in each fitted up for her dogs. She is, as may be inferred, a very eccentric woman, daughter of M. Lebrun, one of the Three Consuls of France. On one occasion she was being carried off from one of

* I imagine that this must have been nearly the spot where the English troops have been encamped during the present summer.

these villas by a band of brigands, but was rescued by the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Calandria: to show her gratitude she has built a public washhouse there, and inscribed it "Ταῖς Καλανδρίναις,—Aux femmes de Calandre." We rode back and got home soon after dusk.

March 14*th.*—Finished the "Knights" of Aristophanes: what a remarkable play it is, and how it exhibits the comic Muse as at once the lowest of buffoons and the most exalted of teachers! In such a community it must have subserved great purposes.

> "O sacred weapon, left for Truth's defence,
> Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence."—Pope.

The weather has relapsed into cloud and gust: we only rode about the town; there are two extremely pretty candelabra of modern work in front of the new Observatory, and from nearly the same spot almost the best view of the Acropolis.

March 15*th.*—Quite cold weather again. Went to see a sick English traveller and Mr. Hill.

March 16*th.*—Snow fell in the streets. Walked round the Acropolis. Dined with M. Rouen, the French Minister: a small party: General Kalergi, M. Conduriotti, the French Consul at Syra, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Manly. He has a pleasant apartment, and it was comfortable. I reverted to a tchibouque

after dinner. All agree that matters grow more critical every moment for the Court here, who have nearly thrown off all disguise, and are said to sign commissions for the army of Thessaly, the army of Epirus. The worst feature is, that when all this is contrasted with the representations made by their ministers at Constantinople and the Western Courts, I fear very gross duplicity has been exhibited. The Greeks at our dinner said, that the Islands which are entirely unconcerned will suffer for the acts of the Continent, as they did in the war of independence.

March 17*th.*—Commander Popplewell, of the Inflexible, arrived from some of the Greek islands: all tolerably quiet there. This being an Irish household, we did not forget our common Irish sympathies on St. Patrick's Day. There were some people in the evening, and we had "small games."

March 18*th.*—After four or five days of chill and cloud, and during an actual drizzle, I set out before five in the morning on an expedition to the Argolid. I put myself on board the Austrian steamer, the Arciduca Giovanni. As we passed over the Saronic Gulf, the sun came out and lit up successively—Egina, with the temple of the Panhellenian Jupiter well placed on one of its hills,—the mountains above Epidaurus,—Trœzene,—

Τροιζῆν', Ἠιόνας τε, καὶ ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον.*
B. 561.

Racine calls it "l'aimable Trœzène" — (this epithet surely sounds very French, not that I would ever in the least depreciate that refined and tender Muse: men of cultivated taste differ so much about the merits of authors and artists, that it is obvious that, apart from the universal pre-eminence which almost every one will now allow to Homer, Shakespeare, or Raphael, there is one class of minds which will, and one which will not, be especially attracted to that order of polished, pure, perspicuous excellence, which I should describe as mainly represented by Virgil, Racine, Pope, Gray, and Guido),— then Poros, with its modest arsenal half concealed,—then not classical, but heroic, Hydra; its rocky ledges were crowded with files of persons, waiting, I suppose, to hear the latest tidings of the Greek insurrection,—Hermione on the mainland, described with the usual Homeric truth,—

Ἐρμιόνην, Ἀσίνην τε, βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἐχούσας.†
B. 560.

* "From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Egina circled by the main;
Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd."—POPE.

† "And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below."—POPE.

— the island of Spezzia, till we anchored in the long bay under the high rock of Nauplia. I made acquaintance on board with Mr. Gilpin, a lawyer of great distinction at Philadelphia, whom I found full of classical taste and zest, and we joined our fortunes for the rest of the expedition. I had intended to sleep both nights on board the steamboat; but finding that he was provided with a good courier, Strati, I went on with them to pass the first at Argos, about seven miles further. We got there at twilight, found shelter hospitable, though certainly somewhat rude, in the private house of an Argive dame, Κυρία Σταματική, and enjoyed the tea we had brought in the glass tumbler which she supplied. We got rather better beds than we could have expected.

March 19th.—We were mounted on horseback by six, saw the sun rise clear and cloudless on the Argive Gulf, forded the Charadrus and Inachus, and arrived at Mycenæ. This has great interest and beauty: in its site it singularly resembles Troy; it has not so good a river as the Simois, but the view before us was the rich plain of Argos, "famed for generous steeds," now brightly green with the young corn; the encircling chains of the Laconian, the Argive, and Nemean Mountains, still vividly white with snow; — the high-peaked citadel of Argos itself

opposite to us;—lower down the sharp-edged rock and sea-washed promontory of Nauplia;—the blue bay below;—the wall of Tiryns;—the marsh of Lerna. Apart even from all associations, the massive construction of the subterranean chambers, called the Treasury of Atreus and Tomb of Agamemnon, of the walls of the Acropolis, and the Gate of Lions, is most striking. I thought the lions themselves (forgive me, ye Atridæ!) a little like the one in front of Buckingham Palace. But, with becoming hesitation be it said, we do not think that the murder of Agamemnon took place here, but at Argos. I admit that it cost something not to place the form of Cassandra, heaving with the last ecstasies of prophecy and song, before the still-existing Gate of Lions. Moreover, Mycenæ seems to have been undoubtedly the capital and royal residence of Agamemnon, while Argos was under Diomed; but it is to be observed, on the other side, that in the memorable description of the successive beacons which announced the capture of Troy in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus (that great tragedy, which seems to me to hold the same place in the Greek theatre that "Macbeth" does in ours), if of the two last summits which intervene between Cithæron and the Palace of Clytemnæstra, Ægiplanctus be Mount Geranion, and

the Arachnæan Peak be the highest mountain above Epidaurus, now called, it would seem, Mount Kehli, and supposed, from the interlacing of its rocky crevices, to suggest the idea of a spider; — this, the last summit of all, is visible from Argos, and not from Mycenæ: then, as to the internal evidence from the play, if I remember right, Argos is the word used throughout, though, as it was probably the place of disembarkation, which Mycenæ could not be, this may not be in itself a conclusive point.

After descending from Mycenæ, we looked for what our guide knew nothing about, and Professor Felton had inquired for the other day in vain; but we succeeded, by the aid of Col. Mure's "Tour in Greece," and "Murray's Handbook," in finding the Heræum, or great Temple of Juno. The list of its Priestesses used to be preserved, like those of Kings and Archons. It is about three miles from Mycenæ, on the left of the road to Nauplia: there are four distinct terraces, with very large substructions; the position near the base of the hills, when its white frontal gleamed over the rest of the plain, must have been very imposing, and explains the fitness, and almost the necessity, in such sites and under such skies, of the long processions, winding over the level ground below, and ascending the suc-

cessive flights of steps to the porticoes above. As it was thought that the straightest road back over the plain would be too wet from the melting of snows, we returned to Argos (not now deserving its Homeric epithet of πολυδίψιον, thirsty), saw the remains of its theatre, of a temple of Venus, and of a Roman bath; stopped on our way to look at Tiryns, and its famed Cyclopean walls, for which, however, I did not particularly care; nor did the stones appear more gigantic than those of Mycenæ, the Heræum, or the Pnyx at Athens. There is a very pretty vista of landscape through one of the old galleries built in the wall. I need not repeat that I do not affect to enter into architectural detail; but both in this gallery, and the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, you have clearly the pointed arch to all virtual effect in the earliest known architecture of Greece. When we got back to Nauplia, I went up what seemed the interminable series of stairs to the summit of the upper citadel, called the Palamede. They showed me over the barracks and military prison; these I imagine to be very inferior to those ordinarily found in Turkey. The view of gulf, plain, and mountain is very fine. I also saw the church, at the door of which Capo d'Istria was at the same moment shot and stabbed by two of the Mavro-michali family. I was told that

a hundred recruits were to set off for the frontier next day, and that there is considerable enthusiasm among the population. At sunset we returned in the Austrian steamer; we had a very energetic Greek on board, who denounced both Turks and Russians as two sets of barbarians, who were fighting for Constantinople, which belonged rightfully to them, the Greeks. The night was rather rough.

March 20th. — We anchored in the Piræus before dawn. I walked most of the way up, and Athens looked very beautiful in the clear fresh morning, especially when I took my stand on the Areopagus. Is it wholly fanciful to think that in the presence of St. Paul on this spot of the Areopagus, something of allowance as well as of rebuke was conveyed to the surrounding associations of the scene? The direct and immediate object of his appearance and address here, was undoubtedly to annul the false sanctities of the place, to extinguish every altar, strip every shrine, dethrone every idol. This object has been achieved with entire success: whatever may have been substituted in the interval, we may feel a reasonable confidence that on the rock of the Acropolis Paganism can never be reseated; the words of the man, "weak and contemptible in bodily presence," spoken on that rocky brow, amidst

the mocking circle, still live and reign, while tongues, and races, and empires have been swept away. But the pre-eminence of the true faith being thus secured, it surely need not be with the abandoned shrines of Hellas, as with the uncouth orgies of barbarous tribes, or the bloody rites of human sacrifice: it could not have been without providential agency, that within the narrow and rugged circuit, hemmed in by the slopes of Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, were concentrated the master efforts of human excellence, in arts and arms, in intellect and imagination, in eloquence and song. The lessons of the Apostle have taught mankind, that all other beauties and glories fade into nothing by the side of the Cross; but while we look to that Cross as the law of our life, while we look to that Apostle on the Hill of Mars at Athens as the teacher whose words of truth and soberness have superseded the wisdom of all her sages and the dreams of all her bards, then, if then only, it will be lawful for us to enjoy the whole range of subordinate attractions; it will be felt not to be without its import that St. Paul himself did not refuse to illustrate Gospel truth by reference to human literature; nor without its import too that those who did most to revive the express teaching, and exhibit the actual spirit of St. Paul,

Luther, Melancthon, and their brother Reformers, would have been conspicuous as the revivers of classical literature, even if they had not been the restorers of scriptural faith: and so for us too the long line of the Panathenaic procession may seem to wind through the portals of the Propylæa, and ascend the steps of the Parthenon; for us the delicate columns of the unwinged Victory may recall the lineage of Miltiades and the shame of Persia; for us the melodious nightingale may still pour her plaint in the green coverts of the sparkling Colonus; and hill, and plain, and grove, and temple, may feed us unrebuked with their thronging images of the past glory and the living beauty.

Events move; in the course of the day the French Admiral Barbière de Tinan arrived in the Gomer steamer, and Captain Moore in the High-flyer screw: the Four Powers met, and sent in their first collective note to the Greek Government, backing the demand of the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires for satisfaction and redress for their acts of connivance with the insurgents, and intimating that a refusal might be attended with disastrous consequences for Greece. In the afternoon I drove with the ladies to the bay of Phalerum, and the Colian cape, where the Persian fleet was

driven on shore, where Demosthenes is said to have practised with his pebbles, and where the Queen of Greece has now a bathing-house. I walked back; the view of the Acropolis all the way was magnificent, but the sunset from the Parthenon failed.

March 21*st.*—Rain all day. The Greek Ministers referred their proposed answer for the Turks to the chambers; it was thoroughly evasive and nugatory. An amendment was moved in the Senate, to the effect that they had not the requisite information before them, and that they must leave the Ministers to their responsibility; the original answer of the Government was carried by a majority of twenty-two to sixteen, which is reckoned a very slight one for them; the King had sent for several Senators in the morning to talk them over: in the Deputies, as he has in fact appointed every member among them, there was naturally no opposition. After these constitutional operations, their Majesties went to Daphne, where a number of recruits were assembled for starting to the frontiers. I hear that these men had assisted at a Te Deum for the Emperor of Russia in the old convent. Under all these circumstances, it is not surprising that Nechat Bey, the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires, intends to leave Athens

to-morrow morning. I paid some visits. Captain Moore dined with us.

March 22nd.—My instinct hit upon a beautiful day for an expedition to Sunium, or Cape Colonna. I set out at four with Yani, before mentioned, in a light carriage, which in five hours took us to Keratea, a small village about twenty-two miles off; here we had sent on saddle-horses the day before, and twelve miles further took us to Sunium. The descent upon it has not so much magnificence, but more softness than that upon Marathon; the thymy hills were quite inlaid with many-coloured flowers. When you come to the extreme point of the sacred soil, where the twelve columns still remaining of the temple of Minerva crown the beetling cliff, the view is very lovely; on the left, in four successive ridges, lie the islands of Macro-nisi, or island of Helen, the old Cranae, where the first night after the elopement from Sparta was spent; then Zea, where Aristæus had six hundred steers, and Simonides was born, and the weaving of silk invented, and persons above sixty years old were expected to poison themselves; then Thermia, famous for its baths; then "small Seripho:" directly opposite is the picturesque form of St. George d'Arbora; immediately below, the little island of Patroclus, not the friend of Achilles,

but the Admiral of Ptolemy, who was sent to assist the Athenians against the Macedonians, and part of whose fortifications still remain; across the gulf, the long line of the Morea ends with the knoll of Hydra; and the sparkling circlet of isles is closed by the soft outline of Egina. Almost more beautiful than all was the smooth transparence of the sea below over its rocky caves and ledges—such couches for the Nereids! The pillars of the temple, unlike those of the Parthenon and the rest at Athens, are of quite dazzling whiteness; is this owing to the dash of the spray from the sea below? For the suggestions of the spot, I must allow myself to refer to a short inscription which I once wrote for some fragments which had been carried off from their own hill, and put up in the garden of Chatsworth.

These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,
They reared on high Minerva's guardian fane,
Beneath them rolled the blue Ægean deep,
And the Greek pilot hailed them as divine.

Haply e'en such their look of calm repose,
As wafted round them came the sounds of fight,
When the glad shout of conqu'ring Athens rose
O'er the long track of Persia's broken flight.

Embraced by prostrate worshippers no more,
They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here;
Tho' distant from their own immortal shore,
The spot they grace is still to Freedom dear.

In our way back we made a small diversion to look at Thoricus, the site of an old Athenian deme, or small town, which has the remains of a theatre, tower, and temple, and a remarkably pretty plain. We passed also still subsisting heaps of cinders, which belonged to the old workings of the silver mines at Laurium. Many English tourists can depose to the spirit and intelligence of my guide. Our return ride and drive brought us back to Athens between eight and nine, and we were reckoned to have made very good work of it. Nechat Bey had taken his departure.

March 23*rd.* — Went with the Wyses to the Piræus; we went on board the Highflyer, in which I purpose to make a cruise to-morrow. We called on the Consul, and on Mrs. Black. Who is she? She was Lord Byron's Maid of Athens, and I thought her eyes still extremely fine, rather like what I remember of Mrs. Dodwell's, whom I always have thought the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The maid was only about thirteen when Lord Byron wrote his verses; her life has been most respectable: she has some handsome children. The French Admiral Barbière de Tinan, who has come here in the Gomer, and some other officers from the

French and English ships, dined with Mr. Wyse. People and music in the evening.

March 24th. — Took leave of General Church and Mr. Hill. In the afternoon went with Captain Moore on board the Highflyer. We are to accompany the Gomer to the Macedonian and Thracian coast, to show the flag, encourage the Turks, and prevent any improper communications from Greece. Just before embarking, the French Admiral heard that one of their steamers was aground at Mitylene, so he goes to help it, and gives us rendezvous in the Gulf of Volo. We left the Piræus at sunset, but it was not a worthy one.

March 25th. — As there was no cause for haste, we did not use the screw, and the wind being contrary, we made but slow progress through the Doro passage between Eubœa and Andros, which however we accomplished during the night, without risk from the avenger rock, Caphareus *, which finished the younger Ajax.

March 26th. — Captain Moore read service. I like his ship, and himself, most particularly. It was nearly a complete calm all day; in the evening we

* "The vengeful Capharæan coast,
The Eubœan rocks."—Dryden, *Æn.*

put on the screw. We dined in the gun-room with the officers.

March 27th. — The sun rose very finely, and at the same moment we saw Parnassus on one side and Athos on the other, which seems an amazing stretch of vision. As we glided on over the smooth water, we passed between the islands of Scyros—famous for the birth of Neoptolemus, goats, and streaked marble — Peparethos, Scopelos, Sciathos, on one side; the wooded headlands which form the north of Eubœa, and Cape Artemisium, on the other: Mounts Œta, Othrys, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, in their long snowy series, rose before us. Here, if anywhere, one might admit the truth of Lady Mary Wortley's lines —

> "Warmed with poetic transport, I survey
> Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea,
> For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung."

In addition to all these islands and mountains, we descried the Gomer on her course from Mitylene; we got up to her, and then respectfully followed her into the Gulf of Volo, and anchored before the town. This seems to have been the ancient Iolcos at the foot of Pelion. This old mountain of the Centaurs

looks nearly the most populous region which I have seen in the East; it is thickly dotted with villages, and there is one that literally starts from the sea-beach, and stretches up to the present snow-line, which seems to begin between three and four thousand feet above the sea: they are mainly Greek villages, though we are now some little distance within the Turkish frontier. Our mission here indeed is to give countenance to the invaded Turks, and the reverse to the insurgent Greeks; such, probably, is loyally our duty; still the thought recurs, where are we now doing this? — opposite the pass of Thermopylæ.

What with the French Admiral, and the Turkish flag, and an Austrian corvette we found here, there began an endless number of salutes, and a sufficient expenditure of powder to keep a Thessalian war alive for a year at least. A message was sent to the Kaimacan or Governor, to announce a visit to him from the French Admiral and English Captain to-morrow morning. I landed with Captain Moore for a walk. On the pier we met many reports; the insurgents under Captain Papa-costa, of the Greek army, were two hours off; they were in possession of Armyro, a town a little way down the gulf; they were 14,000 men; they had killed 16,000

Turks; the more immediate apprehension, however, seemed from the irregular Albanians who had been sent to defend the place, and received no pay. We had looked at the town, which has a tolerable wall and ditch; within, it has the usual thriftless, crazy appearance: I should like to walk with one of our fervid Ottomaniacs at home, one of the last thirty years' progress-men, through any real Turkish town. We strolled on over the plain of Volo, and came to a romantic dell with an old bridge or aqueduct, over what may have been the Anaurus, in fording which Jason, as we are told, in perhaps the most picturesque passage in all Pindar * (which is saying much), lost his sandal, and then went into the market place of Iolcos, and the people surrounded him, and doubted whether he was Apollo, or Mars of the brazen car. They will not now take Admiral Barbière de Tinan or Captain Moore for either Divinity, but they could stand them in better stead. Some of the ship's officers dined with us.

March 28th. — I accompanied the Admiral and Captain on their visit to the Kaimacan in the Turkish town; pipes and coffee as usual. I thought

the French Admiral conducted the interview with judicious dignity, proffering assistance in conveying troops or ammunition for them, but remonstrating against the outrages committed on the inhabitants by the Albanians. The Kaimacan, a very fine-looking man, appeared very helpless, without money enough to pay, or regular troops enough to control them. The Austrian Captain, upon whom we all called afterwards, confirmed the accounts of the Albanian misdeeds; they robbed one of his midshipmen, and he could get no redress, and we hear of their setting houses on fire, cutting off people's hands, &c. We find that the fleets have gone into the Black Sea. I walked with Captain Moore to a lofty, but not the loftiest village on Mount Pelion; they are large communities, with about 500 houses: we had some copious conversation with some of the inhabitants, rendered less instructive by our not being able to understand each other, but we collected that they have been perfectly quiet; they are surrounded by vine, olive, and fig, with scattered corn-fields at the base of the hills, and many a rill and fountain on their grey slopes. We took, for defence against any stray Albanians, not the Pelian spear, but two pocket-pistols and a revolver.

Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.*

March 29th. — The Gomer and Highflyer took a cruise round the Gulf of Volo. We stopped first off a Greek village, just beyond the frontier, and sent two boats on shore to give some warning counsel; they protested their innocence of all insurrectionary intentions, and said they well knew what services had been rendered to them by France and England at the battle of Navarino. It was a new-looking, well-built place, evincing its modern origin by its name of Amaliopolis, from the Queen Amalia, and it certainly contrasted favourably with purely Turkish villages. We then anchored off Armyro, where a Turkish brig had been landing ammunition for the defence of the town. This is on the banks of the old Amphrysus, where Apollo fed the flocks of Admetus: —

"et te, memorande, canemus,
Pastor ab Amphryso."—*Georg.* III. l.†

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* "From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire,
Old Chiron felled, and shaped it for his sire,
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes and the dread of fields."

POPE.

† "I sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd!"—DRYDEN.

On our return we passed a very pretty island with a Greek monastery, opposite Cape Trikheri. Here was Mount Tisœus, sacred to the sister goddess Diana.

March 30*th.* — Walked with Captain Moore; we explored the site of Pagasæ, which formerly gave the name to the whole gulf. There are extensive foundations of walls and other buildings. We came to a beautiful spring welling out of a rock; it cannot, however, be the fountain of Hypereia, which has been the subject of much dispute, and of a false quantity by Pope,

"or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring."—*Il.* vi. 583.

We dined with the French Admiral on board the Gomer; met the Austrian Captain, the Abbé, and other officers of the French ships. We had an excellent dinner, and it seemed singular to be eating paté de foie gras in the port of the ancient Iolcos.

March 31*st.* — This morning four large Turkish frigates entered the gulf with troops. Upon this the French Admiral determined to return to Athens. I think he accomplished his short function here with much judgment; he has induced the Governor to make some payment to the Albanians, and send most of them off; he has shown the two flags in union on

the scene of active strife at the frontier, and now leaves it for a short time, after the arrival of a sufficient reinforcement of men, arms, and provisions, from the lawful government of the country. We set off at one, leaving, I grieve to say, an officer of marines and a clerk on the top of Mount Pelion, whither they had gone early in the morning without leave. A Borra or north wind sprung up at night.

April 1st.—It was quite a rough night, breaking a tobacco jar, and spilling the inkstand in our cabin. As the wind was favourable, we took to our sails, skimmed rapidly through the Doro passage, and under the columns of Sunium, which glittered beautifully from their cliff. We screwed again into the Piræus, and arrived before sunset: we found the French Gomer and Heron, and our Triton; the news of the Russians having crossed the Danube, and, what concerned us most, orders to go up to Constantinople: so I shall gladly still avail myself of the friendly Highflyer, to repair for a moment to the centre of action. We have to stay twenty-four hours on board here, for the foolish quarantine. It would be one motive for getting rid of the present government of Greece, to do away with this folly, which Turkey has, I believe, now discontinued from every quarter, except Odessa, for which one cannot reproach her.

April 2nd. — In quarantine till four. Captain Moore read the service, and we had a batch of Galignanis. We drove up to Athens, and dined with the Wyses; there were Generals Church and Kalergi, and M. Rouen, the French minister. The news of the Russians having passed the Danube had excited much sensation here; not the least so at the Palace, where we are told that libations of champagne were immediately supplied. New departures continually take place for the frontiers; and among them are several in high favour at Court, as well as in much vogue among the general society of the capital.

April 3rd. — The wind continued so high, that Captain Moore settled not to set off till to-morrow morning. We called on the Hills together; went to Jupiter Olympius, and as we were sitting at a very favourite point of view in the theatre of Herodes Atticus, we were joined by Mr. and Miss Wyse, and all went up to the Acropolis; the wind had fallen, the approaching sunset was unclouded, all were very full of zest, and it was an afternoon to be well remembered. M. Pittakys was there, very intent on an inscription lately found, which showed that the Propylæa were built when Hymenæus was Archon, as indeed was already known from some Greek author. Austria and France at tea; some music.

April 4th.—We drove by a bright sunrise to the Piræus. Screwed out at eight; perfect day. The temple at Sunium gleamed resplendently over the noontide sea. We passed Cape Doro under an unclouded sunset.

April 5th.—The wind got up in the night right in our teeth; we went rather to the south of our course as we economise our force of coal. We came up the west side of Mitylene; saw Ida and Athos (the latter eighty-seven miles off) at sunset.

April 6th.—Went on deck at sunrise; I think we were precisely passing my long berth in the Vengeance in the mid Hellespont. At Gallipoli we found 1000 English troops with Sir George Brown, and 1000 French, with General Canrobert. Among the first, I found a nephew* and cousin. They had only preceded us by a few hours, and the English General and his staff looked rather helpless on the narrow plank in front of the rotten quarantine shed of the obscure town of Gallipoli, surrounded by some very impassive looking Turks. There we left them, and for the time I thought the naval profession had on the whole the best of it.

April 7th.—By this sunrise we were passing over the unrippled Propontis in front of the Seven Towers. The graceful minarets of Sultan Achmed

* Alas! Oct. 1854.

and the massive cupola of St. Sophia rose beautifully as ever; there was, however, still much mist on the Golden Horn. I took a last breakfast on board the Highflyer, and felt unusual regret at leaving that pleasant ship, and its admirable Captain. We called on Lord Stratford; I thought him looking all the better for his laborious winter. I do not collect that the Russian advance has created much apprehension among the Turkish population. Saw my excellent Dr. Sandwith. I walked to the Hippodrome; besides being almost the sole clear bit of space in this vast capital, it is the only spot, with its neighbouring St. Sophia, that I feel to be in the least redolent of antiquity; who, however, would care for Byzantine after Athenian antiquities? I was struck with the solitude and stillness of the greater number of the streets in Stamboul in comparison with the humming and dinning lanes of Pera and Galata. Dined at the Embassy — Captain Moore and the staff, among whom it was pleasant to meet again persons of such very uncommon intelligence and ability as Messrs. Alison and Smythe.

April 8th.—Settled to resort yet once more to the Highflyer, and pay a visit to my old friends of the fleet in the Black Sea. We set off at noon, carrying with us a chamberlain of the Sultan's, a Turkish

colonel, and some attendants, in charge of money for their army. The Chamberlain and Colonel dined with us, but as they could only speak Turkish, the communication between us was but scant; this in my view made them all the better company. The Bosphorus looked very sparkling in bright sunshine; we landed for ten minutes at Therapia, and saw Lady Emily Dundas, who is there at the head of a little colony of captain's wives. We found the Black Sea in perfect calm, but a considerable squall came on quite suddenly at night, which made our Turks very squeamish.

April 9th. — They remained recumbent all the morning, but not even sea-sickness prevents a Turk from smoking. We landed them and their money bags at Varna, at three, and came on about fourteen miles further north to Kavarna Bay, where the allied fleets have been anchored for a fortnight. We had been preceded an hour or two by the Niger, which brought to our Admiral the declaration of war; the signal had been received by our fleet with great cheering. The French despatch had not yet come. Upon our arrival we went on board the Britannia, where the kind Admiral's peremptory hospitality insisted on my coming to my old quarters at once. We found with him Sir Edmund Lyons and

the French flag captain, all intent on the coming operations.

April 10th. — Our Admiral wished to have proceeded to Odessa to-day, but the French Admiral has not yet received his intimation of the war. There was much occupation with the arrival of steamers from different quarters. Captain Parker brought in the Firebrand our Consul from the Sulina mouth of the Danube, where he had lived ten years; it is difficult to conceive that the war must not be a deliverance to him. It is very difficult to ascertain the actual progress of the Russians on this side of the Danube, near at hand as they must be. The Greeks give astonishing accounts of their progress, but authentic intelligence is not one of the natural products of Eastern regions. Sir Edmund and some captains dined with us. It is pleasant to see the entire friendly accord and confidence between our two Admirals. The Black Sea swells much towards evening. We are off an uninteresting sandy hillocky shore. I have seen a frightful account from Captain Peel of Turkish atrocities in Albania. Captain Parker, of the Firebrand, has picked up two little Bulgarian children on the shore here, one of three years, the other eight months old; the last was lying wounded on its dead mother's breast:

they had been fired upon by the Turkish irregular troops; I hear the crew make much of the children.

April 11*th.*—The Retribution and Niger are sent to Odessa; the Firebrand to the Sulina mouth of the Danube. English captains and a French captain dined. In the evening Captain Excelmans, a naval aide-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon, came in; he had just returned from a visit to Omer Pasha, at Shumla; he has 40,000 men there, and is in good heart; the Russians do not seem to have made any further advance since they crossed the Danube. The Captain formed a high opinion of Omer Pasha's intelligence.

April 12*th.*—Went with the Admiral on board the Agamemnon, Sir Edmund Lyons's flag-ship; it is a screw steamer of 91 guns, and is in every respect a most magnificent vessel. The Admiral also inspected the Terrible, a most powerful paddle steamer. Sir Edmund, Captain Excelmans, Captain Twopenny, of the army, and some naval captains dined: we had just remarked the splendour of the sunset, when a violent squall set in from the land, mixing up sand, mist, and wave; beds were put up for all the dinner company; in the midst of all this we went to the main deck, to see the crew act "John Dobbs," and "Did you ever send your Wife to

Camberwell?" which they did most entertainingly. The drama and the storm were concluded with supper and punch. Such is "Life in the Black Sea," after a declaration of war, and during a gale.*

* In painful, but not in dishonourable contrast to such an entry, I must allow myself to insert an extract from a letter which I have lately received from the good and popular doctor of the Britannia, Mr. Rees, after the violent outbreak of cholera on board. I feel sure that he will excuse this liberty. "A scene now commenced impossible to describe, and without a parallel I believe in the history of our service. Besides the cases of diarrhœa, previously healthy and strong men began to fall down in various parts of the ship. They were brought into me, frequently, two or three at a time. About two hours after the commencement of the outbreak, the deaths began, and fifty men died in twenty hours. The experiment of putting to sea having thus failed, every effort was made to get back to Baldjik. There was a strong contrary wind and current, the disease in the meantime continuing with almost the same uninterrupted violence. We found the harbour full of empty transports, and we removed at once all our sick and healthy into them, leaving only the officers and two boats' crews. This complete measure at once arrested the progress of the scourge. All the healthy men have been brought back to the ship; they are in excellent spirits, and are again in a condition to beat the best Russian three-decker in the Black Sea. This strange invasion terminated as suddenly and miraculously as it began. I hope never to go through such a scene again. In the cases of sudden collapse, I did not find medical treatment of the least use. The admiral bore himself very manfully throughout; you can imagine how much a man like him must have felt. I was well supported by the officers throughout this very trying scene. Discipline was fully maintained. The devotion of the men to

April 13*th.*—Captain Excelmans stayed for breakfast; he is very intelligent and well conditioned. I do not think his anticipations of the decisiveness of this year's campaigns are very sanguine. If the Russians remain where they are, he seems to think that the allies can do very little against them, which does not sound a brilliant prospect. Very cold all day; the water poured out to wash the decks became ice immediately. I dined with the Admiral in the ward room, where I continue to think them a very fine set.

April 14*th.*—Good Friday. Captain Tatham of the Fury returned from Sebastopol with the first Russian flag taken in the Black Sea. It is from a merchant schooner, which he picked up close to Sebastopol; two Russian frigates, two brigs of war, and a steamer, came out after him, and as they were gaining on him, he was obliged to let the schooner go, but brought off the crew; the Russian ships gained on him so much at one time, that he was obliged to start (*i. e.* let out) some of the water on board; several shots were interchanged: all seemed to think the affair very handily done. The captain or

their sick and dying messmates was truly wonderful; nothing could surpass it. Many of them lost their lives through sheer fatigue in the discharge of such duties."

master of the ship was questioned before our two Admirals; he is a Dalmatian, and a fine-looking fellow. He confirms the account that the Russians have not more than twelve available line-of-battle ships in Sebastopol. My courier was of much use as an interpreter. The Russian sailors seemed much to relish the cocoa that was given them. I fear it may sound almost like an incongruous transition to the sacred service of the day: it was properly and pleasingly performed. I avail myself of the return of the Fury to the Golden Horn this evening; so I took leave of my friends in the Britannia above and below, with very hearty wishes for their welfare, safety, and, if the necessity comes, their glory. The Fury started about nine in the evening. Captain Tatham is a fine manly fellow; I have certainly been most fortunate in my naval commanders. My many and varied visits among the ships of the Eastern fleet have not only given me a heartier sympathy with their coming fortunes, but have greatly increased my respect, which previously was not slight, for the whole naval service.

April 15th.—We had averaged about nine knots an hour during the night: it has been passably rough, and was intensely cold in the morning. We entered the Bosphorus about noon amidst frequent snow

squalls, stopped for a short time at the colony of wives in Therapia—which includes Mrs. Tatham —and left the captured flag with Lady Emily Dundas, then proceeded to the Golden Horn. The Himalaya was in the act of landing the 33rd and 41st regiments at Scutari. Messiri's hotel had quite changed its appearance: we were forty at dinner, in the large room above stairs, and had amongst us the red and green coats of English officers and engineers. I called on Lord Stratford afterwards; found with him Mr. Yeames, our Consul from Odessa, where he had lived for forty years, and Mr. Cooke, inventor of the Electric Telegraph.

April 16th.—Easter Sunday. I walked to church through the snow! Mr. Blakiston's congregation was very crowded in the small room at the Embassy; a church or chapel is indeed much required here. Nearly all present remained for the Sacrament. Called on Dr. Sandwith and Mme. Baltazzi. There is some fear that at least one ship laden with the expelled Greeks has gone down. I think this act of wholesale rigour might have been spared; the wealthy and the intriguing, probably the only really mischievous persons, will be able to evade it, while it descends with crushing weight on the poor and the industrious. Dined at the Embassy: only the staff.

April 17th.—Took a Turkish bath. Went with Dr. Sandwith in a caique to Scutari, where four of our regiments are now put up in the splendid barracks there. They will hold altogether 8000 men, and there are some other large barracks not far off to be allotted for our use. We called on that fine soldier, General Adams. The scene in the large barrack-yard was curious: here were some of our men mildly smiling as a Turkish sentry went by; there was a fat Turkish officer looking curiously at the unpacking of a case of Minié rifles, of which, however, there is a quantity in their army; here one of our bands was practising a stunning march, before crowds of lookers on. We saw all this under the real restored Eastern sky, gilding all the gleaming shores and glittering cities. I hear that in Persia the Russian Ambassador, Prince Dolgorouki, has given the Grand Vizier a violent blow over the shin with his cane. They tell me that the resistance of Persia to the views of Russia is mainly owing to the adroit management of Achmed Effendi, whom I have before heard reputed the most able of Turkish statesmen, and, rarer attribute, the most honest.

April 18th.—My birthday! How little it has been in my thoughts, far away from those who pay heed

to it—how much less than it ought to have been, with a view to all the accumulating responsibilities of life! This strolling year must clearly be an exceptional one. I went with Dr. Sandwith to the bazaars. I made a few purchases in Ludovico's shop; he is an Armenian, talking French extremely well, within a sort of old curiosity store, which is much frequented. It rather protracts the process of shopping to begin by drinking coffee with your shopkeeper. We went on to a genuine Turkish kibaub shop. I know not whether my reader needs to be informed that kibaubs are small pieces of mutton grilled on a set of skewers, which are served on pieces of thick baked bread, with a little salad. I was about to sit down on a low stool, when Dr. Sandwith remonstrated, "Do not sit on the table." He then took me to the corner of an old khan, or general lodging-house, where an old schoolmaster was giving instruction to four or five boys. He belonged to the class of Softas, which seems rather to answer to the idea of the old Jewish schools of the Prophets. They are generally the most inveterate Mussulmen of the empire; and this man, who had formerly given Dr. Sandwith some lessons in Turkish, would not rise when we Christians entered, or give us the slightest salute. He seemed, however, glad to see my friend and talk to him.

I was not quite fortunate in suggesting, as a sort of touch-stone, that he should be asked how he liked the new Sheikh-ul-Islam (the highest functionary of their faith), the former one having been lately displaced for his too close sympathy with the old Mussulman party. This evidently rather ruffled him: "Why do you ask me that? You must have some reason. I cannot tell you: I do not know him. All I can tell you of him is, that, before he was appointed, the lightning of God fell upon his house." We naturally got upon the war, of which his view is as follows. "Nimrod was formerly a great conqueror; but God defeated him by the hands of Abraham, to whom be blessing for ever! He was devoured by worms, and perished miserably: so it will be with the Emperor Nicholas."

I came for a couple of nights to Therapia, but alas! we have got chill mists again from our friend the Black Sea. I dined at M. Pettler's excellent table-d'hôte, and drank tea with Lady Emily Dundas, with some English and French captains' wives. The lady of the Descartes steamer makes piteous complaints that it never gets out of order, and, consequently, is never sent down for any repair: she is nourishing a hope that it may be soon sent for coals, and that there will probably be none to be had in Constantinople. I

am again put up at a small lodging-house near the hotel, neat and clean, but to-night very cold. I trust that I am safe from another small-pox.

April 19th.—Brilliant but keen day. I went over the hospital for our fleet established here in a house put at our disposal by the Sultan. A good deal of repair was necessary; but the rooms are spacious and airy, in full possession of all the breezes of the Bosphorus, which, as the summer advances, will be very salutary. There are now about forty men there; they will soon have a hundred and fifty beds, against the contingencies of the war. The arrangements seemed very good and careful. I thought I knew all the walks of the place; but I found a very pretty one which was new to me on a wooded hill, immediately behind Buyukdère, full of broad grassy glades under cypresses and pines: it must have been formerly some great garden, as there are fragments of fountains and flights of stone steps. From the summit the Black Sea and Bosphorus had put on once more all their blue sparkles. After the hotel dinner, drank tea with the Skenes.

April 20th.—Walked in the garden of the French Palace: it is perfectly inlaid with violets and primroses, but generally the vegetation is far behind that of England at this period. Steamed to Constanti-

nople; the dear old Bosphorus was very brilliant, and I suppose I shall now really not see it again. Count Ladislas Zamoyski called on me. He is in hopes of organising a Polish Legion; but finds, like others, that matters move slowly in Turkey. I walked through the old quarter of the Fanar, and then on the breezy hills beyond Pera. Dined at the Embassy; there were some Turks, Greeks, and foreign consuls, but no great notability. I had a good deal of talk afterwards with Percy Smythe, who is always full of knowledge and genius.

April 21st.—Crossed over to Scutari with some officers of the engineers * to see a brigade drill of the six English regiments which have already arrived there; General Adams was the officer in command. The day was very brilliant; and, consequently, the effect of the gleaming uniforms and bayonets on the fine plain, commanding, perhaps, the best view of Constantinople, was very striking: there was a considerable number of Turkish and Frank spectators, some few Bachi-bazouks, or irregular cavalry, who cut a miserable figure with their tawdry accoutrements and lank horses, and certainly Asia was very disadvantageously confronted with Europe on this

* One of these was the brave, frank-hearted, lamented Burke, who found so gory a grave on the left bank of the Danube.

occasion. It was a new and suggestive sight to see the English columns march by, with their bands playing opposite old Stamboul, and just under the green fringe of the cypresses in the burial-ground at Scutari. Our soldiers are said to obtain much credit for their orderly behaviour in the town. An officer was asked how he was going to cross over to Constantinople. "In a tchibouque," he answered; mistaking the only Turkish word he knew for a caique. Dr. Sandwith dined with me, and we went together to drink tea with Count Ladislas Zamoyski and his young wife, whose cheerfulness bore the hard test of confined lodgings in a narrow lane of Pera most triumphantly.

April 22nd.—I went with Dr. S. to the bazaars; we then went for our luncheon to a Turkish, not kibaub, but cook-shop, where different ragouts of meat and vegetables are always ready in large pans. I think the nation has a decided turn for cookery: we took our narghilés at the coffee-house, mainly frequented by Arabians and pilgrims from Mecca. My companion piques himself on knowing all the eastern races at the first glance; I put him to the test with a beggar from Bokhara, and he turned out to be quite right. If any one wants to know what an old Arab is like, let him look at the head of

Caiaphas, in the Duke of Sutherland's excellent picture by Honthorst: the young and well-looking are like Sir Frederick Thesiger. While sitting among these swarthy and turbaned heads, one is struck at seeing English officers passing up the street in their red shell-jackets. Some of the old Turks are supposed not at all to fancy the allied occupation: one asked the other day why the English flag was not displayed on the barrack we occupy at Scutari: "Because it is not our property, but the Sultan's." "Oh! it is very kind in you to say so." They were much surprised to see the arrival of the soldiers' wives, of whom a limited number is allowed to each regiment. "We thought the English had come here to fight, but they have brought their hareems." Others were heard to say of the troops, "Why these are all boys and girls—they have no beards!" Dined at the hotel; read the last batch of papers.

April 23*rd.* — Some had to leave church from want of place in the small room; this cries out increasingly for remedy. Lunched with the Baltazzis. Walked with Dr. Sandwith to the great Frank burial-ground, which is the oddly-selected place for the Greeks and Armenians to hold high holiday in, this being their Easter Sunday. There were booths, jugglers, stilt-walkers, and other appurtenances of

our old Bartholomew or Brook Green fairs. An occasional guard of Turkish soldiers filed about in the midst, as in the market-scene in "Massaniello;" but I cannot say that the Christians looked at all like an oppressed race: some were dancing the Romaica, but, as at Athens, without any women. We had our narghilés in front of a very frequented coffee-house overhanging the Bosphorus, and the whole scene was gay and picturesque. The weather, which has become very fine for the last three days, was to-day quite sultry. It is the first Easter at which the Greeks have forborne from a continuous discharge of guns and pistols, and also from the sport of baiting the Jews. Lord Stratford most laudably exerted his influence with the Greek Patriarch to this end. Dined at the Embassy; Captain Hardinge was there—a fine young fellow. There is mingled news from Greece: Grivas has been defeated in the mountain-pass between Thessaly and Epirus; but 3000 insurgents have landed within sixteen miles of Salonica.

April 24th.—I took my last Turkish bath before leaving Constantinople. I am now really off in earnest on my way home; and if it was not for all that word includes, I should be very reluctant to leave these bright shores, especially when every

moment adds to their immediate interest and animation: if the packets had even allowed of my being here one day longer, I might have gone to-night to the great state ball, given by the Austrian Ambassador in honour of the Emperor's marriage, and to-morrow morning to a fuller review of the English troops before the Seraskier. What odd places our guardsmen turn up from! To-day one arrived from the Seventh Cataract in time to join his regiment here. The studs of Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge have arrived, but not the Generals. In Dr. Sandwith I take leave of a real friend, for whom my respect and regard have gone on culminating since the first moment of acquaintance. I set off a little before sunset in the Austrian steam-packet, Imperatore, gaily rigged with flags for its august namesake's marriage to-day.

April 25th.—I do not purpose to dwell on my oft-repeated Ægean passage; but when we were off Gallipoli, with its now encamped hills, this morning, I was delighted to see our excellent Consul, Calvert, come on board: I imagine he has rendered the most indefatigable and efficient service to our troops, and promoted their harmonious co-operation with the French, which has hitherto been very complete. I hear that English and French, Highlander and

Zouave, are frequently seen, not only hand in hand, but arm round neck; though, I fear, this must generally be in more convivial hours. We dropped Mr. C. at the town of the Dardanelles.

April 26th.—During our morning halt at Smyrna I paid ten visits, which prove how my Levantine acquaintance has gathered. I was delighted to meet young Blunt, of Rhodian memory. They anticipate here considerable distress from scarcity of grain. The country is pretty well cleared of robbers; Yani Katergi still in prison; but a shepherd lad in the service of M. Van Lennep was seen lately entering the town with a bag; he was asked what was in it; "A present for the Pasha." This turned out to be the heads of two robbers, successors of Yani, which he had very gallantly secured and brought off by himself. The weather, as I have always found it here, was delightful. We brought away the Greek consul, and other Greeks of the present dispersion.

April 27th.—Repeated the day of quarantine at Syra. The Consul sent me newspapers. He told me from his boat that 3000 sailors are out of employment there.

April 28th.—Arrived in the Piræus. The sun had risen in full brightness over Hymettus. We were released from quarantine at eleven, and I drove up

to my constant quarters with Mr. Wyse. I am very glad at last to find Athens basking in its own clear skies: the Acropolis looked like a vast altar, bearing on its rocky tablet the choicest gems of the earth under the blue vault of heaven. I walked with Mr. Wyse to Colonus: the plain is in its best looks, with the dark belt of olive, then a bright fringe of fruit trees in leaf and blossom, and then an expanse of the most vivid green in the young corn. General Church came in the evening.

April 29th. — Made up lee-way in newspapers. Walked to the Pnyx for sunset, in accordance with a recommendation from Sir Edmund Lyons: it is very fine, and perhaps better to have the Acropolis to look at than to look from. Mr. Hill dined with us; Mrs. Hill and Elizabeth of Crete came to tea. Their serenity of temper and conscience contrasts well with the stormy state of affairs. The Cretan young lady, long a pupil and friend of the Hills, would both in disposition and attainments afford the best reply to a theory which I have heard maintained elsewhere, that the Greeks may, by their intelligence and commercial enterprise, form a thriving community, just as Jews or Parsees might; but that by their intense vanity, their want of the principle of cohesion, their dearth of the imaginative and artistic faculties,

they are unfitted to constitute a nation. The Servians are said to have shown much more of this aptitude. There are sad accounts now, on all sides, of the Greek proceedings on the frontier,—jealousies, insubordination, pillage, defeat, and flight. Some who have returned here have been put into prison; but others are still going out. On the evening before, the Hills had unwittingly taken a drive to Daphne, and there they found themselves in the midst of 150 men, assembled round a gorgeous new banner. The Russian minister arrived later to speed their departure.

April 30th.—Went to church. In the afternoon with the ladies to the band. The Queen rode by, but did not stop. It may be surmised that she is not pleased with the reports from the provinces. Admiral Barbière de Tinan and the French minister dined with us.

May 1st.—The day has been worthy of an Athenian May-day. I walked in the morning among the orchards of Colonus, and threaded the Cephisus for some way; in the afternoon rode with Mr. Wyse and the two attachés, to the convent of Cesarenyi, probably so called from being an imperial foundation, on the spurs of Hymettus; there is a pleasant fountain, and a glorious view over Athens, and all its beautiful setting. How true is

The thought I have already mentioned, that the whole landscape of Athens is like one of its own old tragedies, the Antigone, or Œdipus Coloneus; there is no superfluity of decoration, no wild luxuriance of vegetation; all is exact proportion, and austere beauty; the chiselled outline of hill and shore answers to the symmetrical structure of the plot; the pale drapery of olive images the general sobriety of language; the gleaming temple and towering pillar represent the solemn fervour and lofty aspiration of the choral ode. Now my reader will feel that it is high time for me to leave Athens. I only had to interpose a dinner with the Austrian minister, and his amiable English wife.

May 2nd. — Started at six from the Piræus in the Austrian steamer, arrived at ten at Calimaki, at the head of the Saronic Gulf. I rode with an agreeable English fellow-passenger across the Isthmus to Corinth, now a very homely village, with a few signs of improvement; there are some striking pillars of an old temple, of far ruder structure than the Parthenon, and probably one of the oldest remains of Greek worship extant. We rode to the top of the celebrated Acropolis, the Acro-Corinthus, from which the view of both gulfs is very noble; on the western side snowy Helicon, and snowier Parnassus

succeeded each other. We rejoined another Austrian steamer at Lutraki, at the head of the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto, and set off again soon after sunset. I found I was in an old acquaintance, the Persia, in which I came last year from Galatz to Constantinople.

May 3rd. — It was provoking to pass all the fine scenery of the gulf in the dark. Morning found us off Patras, where the steamer stops eight hours. I landed early, and got to a height: the scenery is fine; the gulf widens, after passing the narrow strait between two castles, the old Rhium and Anti-Rhium, scene of many an old naval conflict, before the Christian glories of Lepanto; all the near ground is one vast growth of currants, unhappily a failing crop for the last two years, which has been the cause of very wide distress, and it is feared that there are symptoms of disease again beginning to be apparent. This seems to be one of the analogies with the mysterious potato blight. I called on the Consul, Mr. Wood, who gave me breakfast, walked about with me, and was most obliging. It is a well-built place, and rather put me in mind of a young American town; almost the whole has been built since the war of independence. Many of the insurgents had returned since their defeat at Peta; they

were very ill received by their countrymen on shore, with reproaches, and even blows, to all which they very naturally replied, "Go and see how you like it yourselves, with nothing whatever to be got to eat." The allies are in extremely bad odour here: there was a French brig of war, the Mercure, to prevent volunteers from passing over from the Morea; and while I was there, our Modeste came in. We stopped off Missolonghi, which, however, can only be approached at a distance of five miles, to put down General Spiro Milios, ex-Minister of War at Athens, who is sent on a mission by the King, probably to revive the drooping insurrection. I thought it tantalising only to be at Zante, the *fior di Levante*, in the dark.

May 4th. — We had a fine afternoon, though rather a rougher sea for our arrival at Corfu. It will be remembered how much I had appreciated this island in its wintry garb, with no leaves out but the pale olive; but as I found it now, under the balmy breath of its spring, one mass of roses, geraniums, and orange-blossoms, I need not say that all its charms were incredibly heightened. I found again the kindest possible welcome at the Palace.

May 5th. — Walked to the Casino, where the garden is in full luxuriance. Rode in the afternoon

with my friend Creyke and Captain Butler, among the olive groves and summit ranges, which make delightful scampering ground. The young green of the chestnuts is very lovely, the figs look already bursting into ripeness, and every group of peasants under their vine treillage is like a decoration in a ballet.

May 6th.—Walked before breakfast to the Temple of Neptune. While still on that peerless green promontory, I heard the salutes which announced the arrival of the Duke of Cambridge, on his way from Trieste to Constantinople. He came to the palace for breakfast; his account of his recent visits to Paris and Vienna were very interesting and very satisfactory. There was a levee afterwards, very well attended both by the islanders and the garrison. The Duke resided here for above two years in command of the garrison under Lord Seaton, and was justly much of a favourite. There was a large dinner at the palace; the Lord High Commissioner gave the Duke's health, the Duke the Emperor Napoleon's, I the Emperor of Austria's, which two last were acknowledged by the respective Consuls. There was an assembly afterwards; the house and, indeed, the whole island admirably lent themselves to any festal purpose; and nothing can be better

organised than Sir Henry's establishment. I accompanied him in his barge to put the Duke on board the Caradoc shortly before midnight.

May 7th.—Walked to the One-gun battery, that I might take away the last impression of beauty from this favoured island. After church I embarked on board the Austrian steamer Calcutta, which belongs to their Trieste and Alexandria line. It is a very quick vessel. There are some passengers from India on board, including young Lord Henry Scott, in whom I found a very pleasing fellow-Borderer.

May 8th. — Rather a rough sea during the night; but we seemed to average about eleven miles an hour against a contrary wind. Opposite Ragusa in the morning; in the evening we passed some well-shaped islands; among them Lissa, the scene of a naval conflict between the English under Captain Hoste, and the French and Italians. The Austrian officers wonder how long we and the French shall keep friends. We are much pleased with our ship, and its whole service. I had not felt aware how long a line of sea-shore belonged to Austria; it is very much her interest to work her Dalmatian elements; the Lloyd's Company have lately established a line of steamers on the Po. On this last day of the passage, we had, besides the champagne usually given on that

occasion, some of the Maraschino of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, the great place of its production, opposite which we were at the moment passing.

May 9th. — We got to Trieste at noon, after an excellent passage. The shore and port have a look of much animation, and the streets and houses near the shore are very handsome; all has an awfully civilised look; the Hôtel de la Ville is an excellent house. I walked with Lord Henry and Mr. Stobart, a most pleasant clergyman who accompanies him, up some steep streets to the old Cathedral of St. Justus, which has some curious ancient frescoes. There is a fine view from the terrace in front embracing the amphitheatre of hills round Trieste and the head of the Adriatic.

May 10th. — Embarked at six for Venice; this is still part of the active service of the Austrian Lloyd's Company. There were several Austrian officers on board, with some rather pretty ladies. The passage lasts six hours. On first approaching Venice, I thought it looked like Oxford put down in the middle of the sea. We then threaded our intricate course between a quantity of ugly sandy banks, and at last emerged into the superb channel in front of the Doge's Palace, and all the objects so familiar to my whole life, from my dining-room of Canalettis, but

which I now looked upon for the first time in their real presence. I mean, however, to bear steadfastly in mind, that I am now on thoroughly beaten ground, and to observe all proportionate brevity. I found very agreeable quarters in the Hôtel de la Ville, on the Grand Canal, formerly the Grassi Palace. I walked on the Piazza of St. Mark. I am struck with the beauty, the grandeur, and, above all, the originality of Venice. Coming from Athens so recently, I feel as if it had been built — almost purposely — to exhibit a contrast to the Parthenon and the old architecture of Greece. I ventured to compare that to one of the old Greek tragedies; if so, Venice must stand for one of the most brilliant modern operas, full of stage-effect, combination, grace, efflorescence, and splendour — all things but simplicity. I went into the Cathedral, which considerably recalled St. Sophia to me, though very inferior to it in majesty and effect. When by myself, I always find that I can pray more easily in Roman Catholic churches than our own; this is probably due to the absence of the expectant verger. After dinner at the table d'hôte, I made a circuit in an open gondola. I cannot abide the close coffin in the middle; whereas, if they are open, they are as pleasant as caiques, without the risk of being upset

whenever your body moves. As I sat afterwards at my tea, there was a concert of music and singing from two gondolas under the windows of the hotel; and other gondolas came to listen and applaud, and the moon, nearly full, shone on the sharp angles of the Foscari Palace, and all looked very Italian, and most unlike Turkey.

May 11*th.*—I took a lacquais de place, and went first over the Doge's Palace. I think it rather salutary to have the impressions one should be apt to derive from the gorgeous blazonry of their stirring history by such hands as Tintorett, Paul Veronese, and Palma, corrected by the view of the republican dungeons and torture-rooms. We then went to the Cathedral of St. Mark, and made a more leisurely survey of its wealth of alabaster, jasper, porphyry, and agate. Then we mounted the Campanile, and I did my best to master the geography of the town. I am surprised to find it so very good a place for walking; indeed, though it may seem rather paradoxical, I am inclined to think that its water is its weakest point: both in colour and odour how unlike to the blue, clear, sparkling Bosphorus! almost as much as its broad even flag-stones are to the angular crevices of Pera. We then looked at the statues, Hector and Ajax, by Canova, smooth and fleshy.

There was surely more of Venice than the Parthenon, more of the Italian opera than the Attic buskin, in his school. We ended our morning walk with the Rialto, and looked at the house of the first Doges, the church of the first fugitives, with the mark of the fish, to show that all under its size were to be thrown into the sea,

Incunabula gentis.

I am pleased to find my excellent picture of the Rialto still so like. My lacquais de place, Luigi Campioni, is a very good one: I have no deduction to make, but that he will call every female Roman bust and statue Cleopatra. I went after dinner to the Piazza; it is pleasant to sit in that noblest of precincts, eat ices, and listen to the fine Austrian band. I had not quite done with music, as I went on to the opera at the Teatro Gallo; it looked, to my somewhat unused eyes, a brilliant little theatre, and the company gave Verdi's Traviata very well, and at all events were enthusiastically applauded.

May 12th.—I am not destined to find fine weather in its most legitimate haunts; it rained almost all day, and though this is the full-moon tide, it has never yet been brilliant. This, however, sig-

nified less to-day, as it was nearly wholly devoted to interiors. I went to six churches; — the Frari, with its monuments of Titian and Canova opposite each other — a high honour, indeed, for the latter: St. Roch, with its adjoining school, brimming with marble and Tintoretts: San Pantaleone, with a noble painted ceiling, by Fumiani: Santa Maria del Carmine, of imposing length: St. Sebastian, where one appreciates Paul Veronese as one never did before: the Gesuiti, rich in jasper and lapis-lazuli; and then to the Academy, where there is indeed much to be long looked at — most and longest, of course, Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. Though mine cannot be considered to have been an artistic tour, yet it has been something, to begin it with Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, and to close it with Titian's Assumption. In brilliancy of colour and general animation, the Titian is perhaps unsurpassed; but he never reaches the divinity of Raphael. I admired subordinately, but very warmly, the great Tintorett, with the miracle of St. Mark, a large Pordenone, and one or two Bonifacios. It was a damp, rainy evening, and I was driven to have the stove in my sitting-room lighted.

May 13th. — Went to the Pisani Palace, which has a fine Paolo of the family, as Alexander, Darius,

&c.: the church of San Salvatore, with some of Titian's latest pictures: the Manfrini Gallery, where the Ariosto of Titian and two Giorgiones are indeed admirable: the church of the Scalzi, the richest of all in marble of which it is a perfect blaze: St. Nicholas dei Tolentini, with a fine portico: the Academy again: the Palazzo Correr, with a collection chiefly of curiosities, about which I did not much care: the Botanical Garden, which also might have been spared: the church of the Gesuiti, where the affluence of marble is made as tawdry and tasteless as the beautiful material admits; the verde-antique columns at the high altar are, nevertheless, beautiful. The luxury of the open gondola made all this sight-seeing much less laborious. After dinner went to the Piazza, and then to the Traviata with Lord Henry.

May 14th. — Service in a room of our hotel; two English clergymen officiating. Went again to the Jesuit church to see by a better light Titian's Martyrdom of St. Lawrence: it has become very black, but it appears to me admirably painted. Then to the Palace Vendramin, now inhabited by the Duchesse de Berri; it is a pleasant house, chiefly filled with pictures of Bourbon dynasties. How little I like their expression, even including Louis XIV.! there

is generally a look either of arrogance or fatuity, except in the Duke of Burgundy. I went on to the Papadopolo Garden. My countrymen may spare themselves the sight of gardens at Venice. I went on to Palladio's two churches, the Del Redentore and San Giorgio, which, in comparison with most of the other Venetian churches, have a noble, if somewhat bald, simplicity; then to the Maria della Salute, which has more picturesque effect, and is more abundant in paintings; and then to St. John and St. Paul, rich with the tombs of twenty-two Doges, richer in its Titian of St. Peter Martyr. This is a very splendid picture. The band played in the Piazza in the evening: this is very pleasant, but I have had no bright Venetian weather.

May 15th.—It appeared to come this morning to illumine my departure. I took my last row in a gondola to the railway station, where, after some processes that appear like examination and imprisonment, I set off at eleven: it is a fine bridge or causeway over the Lagoon. After the uncultivated wastes of Turkey, and the rocky slopes of Greece, the Venetian plain, with its continuous stripes of cultivation, and its vine-trellised mulberries, looked a perfect garden. I was reluctantly shot past Padua and Vicenza; arrived at Verona at four, and walked

till dark about that fair city, which has been described with such happy precision in one of the novels of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, that I feel she has said enough for the family. I was taken to the Cathedral, the churches of San Zeno, San Fermo, and Santa Anastasia, which have all a kind of grand gloom with their Lombard towers, Byzantine portals, and high roofs; to the old bridge, the house of the Capulets (I was glad not to be shown the doubtful tomb), and the noble amphitheatre, which I think struck me more than the Coliseum had done a long while ago; they both have the massive and practical grandeur of Roman architecture, without any of the delicate outline and ethereal beauty which mark that of Greece. An Italian play was going on in the area below, at which one could assist gratuitously from the upper benches. I went also to the Giusti Gardens, which command a fine view of the town and country, and have some fine cypress alleys. I went to the Piazza after dinner, and had an ice there; but this is far from being St. Mark's. I find the Due Torri a good hotel.

May 16th.—I observed both last night and this morning how many of the Austrian soldiers go to pray in the churches, chiefly, it seemed to me, among the Tyrolese. I left gentle Verona by the railroad, which

has a beautiful coasting bit by the Lago di Garda. There is an unpleasant interval of *diligence* or posting, which occupies four hours, and it was not improved by hard rain. We got some rough fare in the kitchen of a station-house at Treviglio, and arrived at Milan about eight. I put up at the fine Hôtel de la Ville.

May 17th.—It is, alas! thirty-one years since I was at Milan. I found that I remembered well its handsome and capital-like appearance, and especially its imposing Cathedral. I am aware that this has many anomalies and incongruities; but I hardly know a more poetical building—so sparkling without—so solemn within: there surely is no church which so unites the rich material and gorgeous glow of the South with the dim shadows and awful gloom of the North. The exterior, however, does not show well at a distance. Went to the Brera, and renewed my recollections of the Sposalizio and the Ballo degli Amori: I agree with "Murray's Handbook," and not with Lord Byron, in not caring for Guercino's "Hagar." There is a much finer head of the Saviour by him. Luini shines very much. I walked to the great triumphal arch, which Austria has finished since my visit. While I was there, a long thunder-storm came on, and the officer on guard at the gate gave me most courteous shelter in the guard-room.

The great Scala is not open. I went for a short time to an Opera Buffa.

May 18*th.*—Railed to Como; then began a journey in a light carriage I had taken at Milan to carry me over the St. Gothard Pass. This was the only bit of the pure old aristocratic travelling I have had in all my journeyings, and it is, certainly, far from uncomfortable. We began, however, with a fractious horse; and the delay enabled me, by a small deviation from the road, to get to a garden on a hill; and if I had been months instead of minutes at Como, I do not think I could have got a more transcendant view of its enchanting lake. I decidedly put it at the head of all lakes. Killarney, I believe, stood highest with me before: hesitatingly, I preferred it to the Lago Maggiore; but at Como, besides the silver sheet and encircling mountains, and all that nature does for other places, you have that fringe of villa, portico, and garden — the sheltered port, with its sculptured piers and swelling dome,—in short, all Italy itself poured out upon every promontory, and decorating every slope. The whole journey to Bellinzona, the rise from Lake Lugano, the descent upon Maggiore, make it a matchless day.

May 19*th.* — Started at six. The whole upper valley of the Ticino is varied, rich, and cheerful.

The great difference between the Alpine mountain scenery and that of Greece is the soft drapery of verdure and vegetation which stretches in Italy up to the snow line. From Airolo—perhaps not very wisely—I made the ascent up to the summit on foot. This did very well as long as I walked in sunlight; but on the higher levels I found cloud and mist above, and snow under foot, and I arrived at the Hospice, wet, shivering, done up; I was revived by the attention of two maids of the dwelling—no longer monks — who placed me, not by or near, but upon, a stove, and gave me brandy and Gruyère cheese: and my restoration was still more completely effected at a very good clean inn at the next station on the descent—Hopenthal.

May 20th.—The scenery of this pass, unlike that of the Simplon, is much grander upon the Swiss side. The Devil's Bridge, and the whole descent of the Reuss, are surpassingly fine. The easy road, down which one goes full trot, bridging chasm and shaving precipice, and, still more, the electric telegraph, following the wildest leaps of the Ticino and the Reuss, bear signal witness to the aggressions of civilisation. After a short halt at Altorf, and a due pilgrimage to the house of Tell, I embarked at Fluelen on the steamboat to Lucerne; and, as unpoetical

diligences and railways will carry me on thence, if all be well, through Basle and Paris to England, I will close these entries in sight of those Alpine barriers that separate the lordly North and sunny South. Around me, too, are the monuments of a valour and patriotism as devoted and blameless as even those which give lustre to the plains of Marathon or Cannæ. I do not pretend to account for it, why, with the forms of nature perhaps yet more grand, with the claims of human worth and prowess fully as illustrious, not unadorned by poetry and song—by the most heroic strains of Schiller—by the most perfect melody of Rossini,—still I cannot feel that either Alpine summits or Swiss lakes have the same charm or grace that float over the Alban hill, or among the gleaming Cyclades. They may pretend, however, to a nobler praise: the loveliness of Italy and Greece only serves to embalm the memory of departed glories; while the courage of Tell, and the virtue of the Fathers of the Swiss Republic, are prolonged in living instances of bravery, simplicity, wisdom, and piety.

THE END.

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